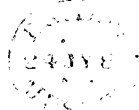

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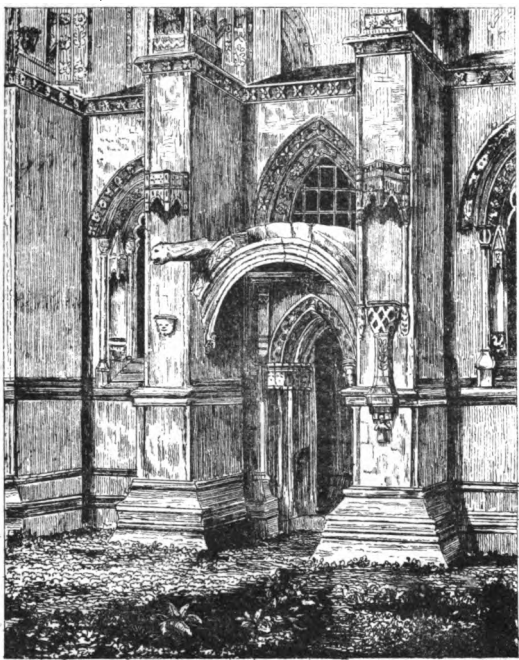
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ROSSLYN CHAPEL,
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HISTORICAL TALES
OF
ROSLIN CASTLE,
FROM
THE INVASION OF EDWARD I. OF ENGLAND,
TO THE
DEATH OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

By JAMES JACKSON,

PLAINTREE SHADE, BY PENICUIK.

“ There is a tear for all that die,
 A mourner o’er the humblest grave;
 But nations swell the funeral cry,
 And triumph weeps above the brave.

A tomb is their’s on every page,
 An epitaph on every tongue :
 The present hours, the future age,
 For them bewail, to them belong.”—*Lord Byron.*

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY BALFOUR & JACK.

1837.



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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
JAMES, EARL OF ROSLIN, G.C.B.

THESE
HISTORICAL TALES
OF
ROSLIN CASTLE,

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY
YOUR LORDSHIP'S MUCH OBLIGED

AND
MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

JAMES JACKSON.

PLAINTREE SHADE, BY PENICUIK,
21st December 1826.



'Twas not on beds of gaudy flowers
 Thine ancestors reclined,
 Where sloth dissolves, and spleen devours
 All energy of mind,
 To hurl the dart, to ride the car,
 To stem the deluges of war,
 And snatch from fate a sinking land,
 Trample th' invader's lofty crest,
 And from his grasp the dagger wrest,
 And desolating brand :

'Twas this that raised the St. Clair line,
 To match the first in fame ;
 A thousand years have seen it shine
 With unabated flame ;
 Have seen thy mighty sires appear
 Foremost in glory's high career,
 The pride and pattern of the brave.
 Yet, pure from lust of blood their fire,
 And from ambition's wild desire,
 They triumph'd but to save.

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TALES OF ROSLIN CASTLE.

INTRODUCTORY TALE.

DISCOVERY OF THE ROSLIN MANUSCRIPTS.

No more in Roslin's stately halls,
The joyous feast is spread ;
Mute rests the harp on Roslin's walls,
Its strings are damp and dead.
The sprightly dance of prowest chiefs,
And tissued dames is o'er ;
Yea, all the pomp of feudal times,
In Roslin is no more.
Here fancy spreads her wand'ring wings,
These lovely haunts surveys,
And roves excursive, fond to dwell,
On scenes of other days.
Contemplative, she ascertains
The wrecks of works sublime ;
And owns the vanity of pomp,
The power, the sway of time.—*Gillespie.*

If we except the architectural antiquities of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome, which have been deservedly celebrated for their imperishable

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strength, and the classic and refined elegance of their structure, there are few temples have met with such universal admiration, as the Chapel of Roslin. Its fame has extended over the circuit of the globe, and has attracted within its precincts the learned and the curious of all countries; and along with its ancient baronial castle, they still continue to be resorted to by thousands, not more for the natural beauties of their locality, than for the historical recollections to which they have given a "local habitation and a name." But although they have been celebrated in poetry, and in song, it is much to be regretted, that hitherto little or nothing has been communicated to the world regarding their moral history. That high-minded patriotism, and loyalty, those glorious struggles for the independence of Scotland, which so eminently distinguished the heroes of the house of Roslin during the invasions of Edward First and Second of England, have been nearly lost and forgotten, amid the revolutionary changes, and exciting incidents of succeeding generations. It was an unfortunate circumstance, that the bombardment of the castle by the army of Henry the Eighth of England, under the command of the Earl Hartford in 1554, and by the army of Cromwell

under General Monk in 1650, laid not only the old town of Roslin, but many of the spacious and splendid apartments of the castle in ruins, burying its archives, which contained an immense collection of rare literary and historical treasure, under a superincumbent mass of rubbish. Historical tradition has likewise insinuated, that the treasure of the unfortunate Darnley was secreted in the castle, and lost among its ruins. And ever since its demolition, there has been a traditionary prediction through Scotland, that these immured treasures would ultimately be discovered, but by a blind person only, as, like most other ancient castles, they were supposed to be guarded by an angel lady, of such dazzling purity, that mortal eye could not long look upon her and live. In consequence of this prediction, many of the blind from every quarter of Scotland, in fond anticipation of the wealth they would acquire by such a happy discovery, have visited the castle, and with the acute sense of feeling with which the blind are ever possessed, every seam and chink, every arch and flaw in the walls, every bolt and rivet of iron within their reach, has been examined, and re-examined, with eager touch, and scratch of finger and nail, but without effect. The contemptuous giggle, and

the ha, ha, ha, reverberating from arch to arch, and from room to room, tradition affirms, was the never failing signal, that the search was fruitless.

The good old residents of the town of Roslin used to assert, that often "at witching time of night," this guardian spirit of the castle has occasionally been seen skipping with light and airy gaiety through its ancient halls, or walking in its garden under the fruit trees, in the bright moonlight, reclining on the walls of the draw-bridge, or walking to the sacred chapel, and kneeling before its holy altar, and wiping her eyes, as she pored with "musing melancholy," over the sepulchre of the beautiful and the brave of the house of Roslin. Under the dread of encountering such a spiritual guardian, well might the seeing vulgar predict, that the treasures of Roslin Castle would never be discovered, but by the blind. But the angel spirit of the castle is now relieved of her charge, the long lost literary treasure is at last found, and the following story, gives the circumstantial detail of the important discovery.

On the end of June 1834, I went, with several gentlemen, to pay our annual visit to Roslin, and its delightful enyirons, and were walking in

front of the inn waiting upon the venerable guide to the holy mysteries of the place, when our attention was attracted to a splendid carriage, and rich liveries, which drove up in front of the inn door. There was no person in the carriage but one gentleman, and on the door being opened he sprung out, and came right forward to me ; he appeared to be about fifty years of age, near six feet in height, his complexion was dark, his countenance grave and sedate, and although he spoke English fluently, his accent shewed him to be from France or Italy : " Pray, sir," says he, " could you have the goodness to direct me to the chapel?" I told him that I and the gentlemen beside me, were waiting for its keeper, on purpose to be admitted into it, and as we expected him instantly, it would give us great pleasure to accompany him ; at which he politely thanked me. He then ordered the horses to be taken from the carriage and unharnessed, and a dinner to be provided for four or five guests by five o'clock. Old John the keeper coming forward*,

* The venerable person here alluded to is now no more. The inn, the chapel, the castle, and grounds, are possessed by his widowed daughter-in-law, Mrs. Oughton, whose prompt, and cheap, and polite attention to the visitors of Roslin, since the business of the inn devolved upon her, is well known.

we were admitted into the verdant court-yard, which acts as a passage into the chapel. On entering this outer court, the gentleman uncovered his head, and crossed himself; standing for some time in musing thoughtfulness, observing the mouldy outside architecture of the sacred and venerable fabric. On entering the chapel, he looked round him, with a countenance strikingly expressive of wonder and of religious awe, and clasping his hands, with his eyes directed to heaven, he articulated a short prayer, which to us was inaudible. He then unclasped an ancient, but richly ornamented volume which he carried in his hand, and addressing himself to old Falstaff the guide, and us, he said: "Gentlemen, my forefathers in succession, had the honour to hold the holy office of provost in this chapel, from the period it was built in 1446 to 1572, when the persecuting fury of the Reformation compelled them to relinquish their whole property, and to seek an asylum in a foreign country. It is a sacred injunction, prefaced at considerable length in the introduction of this ancient volume which I hold in my hand, that the representative of the last provost of this chapel, who wrote this volume, should at some period or other visit Roslin, and after doing homage to the

God of his fathers, at the altar of this holy place, he should on the same day repair to the vaults of the castle, and endeavour to open a passage to its archives, and rescue from oblivion, the accumulated treasures of the learning and knowledge of by-past ages there concealed. I am the first representative of the family which has made the pilgrimage from Italy to Roslin for that purpose ; and from the polite indulgence which you have shewn to me, under the agitated state of my feelings, on entering this sacred edifice, I trust I may have the pleasure of your company at the important undertaking." During this address, the visage of old Falstaff, the hereditary guardian of the place, was expressive of the deepest wonder and astonishment. Hitherto he had been the oracle of both the chapel and castle ; to his explanation, the ear, and the eye of the beautiful fair, the studious antiquary, or the thoughtless pleasure-hunter, had listened, and looked with attention. This innovation, therefore, upon his knowledge and privileges, was not easy to be endured ; but at the asking of his company to open the treasures of the castle, he shook his head and gave a groan, either suspecting a derangement in the speaker, or a dread of the guardian lady. I readily gave my grant to accom-

pany the gentleman in the prosecution of such a most interesting undertaking, from which I anticipated great pleasure, and perhaps an equal increase of knowledge. But instead of Mr. Falstaff giving his consent, he put the question, "And what may your name be, if you please, sir?" "My name is General Count Poli." At this high sounding title, old Falstaff made a low bow, saying, "O aye, Sir, your right, the Poly's graves are down in St. Matthew's kirk-yard; I am your humble servant, Count, and as I suspect this book in your hand tells more about Roslin than I am acquainted with, I will be glad to hear its account of all our antiquities." "Of the original condition of Roslin," says the Count, "my knowledge is good, but of its modern circumstances and history, I confess myself ignorant; I therefore trust you will condescend to give me all the information in your power, when you observe I require it." He then went round the internal structure of the whole chapel, reading from the book in his hand, an explanation of the original state of its various rich and still truly beautiful ornaments. The twelve apostles; broken to pieces by the mob at the Reformation; the 'prentice pillar; the Saxo-gothic arches, forming the ceilings of the two rows of aisles; the pillars

forming these aisles, with their rich capitals, foliage, and figures, mostly of scriptural characters ; the sacred font still entire ; and the four original altars, now destroyed, one of which was dedicated to St. Matthew, a second to the Virgin, a third to St. Andrew, and a fourth to St. Peter, were all alike described with elegance and precision. In reply to a rather profane question put to him by old Falstaff, regarding the figure of the cherub playing on a Highland bagpipe, among a concert of angels, he said, " That as Sir William St. Clair, at the building of the chapel, had got the immense inheritance of the Earldom of Orkney, and as the bagpipes was the favourite music of these regions, he could not pay a greater compliment to the many powerful chiefs of the Orkney Islands, attending his princely court at Roslin, than to introduce the bagpipes as constituting part of the musical praises of the blessed. The bagpipes, indeed, had in all ages, ever been able to inspire the Highland character with the virtues of devotion, bravery, or love ; the allegory was therefore alike patriotic and harmless." On coming to the hieroglyphical tomb-stone which covers the mortal remains of the ancient patriots, and heroes, and high-born dames, of the house of Roslin, old

John expected him to be altogether in the dark ; but here his intelligence and piety was brilliantly conspicuous. His eye, which had long and often been familiar with battles, and slaughter, and death, became suffused with tears, and they trickled upon the pavement, as he meditated upon the now humble, and untrophied sepulchre of the companions of Wallace and of Bruce, the heroes of an age of patriotic glory, whose memory will for ever emblazon the annals of Scotland with a radiance of the most imperishable splendour. "Where," says he, "is now the splendid tomb which recorded their mighty deeds, and did honour to their memory ? did Scotland in the frenzy of her reforming fury, for ever disgrace itself by a sacrilegious profanation of the tombs of its ancient heroes and defenders ? But humble as this their final resting place now is, I glory that its original state is preserved in this holy volume of my forefathers which I hold in my hand, the drawing of which I will shew you, and the following lines is the description of it, which I shall read :

On entering the holy room,
You'll find this large and stately tomb,
Covered with rich tapestry,
Bordered with gold embroidery.

At head, and feet, and sides there are,
Twenty tapers burning clear ;
Of fine gold is the chandeliers,
Of amethyst is the censers,
With which they incense alway ;
For great honour this tomb each day,
In memory of both young and old,
Of Roslin's dames and barons bold.

How different is this ancient description of the formerly splendid sepulchre of the St. Clairs, in comparison of that of your modern, and highly popular poet, Sir Walter Scott :

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie ;
Each baron for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold,
Lie buried beneath that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell,
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild waves sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

At the conclusion of these lines, he continued,
“Of the living deeds of these departed heroes,
historians have written, and of this tomb which

covers their ashes, poets have sung. When we thus dwell in musing contemplation over the final abode of those, who, in their day, were celebrated for wisdom, for bravery, and for love, who can avoid being touched with sensations at once awful and tender? under such solemn considerations, this sacred place

Becomes religion, and the heart runs o'er,
With silent worship of the great of old."

On the General's finishing the above, the party left the chapel. Old Falstaff, whose respect for every relic connected with the family of St. Clair may be said to border on adoration, was deeply affected; he grasped General Poli's hand, as an expression of his gratitude; but the feelings of his heart put an embargo on his lips. Walking to the edge of the bank, at the back of the chapel, which overlooks the castle, and the deeply indented and richly wooded banks of the Esk, as it wanders from its source in the Pentlands, above the romantic village of Carlops, through a landscape of unequalled beauty,

"Where nature showers her gifts,
With every mingled charm of hill and dale."

On viewing the venerable castle, and the im-

posing landscape, the Count held up his hands in expression of astonishment. "It has been my lot," says he, "to travel in many a country ; but I must say, that I have never seen such a magnificent view as this ; such an eminence, commanding such a glorious prospect, is worthy of having such a chapel built upon it." It is impossible, indeed, to conceive a spot better adapted for the erection of a temple, dedicated to the worship of the God of nature : as in whichever way the eye is cast, over the grand and stupendous landscape, the mind becomes involuntarily struck with a solemn religious impulse of wonder and admiration.

This sweet stream, and its enchanting landscape, replete with historical recollections of Scotland's patriotism and glory, is finely described by Sir Walter Scott :

" Sweet are thy paths, O passing sweet,
By Esk's fair streams that run
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day ;
There Beauty led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray.

From that fair dome, where suit is paid,
By blast of bugle free,*
To Auchendinny's hazel glade,
And haunted *Woodhouselee*.

Who knows not *Melville's* beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic *Hawthornden*."

We now descended from the eminence to the castle. During our descent, Count Poli became mute and thoughtful, as he beheld its hoary ruins, like the oak, "the monarch of the wood," still smiling in old age, amidst the enchanting landscape, setting at defiance the ravages of time, but affording a mournful lesson of what royal indignation and revolutionary frenzy is capable of effecting upon the architectural monuments of a nation. It must have been under a similarity of feeling, on approaching the venerable pile, that the poet composed the following lines :

No more on Roslin's stately bridge,
Awakes the warder's horn,
To usher in with rousing blast,
The fair auspicious morn.

* Pennycuick house.

Hail, Castle ! time-worn veteran, hail !
Deep gash'd with honoured scars ;
Where now, brave hold, thy men of mail,
Where now thy thund'ring wars.

Yes, yes ! the soul of joy hath fled,
By time's rude hand effaced ;
The pomp, the pageantry, long dead,
Thy stately hall that graced.

And sure by Roslin's walls there's scope
For loftier bards to sing ;
While history, muse, her stores can ope,
To aid the trembling string.

O'er Roslin Castle's walls renown'd,
Their songs night birds renew :
Then cease, my harp ; night reigns profound :
Farewell, brave pile adieu !— *Gillespie.*

On entering the bridge, and looking over it to the Esk on the left, the view is most imposing, and the height being so great, it is apt to create a giddiness in heads unaccustomed to such stupendous views. The Esk, although it nearly washes the base of the castle, is scarcely seen from the bridge, on account of the deepness of the channel, and the thick matting of copsewood ; but its murmuring noise, as it rushes over and amongst the large boulders of the linn, from which Roslin receives its name, is distinctly heard. The deep cut or ravine over which the

bridge is cast, had originally been a road leading to the south, the projecting fragments of an arch or drawbridge from it, over the Esk are still visible. The south borders, from the frequent invasions of the two rival kingdoms, England and Scotland, was the great theatre of strife and war; and the castles of Hawthornden, Dalkeith, Dalwoodsey, and Locherworth, now termed Borthwick; and the large monasteries of Newbattle, Temple, and Mount Lothian, being on the south of the Esk, and in the neighbourhood of Roslin, necessarily gave occasion for a bridge across the Esk, to lead to those important places; but the strong fortifications necessary to protect this important approach, as well as every barbican around the foundations of the venerable pile, are now no more. This is not the case, however, over the ancient drawbridge, leading from Roslin to the castle. There the remains of the magnificent arch-way, through which kings and heroes have trod in joyous and triumphant procession, still tell the traveller what the original strength and magnitude of this ancient fortress had been. On our crossing the bridge, and entering the gateway, Count Poli uncovered his head, saying, "the place whereon we stand is holy." It appeared indeed, to be so to him, as in astonish-

ment he gazed upon the ruins around him, and clasping his hands he exclaimed, "Ah, and is this all that now remains of the princely ancestral halls of the house of Roslin, of William St. Clair, and his Princess, Elizabeth Douglas, in whose lifetime, during the reigns of James I. and II. of Scotland, the apartments of this now ruined castle, outstripped in splendour, the palaces of kings ; well indeed has the poet told it :

' Oh, Roslin ! time, war, flood, and fire,
Have made your glories star by star expire.
Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, ' here was or is,' where all is doubly night ?

Alas ! thy lofty castle ! and alas
Thy treble hundred triumphs ! and the day
When *Sinclair* made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword, in bearing fame away."—*Byron*.

At the conclusion of these lines, he looked to me, and requested me to inform him of what I knew regarding the castle history. I then told him, that the valuable literary treasures in the archives of the castle, being buried under the ruins beneath our feet, we had no historical document in Scotland describing the splendid establishment he had alluded to ; ex-

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cept that of *Father Hay*, who informs us, "That the town of Roslin was next in size to Edinburgh and Haddington, and became very populous, by the great concourse of all ranks and degrees of visitors that resorted to the Court of *William St. Clair*, at his palace of the Castle of Roslin. That he there kept a great court, and was royally served at his own table, in vessels of gold and silver. Lord Dirleton being his master-household, Lord Borthwick his cup-bearer, and Lord Fleming his carver, in whose absence they had deputies to attend: viz. Stewart laird of Drumlanrig, Tweedie laird of Drumferline, and Sandilands, laird of Calder. That his halls and other apartments were richly adorned with embroidered hangings. That his Princess Elizabeth Douglas, was served by 75 gentlewomen, whereof 53 were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvet and silks, with their chains of gold, and other ornaments; and was attended by two hundred riding gentlemen in all journies; and if it happened to be in the dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of Blackfriar's Wynd, eighty lighted torches were carried before her." "I could have told you the same, Sir," he replied, "from the valuable volume which I hold in my hand, but

valuable as it is, I trust, that ere to-morrow's sun arise, I shall be in possession of the much more valuable treasure you have alluded to, covered under the ruins below our feet; which will throw a light upon those ancient deeds of love, patriotism, and glory, which the wasting ravages of time are fast consigning to the oblivion of forgetfulness." Hitherto old Falstaff had remained in mute and wondering astonishment at Count Polio's knowledge of, and reverence for Roslin; but now the charm was broken; *the treasure, the valuable treasure*, he conceived was the moving object of his visit to Roslin; under this impression he interrupted the Count with a laugh of derision, "Faith, Count, you'll see more suns and summers than one, or two either, before you find the rich treasures you speak of;—ha! ha! ha! Count, you will not pay your expenses to Roslin out of them, I doubt; you have, no doubt, fought many a hard battle, Count, but you will have a harder one to fight before you get the treasure; the lady, the old lady, will pluck your Italian lugs, my lad, if you attempt to touch her treasure." "My good old fellow," replied the Count, "the ladies and I always agree; the Castle ladies are fond of soldiers, you know; at all events, a soldier who has fought against, and

assisted to conquer Napoleon, need not be afraid to fight the devil ; so, John, rest assured I shall find the treasure to-night ; and as I expect you will, at least, be a looker-on at the attempt, I would crave the favour of your going to find an assistant to me and these gentlemen ; we shall be at the inn to dinner in an hour,—have him at the inn by then, when I expect you and he will dine with us.” Old as honest Falstaff was, at the exhilarating prospect of a sumptuous dinner, and a cheering glass, he set out with the speed of youth, to fulfil the Count’s request. After surveying the remainder of the castle, the garden on its south, and the tilting-ground on its north ; with the traces of the old castle corn-mill, indented in the rock at the boulders of the linn, we crossed the Esk, and surveyed the spacious bleachfield haugh, where the glorious battle of 1302 began ; and the pass near the Harper’s hall, where the first retreat of the English army was attempted. We then went over the foundation ground of the old Town of Roslin, laid in ruins by the army of Henry VIII. of England. The view from this place overlooking the castle ; the extensive and beautiful bleachfield ; the meandering of the Esk at the foot of the bank ; with the copsewood scenery of Hawthornden in

front, render it, indeed, astonishing, that the modern town of Roslin should have ever been transferred from this delightful site, on which tradition affirm the old town stood. We had now to pass the ancient churchyard of St. Matthew, where the revered forefathers of Count Poli rest in their "narrow house." With some difficulty he discovered the shattered remains of the stone erected to their memory. The scene was impressive and affecting, and evinced his ardent piety and reverence for the memory of his ancestors. As the hour had now expired which he appointed for dinner, we walked into the inn, and the Count had the pleasure to find old Falstaff pointed to his engagement, in having the dinner, and Bob Provice the assistant, waiting him. At dinner the Count paid much attention to our assistants; tho' they had got little education, and less refinement, he found them penetrating in their observations, and shrewd in their replies,—well acquainted with the history of Roslin, and versant in its antiquities. With their account of the amusements of its inhabitants he was much delighted—especially with the account of the game of curling, and its great antiquity in Roslin.* As the wine and toddy circulated, their

* The game of Curling is proved to be of great antiquity

loquacity increased. The Count embraced this opportunity to gain information regarding the Lady of the Castle from Bob. He acknowledged there was such a report current of a lady in white being seen; that he thought he had seen this lady occasionally, whether in imagination or reality he could not affirm. That on such occasions the hair of his head would stand on end from terror; but that the report was wrong that he had ever walked or spoken with her. " 'Tis the flesh and blood ladies that I like, Count." "People here seem to insinuate, that you are a favourite with these; and trusting you are no less so with those of the spiritual order, I have to request the favour of your accompanying me to the castle vaults to-night, to find your lady's treasure, as it may be rather dreary to meet this lady alone." At this Bob shook his head, saying, "The task is both hopeless and fearsome,—the treasure you'll never get, Sir, and the wrath of the lady, that has guarded it so faithfully for

in Roslin, from very ancient curling-stones being found in the new drained lochs in its vicinity,—one of them in the possession of Mr. John Merricks, of the Gunpowder Manufactory, has the date of 1613 upon it; and his brother has found one lately, of the construction of those used before handles were invented.

hundreds of years, will be truly awful,—its a blind man only that can find it, Count.” “To-night I shall find it,” replied the Count, “in defiance of every bolt and bar that secures it; nor shall all the wizards of the castle prevent me.” “Well, Count, I shall go and see the fun wi’ you any way, and here’s a bumper to a brave heart for the undertaking.” “Well done, Bob,—now get the punches, the pick-axes, and shovels, ready for the task; and our friend the warden and you may be stepping with them to the castle vaults, and we will soon follow. This was only replied to with another shake of the head; and after old John had given ‘Lord Roslin,’ Bob and he retired with alacrity to get the instruments in readiness. They had not the precaution, however, to keep the momentous undertaking a secret; as on our descent from the inn to the castle, the whole population of Roslin, young and old, were assembled upon the eminence overlooking it, to witness at a safe distance, the vengeful wrath of the castle lady, at this attack upon her treasure. The day had hitherto been one of the sunniest and warmest of the month of June, and the heat had been so excessive, as to indicate that the atmosphere was surcharged with fire. Clouds had been gradually gathering in the

west, until the sun had become obscured, and a lowering and portentous darkness gave evidence of an approaching storm. Under the excitement of the liquor, and the agitated state of their feelings at the adventurous undertaking, neither Bob nor Falstaff had paid any attention to this change. This was not so, however, with the population of Roslin on the eminence ; they had observed, that the burning, and boiling, and blackening of the clouds, was fast approaching to a hurricane of fury ; but instead of attributing their threatening aspect to a natural cause, they thought it was brought about by the vengeful influence of the castle spirit upon the elements, “ Nursing her wrath, and keeping it warm,” at the approaching attack upon her treasure ; they, therefore, kept a prudent and respectful distance from what they imagined would be the more immediate objects of her vengeance ; and dismay, and terror, were depicted on their looks, as they saw the Count and us pass by them to the daring undertaking. On our reaching the castle, we found old Falstaff and Bob waiting us ; they had wisely taken a private by-road, to elude the reproaches of the village mob. On entering the passage to the vaults, we found from the increasing darkness that a light became absolutely necessary ;

which being got, the Count opened his book, on which was an accurate drawing of the vaults, and the passage leading to them ; and on a marginal note at the edge of the plan, he read the following lines :

From the inner edge of the outer door,
At thirty feet of old Scotch measure,
The passage there, that's made secure,
Leads to the holy Roslin treasure.

On the thirty feet being measured, the traces of a door way was faintly seen, and so finely built up, as to be scarcely observable : at seeing it the Count's eye kindled into a flame of joy. An opening was effected at the top of the door, and, with considerable difficulty, the large lintel stone was removed, and just as it fell to the ground a vivid flash of lightning illuminated every vault and cavern of the castle,—“ God have mercy on us” exclaimed Bob Provice. After it a peal of thunder made the castle tremble to the foundation, “ its down, its down upon our devoted heads,” cried old Falstaff ; “ oh !” says the Count, “ 'twas only the castle lady's farewell, and her last ha, ha, ha ; to work again boys, and we will soon be at her treasure.” Bob

and John fell tardily to work, with beating breasts,—the sweat, from terror, falling from their brows like rain ; a small aperture was made, half way down the door, for the admission of the point of the pinch, so that the force of its lever power might make a more speedy opening ; the strength of the whole party was then applied to it, and

By dint of passing strength,
We moved the massy stones at length.

As they fell, a flash of lightning streamed through the vaults, which, from their darkness, made it appear to blaze in fearful brightness,—a blackness again succeeded,—and then such a flash, that the castle seemed in fire,—then again a terrific peal of loudest thunder made every stone and turret of the castle tremble ; at this dreadful peal, old Falstaff and Bob Provice thought,

They heard a voice in Roslin hall,
And saw a sight not seen by all,
That dreadful voice was heard to sound,
Now Roslin treasures' found—found—found.
John saw a head with golden crown,
Bob saw the waving of a gown,

John saw a hand and Bob an arm,
And both fell down in dread alarm,
Their blood did freeze, their brain did burn,
'Twas feared their mind would near return.—*Scott.*

To them this dreadful scene appeared the work of enchantment ; Falstaff cast up his eyes and arms, unable to speak ; Bob gazed in utter amazement and horror. All the legendary traditions regarding the lady and the treasure, which they had heard from their infancy, were now confirmed—the unusual work of its disinterment—the dread of the lady's ghost—the flashes of lightning—and the reverberation of the dreadful thunder from vault to vault, and from arch to arch, created, in their distracted minds, the dreadful sights, and imaginary voice, and horrid sound of Roslin treasures' found—found—found.

But General Count Polio's mind, enlightened by learning and philosophy, brave from war, and accustomed to the terrific thunder and lightning of Mount Etna and the Alps, beheld all this, not only with unconcern, but with merriment. At the conclusion of the last awful peal, taking the light in his hand, he entered the opening which had been made in the wall, exclaiming to us without, " come along my boys, the good old

lady is now gone, the prize is here, 'tis all our own ;" on entering it, the literary lumber of former ages was found lying in confusion. And, looking to me, he politely requested me to select any of the papers I thought most valuable ; I turned up two folio volumes in manuscript in tolerable good condition, entitled *Historical Tales of the House of Roslin*, from the first invasion of Edward I. of England, to the death of Queen Mary of Scotland. "With your permission, sir," said I, "I will take these." All the rest of the literary treasure became Count Polio's.

The lightning was still blazing and the thunder roaring in terrific peals, but from the joy of the discovery, the Count and I neither saw nor heard it ; it was otherwise with our two assistants, they had partly recovered and were standing in the passage trembling with terror, not daring to enter the apartment with us, expecting every moment to be buried in the castle's ruins. The village crowd on the eminence had all fled to their homes in dread. "I see there is no danger of our prize being stolen to night," says the Count, "we will away to the inn and drink a farewell bumper to the good old lady." So taking with us the manuscript volumes, and other papers we thought most valuable, the party

again got safe to the inn, amidst such terrific discharges of lightning and thunder as made the earth to tremble ; and from the rain which fell, it appeared as if the “ windows of heaven had been opened.” The Count rewarded old Falstaff and Bob Provice with a princely liberality. The storm passed away, and we spent the night in merriment, until the glorious luminary of heaven had dissipated the gloom of night, and kissed the castle walls, and the delightful landscape of the Esk with his heavenly beams of love and joy. The literary treasures of the ancient archives of Roslin Castle were this day secured as the property of Count Polio, and are now publishing in France and Italy.* And the following Tales being part of that treasure, are now ushered into the light of day. The struggles which the first one details, were exerted in the cause of love, of loyalty, and of national independence, during the

* Mr. Chambers, in his *Gazetteer of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 600, states, that the history of the Scottish nation, from the beginning of the world till the year 1535, entitled *Rota Temporum*, was lost at Roslin among its other literary treasures. This literary curiosity, he states, is often alluded to by antiquaries, and that an imperfect copy is in the library of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh. Perhaps Count Polio may find it out and publish it in French or Italian.

sanguinary invasions of Edward I. of England. The last one exhibits traits of the disloyalty, the rivalry, the party contention and anarchy which characterised the ever memorable reign of the lovely Queen Mary. Their editor and abridger trusts, that the inhabitants of Great Britain, from the king on the throne to the cotton weaver on the loom, will learn a useful lesson in the perusal of them—of the duty which they owe to their God, to their country, and to the ladies of their love.

TALE SECOND.

HISTORICAL EVENTS WHICH LED TO THE INVASION OF SCOTLAND, BY EDWARD I. OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

What boots, mighty Edward, thy victories won !
'Tis over ; the term of thy conquests are run ;
The people thou hated, and swore to subdue,
Triumphant from bondage, shall burst in thy view,
Their sceptre and liberty bravely regain,
And climb to renown over mountains of slain ;
The Scots round their king and broad banner unfurl'd,
Their mountains will keep against thee and the world.
A handful of heroes, all desperate driven,
Impelled by the might and the vengeance of heaven ;
By them shall your legions be all overborne,
And melt from the field like the mist of the morn ;
The *Thistle* shall rear her rough front to the sky,
And the Rose and its wearers at Roslin shall die.—*Hogg*.

[It will be observed, that the pages of the following Chapter are but an abridged and common-place recapitulation

of the historical causes which led to Edward's invasion of Scotland, until the events of that period are mingled with those of Roslin and Dalwoolsey.]

The family of St. Clair, or Sinclair, is of Norman extraction, being descended from William de St. Clair, second son of Walderne Compte de St. Clair, and Margaret, daughter of Richard, Duke of Normandy. He settled in Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Canmore, from whom he obtained the barony of Roslin, and other large grants of land in Mid-Lothian; from the loyalty and military prowess of the descendants of the family, other domains were added to it; viz. Pentland, Cousland, Cardaini, and the range of the Pentlands from Glencross to Monks, or Ninemile Burn, was given the family by King Robert Bruce.

Seven kings had reigned in Scotland since the settlement of the St. Clairs upon the barony of Roslin, when Alexander III., only in his eighth year, ascended the Scottish throne. At an early age, he married Margaret, daughter of Henry III. of England. It was a most unfortunate circumstance for Scotland, that all the children which he had by her died before their father; and on his second marriage, after Queen

Margaret's death, it was equally unfortunate that he did not live to have any children by his second queen. And to add to these untoward events, Scotland had to deplore his sudden and unexpected death, he being killed when hunting, near Burntisland in Fife. One of his daughters, however, who married the king of Norway, had left a daughter, upon whom, as grand-daughter, and nearest heir of the deceased king, the crown of Scotland devolved.

At this period, the sovereign of England was Edward I. He was the most powerful, the most accomplished, and ambitious prince; the bravest and best soldier, and the most skilful and prudent courtier, who had ever mounted the English throne; and it seemed the ambition of his earliest and his latest years, that Scotland and Wales should be annexed to England, so as they might form an extensive monarchy, undivided by contending interests. To effect this purpose, after the unfortunate death of Alexander III. of Scotland, he proposed a marriage betwixt his son and the maid of Norway, now the young queen of Scotland. This much-to-be-desired union was likewise unfortunately prevented by her death. This sad event was indeed deeply to be regretted, as had she lived, and her union with young Edward

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of England been blessed with children, the two kingdoms would have been united into one monarchy, and the effusion of blood, and the destruction of property, to an extent beyond the bounds of calculation, would have been prevented.

As there was not now any descendant of Alexander III. in life, who could be considered as the direct and undeniable heir to the throne of Scotland, there was no prospect but a scene of confusion and anarchy, from the contentions betwixt the many great and powerful nobles who were more or less related to the royal family ; and each prepared to assert, by force of arms, their title to the crown. On this account, no alternative presented itself, but that Scotland must either be involved in all the horrors of a civil war, or submit to the degrading humiliation of becoming a tributary province to England, under the ambitious and powerful Edward. To prevent any of these untoward circumstances taking place, a meeting of the principal nobility was held in Roslin castle, to consider the claims of the various candidates for the crown. At this meeting it was found, that there were no less than ten or twelve individuals more or less related to the royal family of Scotland, who laid claim to the

crown ; but that John Baliol and Robert Bruce, were the nearest related to the royal family. The meeting, after serious and mature deliberation, resolved to submit this important question to the decision of Edward of England ; and Sir William Sinclair of Roslin, Sir Edmund Ramsay of Dalwoolsey, and Sir Simon Fraser, Lord of Tweeddale, and others, were sent to the court of Edward, to solicit his mediation in settling the succession. But the ambassadors had the mortification to find, that Edward had renewed his old claim of unquestionable right to the feudal sovereignty of Scotland, and was determined to assert it. To this demand, none of the noble commissioners would comply, but returned to Scotland, and laid the result of their mission before an assembly of the nobility. At this meeting, a very great difference of opinion was found to prevail, as the two principal competitors who laid claim to the crown, viz. Baliol and Bruce, anxious to get the throne on any terms, however degrading, were both willing to subscribe to Edward's claims of paramount superiority. The majority on this account were of opinion, that in order to prevent a civil war, Edward and the respective candidates should for the present be allowed to take their own way in the matter ;

trusting that at no distant period, circumstances would arise, in which the honour and independence of Scotland would be asserted and maintained, in spite of the stratagems and power of the ambitious and haughty Edward.

As the right of Baliol was preferable to that of Bruce, and he, from his constitutional imbecility, and weakness of mind, being much more likely to comply with, and consequently to promote Edward's ambitious views with regard to Scotland, the competition from the beginning was much in his favour. And after some delay, Baliol was settled as king of Scotland, with the proviso, that this judgment should not impair the claims of Edward to its feudal sovereignty.

Having signed his submission to this disgraceful and humiliating condition, Baliol was crowned king at Scone, in the year 1292. But it soon appeared, that Edward intended not to leave him the smallest shadow of sovereign dignity or power. Under these circumstances, the nobility of Scotland felt themselves degraded and insulted, by the tyranny of the one, and the cowardice and pusillanimity of the other; every fresh occurrence was but a renewal of insults, affording unquestionable evidence that it was Edward's intention ultimately to annex Scotland to England,

either by stratagem or force. Disappointed of effecting a union betwixt the two kingdoms by the marriage of his son to the young queen of Scotland, he endeavoured to allay the conflicting animosities of the two rival kingdoms, by proposing, and in some cases of dictating marriage unions betwixt the sons and daughters of the English and Scottish nobility and people, wisely considering, that the intermixture of blood and family relationship, would ultimately effect that union and mutual good-will betwixt the two kingdoms, which mere force of arms could never accomplish. But the Scottish nobility, finding themselves insulted and degraded, in almost every instance, by Edward's dictates and demands, not only in most cases treated his marriage propositions with indignation and contempt; but, as the highest insult they could put upon Edward in retaliation of these demands, they urged Baliol to negotiate a union betwixt his son (the heir apparent to the throne of Scotland) and the eldest daughter of the Count of Anjou, the mortal enemy of Edward. Ambassadors were sent to Philip of France, to negotiate this union, which was frankly agreed to, on the condition, that Baliol should not again marry without Philip's consent. Edward's stratagems were thus flag-

rantly set at defiance, and what he considered a poor and a paltry country, although a proud and a haughty people, had triumphantly insulted him in the face of Europe. A provocation like this, was not to be endured ; therefore, to be avenged for the insult, he assembled a powerful army at Berwick, which he took by storm, cruelly massacring the inhabitants to the number of seventeen thousand, without distinction of sex or age.

The Scottish army had assembled at Dunbar, with a view to check the progress of his invasion, but the attempt was fruitless, as the Scotch were completely routed, and most of the nobility taken prisoners ; among whom were Sir William Sinclair, Sir Edmund Ramsay, and Sir Simon Fraser, true patriots, and undivided friends. Many of the other noblemen were pardoned at Dunbar, upon the condition of taking the oath of fidelity to Edward ; but these three noblemen and others, were sent to London, under a strong guard, to be punished as the active agents in the insult which was the occasion of the war.

Every offer of humble submission made by Baliol to Edward, was received with contempt ; he likewise was sent a prisoner to the Tower of London, from which he never returned. Ed-

ward now pressed his conquests through Scotland with the utmost rapidity, everywhere exacting an oath of fidelity from the people ; and having, as he thought, completely subdued Scotland, he returned to London in triumph, leaving the government in the hands of John Warrene, Earl of Surry, as guardian, and appointing Hugh Cressingham, an ambitious and covetous clergyman, as treasurer, and William Ormesby, justiciary, placing English soldiers in all the castles and strongholds, commanded by young noblemen of rank, to whom he gave his favourite injunctions, as they valued his favour and friendship, to effect marriage unions with the most powerful families of Scotland, well knowing, that as Scotland never could be retained for any length of time as a conquered nation by force, he thought it might be so by friendship. But he ultimately found the assertion of the Earl of Douglas, to the Admiral de Vienne, to be too true : "That the Scottish people will endure pillage, they will endure famine, and every other extremity of war, but they will not endure an English master."

CHAPTER II.

Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
Of two true lovers in a dale ;
And how the knight with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion strove ;
Swore he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love :
And how she blushed, and how she sighed,
And half consenting, half denied,
And said that she might die a maid ;
Yet, might the bloody feud be stayed,
Henry of Roslin, and only he,
Margaret of Dalwoolsy's choice should be.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE three most potent noblemen in Mid-Lothian, at this period of our history, were Sir William Sinclair of Roslin, Sir Edmund Ramsay of Dalwoolsey, and Sir Gilbert Hay of Yester and Lockerworth, now termed Borthwick. The two former of these, it has been shewn, had, along with Sir Simon Fraser, been sent prisoners to London, but had ultimately been released after making oath of allegiance to Edward, and had returned to their respective estates. Among the young English noblemen, whom we have

here taken notice of, who were stationed in the castles and strongholds of Scotland, was the young Sir John de Segrave, who, it is well known, made afterwards a considerable figure in Scotch history. Sir John was stationed in the castle of Edinburgh; he was the eldest son of a noble English family; but he was a youth of violent passions, of haughty and effeminate manners, and possessed, like most of his countrymen, an inherent dislike and hatred to the Scottish nation. To promote his interest, however, he felt it his duty to comply with the wishes of Edward, in forming an intimacy and friendship with the three powerful families above mentioned. These noblemen's offspring were young, their daughters were beautiful, and their sons were rising fast to manhood. Sir Edmund's eldest daughter, Lady Margaret of Dalhousie, was the most beautiful of the fair, and the loveliest of Scotland's daughters. She knew she was beautiful, from the eyes that in delight met hers; she knew it from the thousand marks of attention which she was ever receiving from the many handsome youths of the Scottish nobility who frequented her father's castle, to learn the art of war, and take examples of his heroic fortitude and prowess; she knew it from those who had the charge of her education;

they had instructed her in the influence she and the young ladies of Scotland had over the destiny of their country, as proceeding from their birth, their prudence, their piety, their education, and their charms, stimulating to deeds of glory the noble youths who, in that chivalrous age, were destined to rescue Scotland from the thralldom of Edward's oppression. She had been instructed in the history of her brave but unhappy country, and of the troubles and oppressions it had endured, from the ambition of the English monarchy ; and of the policy of Edward, its present conqueror, to promote a union between Scotland's daughters, and England's sons—to make the daughters of the present Scottish knighthood, the future mothers of the English nobility. Sir John de Segrave well knew the nobility, and high-minded heroism of the family of Dalwoolsey ; and had often heard of Lady Margaret's bewitching charms,—he was presumptuous from the conscious nobility of his birth, haughty by constitutional temperament, and proud of the importance of his appointment in the Castle of Edinburgh. On this account he claimed an intimacy, and assumed a familiarity, with the noble families of Roslin, Dalwoolsey, and Lockerworth, more from a feeling that he was conferring upon them

an honour, than from any wish to conciliate their friendship and good opinion, by a courteous and winning condescension. The dry ceremonial with which he was received, and the few attentions which were paid him on the visits he made to these noble families, he attributed to the bashful timidity, and humble bluntness of Scottish manners, when in the presence of superior rank, and never to its proximate cause,—an inherent hatred of Edward's emissary, and an utter despite of the contemptuous agents of his tyranny. In the presence of the lovely Lady Margaret, his conduct, though polite and affable, was, at the same time, arrogant and assuming,—the freedom of his manners were such as she had been an utter stranger to. To her, in all companies, and at every opportunity, his conversation was addressed. He talked to her of England's riches, of England's grandeur, and of England's prowess ; of its tournaments of bravery, and of love ; of England's climate, its verdant meadows, and its flowery vales ; the strength of its castles, the extent of its forests, and the richness of its soil ; and although the enthusiasm of his conversation seemed to express the sincerity of his feelings in praising the loveliness of Scotland's daughters, taking every opportunity which common prudence

could dictate, to advert to the beauty and the charms of her he was addressing, he at the same time sported his jokes, and vented his wit and pleasantry, upon the poverty of Scotland, the coldness of its climate, and the barrenness of its soil—taking due care, however, never to introduce a hint regarding the present state of its political degradation and subjection. He talked with rapture upon the excellent state policy of his sovereign Edward in wishing to promote intermarriages between the youths of the two kingdoms, and of the happy effects which intermarriages would have betwixt the youths of England and Scotland, in promoting and strengthening a union of these hitherto rival nations. The eloquence of his conversation, however, was completely thrown away, both upon the lovely Lady Margaret and the rest of the company, young and old, who were doomed to listen to it ; she heard him with a smile of the loveliest and most bewitching prudence on her countenance, but her heart spoke a language which, for the present, her lips dared not to utter. The pressing circumstances of the times, under the recent conquest of Scotland, likewise made a necessary claim upon that caution, and prudence, and wary dissimulation, of young and old, in the

other sex, for which the inhabitants of Scotland have, in all ages, been proverbial. There was always one noble youth in the company, however, whose manly and heroic countenance the mask of dissimulation never obscured; this was young Henry St. Clair, the young heir to Roslin's honours and its vast domains. With Margaret he had been brought up from infancy; on the castle floors of *Dalwoolsey* and Roslin they had frolicked in all the gaiety of infantine innocence; in their gardens, in their orchards, and in their woods he had pulled for her, in youth, the ripe and the blushing fruit; like a young, a beautiful, and a fragrant honeysuckle twisting its gentle shoots, for support, around the branches of the seedling oak; Lady Margaret had walked with him, arm and arm, many a sweet day, among the woods and the fields in the neighbourhood of Dalwoolsey and Roslin, along the margin of the south and north branches of the Esk, which run through the centre of their fathers' domains—often had they walked on foot, or rode upon their poneys, to the castles of Lockerworth, Dalkeith, Hawthornden, and Woodhouselee, and as often had they gone to the splendid monastery of Newbattle on a visit to its brave and holy Abbot, who had been many a live long year in

the holy land, and had fought many a bloody battle on the plains of Judea, endeavouring to reconquer the sepulchre of his Saviour from the infidels who had possession of it. From the good, the godly, and heroic old man they had got many a lesson of piety and of virtue; and often had they been delighted with his tales of heroism and of love. He had talked to them of their beloved country of Scotland, of the glorious struggles it had sustained, in all ages, for its liberties and its independence; that it had expelled the unconquerable Romans and the warlike Danes, and had set the power of the mighty monarchs of England at defiance; that partial conquests had occasionally for a little time, like the passing of a summer cloud, obscured its fame; but that these, through the invincible prowess of her sons, had always given place to a sunshine of redoubled glory. Under such intimacy had the youthful Henry Sinclair of Roslin, and the beautiful Margaret, eldest daughter of Dalwoolsey, been brought up from infancy to the precincts of man and womanhood. Margaret had arrived at the age of eighteen and William at the verge of twenty, near the period of his instalment to knighthood; to this his youthful ambition had been earnestly looking forward; for

this his education had been rigorously conducted.

Hitherto Lady Margaret had been to him only as a sister, and as brother only had he loved her. But when made a knight, it was to her he had ardently looked forward as the accomplished fair one, to whom he was to ascribe all his sentiments and his actions, it was for her he was to fight and conquer, in the greater or lesser tournaments of honour—he was to pronounce her name, and to her he was to vow his heart and his homage. The utter contempt and hatred, which he bore to Sir John de Segrave, who was evidently laying claim to her affections, is not to be wondered at ; seeing that he could consider him in no other light than as an oppressor and insulter of his country, and a rival in his love. Hitherto, likewise, Lady Margaret had borne the same feelings of affectionate regard to Henry Sinclair, as he had done to her ; hitherto she had thought nothing of love as leading to matrimony ; in the gentle innocence of her nature, she had only loved him as her brother, and she had borne to him all the ardent affections of a sister's regard. But being made aware of the motives of Sir John de Segrave, in his frequent visits to Dalwoolsey or Roslin castles, she then, and for the first time, knew what love was ; in her pure bosom her love

for William Sinclair became ardent and unquenchable, as the bravery and patriotism of her father.

Under all these circumstances, the discipline of William Sinclair, in his preparation for the ceremony of his approaching instalation to knight-hood, was severe and unremitting, on purpose to qualify him to enter the lists against his implacable rival with success. In the command of his horse, the irresistible thrust, and the well-pointed aim of his spear, none of the most experienced of his instructors who entered the lists with him, could excel; in his management of the sword, the battle-axe, and shield, he was no less a master; and, although he despised the exercise of the bow and arrow, none could put so many arrows through the bull's eye of the target. John de Segrave on one occasion saw him perform all these warlike accomplishments with the most heart-burning jealousy, at the same time attempting to aggravate Henry Sinclair with a laugh of derision; this made the swellings of young Roslin's heart overflow with burning indignation; it spurred his horse to double speed, it pointed his spear to an unerring aim, and his battle axe to redoubled vengeance.

“Young knight,” cried de Segrave, “you

ride so swift when you make a retreat, none of us English need attempt to overtake you."

"When I have the honour of knighthood, De Segrave, your caution and the speed of your horse may be of service to you."

"Your own caution, young man, may then be of advantage to you, and your bravery likewise."

"It may, when you put my bravery to the test; but you have caution enough, I presume, to prevent you from doing so."

"To the test! aye, and with heart and good pleasure, young Henry; but get yourself, Sir, knighted soon, or I shall be off to merry England with Lady Margaret behind me."

"O yes, Sir knight, 'tis true I believe you will be in England by then; and 'tis equally true, Lady Margaret will be behind you, and Roslin Castle her dwelling."

"You dream, young man, and long may you do so; but think no more of Lady Margaret, or you may dream in a sleep from which you will never awake; she shall be mine, nor shall any son of the proudest knight in beggarly Scotland deprive me of her."

"Give me but one other month, Sir John, when I can with knightly rank accept your insolent challenge, and you will then find the

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weight of the vengeance you provoke; and the tottering knees which at present tremble before me, shall then be made to bow in abject supplication, for your cowardly life; and fair Margaret shall be my angel at the tournament, and award me the prize of victory, which will be her beloved self. Till then, depart from my presence, nor let your insolence contaminate the air."

This short and hot conversation of the imprudent and rival youths, was interrupted by the presence of Sir Edmund Ramsay, at whose appearance they instantly retired. If De Segrave's self-important and haughty mind could have allowed him to have observed dispassionately the dry and distant reception he uniformly met with from young and old of both sexes, at the Castles of Dalwoolsey, Lockerworth, and Roslin, he long ere this time, would have abandoned his visits; but his effrontery and self-esteem, would never allow him to attribute their shyness to its proper cause; but from what had so lately passed betwixt him and young Roslin, he had hastily determined to sound Sir Edmund, regarding his pretensions to the hand of his fair daughter, before the contest of him and Henry Sinclair should reach his ears. Sir Edmund had previously, however, expected such a proposition; and after hearing De Se-

grave's professions of love for his daughter, and his high prospects in life, as heir to immense estates in England, with solicitations for his consent, and parental interference to promote his views, Sir Edmund good humouredly answered him, "that the English had been so successful in making conquests of late, that he did not really see how such a young and powerful baron as Sir John de Segrave, could need his assistance in this case; and that he thought it might take some time for his daughter to consider, whether or not she would be doing honour or insult to Scotland in its present degradation and subjection to England, to surrender without resistance, the fortress of her heart to an English military nobleman; that as a victory was only great in proportion to the extent of the obstacles to be surmounted, a conquest produced little honour to a conqueror, if the resistance was feeble. And considering the late success of the English arms, it would be presumptuous to dispute but that in the affairs of love, as well as war, Sir John might, with becoming perseverance, be ultimately successful." This answer, though partly flattering to De Segrave's vanity, was by no means satisfactory to him; he had seen enough of young Roslin's prowess, and ardent enthusiasm,—his

powerful strength, the masterly command of his horse, and dexterous use of his arms, to wish for a conflict of honour with him ; he knew the day was fast approaching, when Henry Sinclair was to be installed into the high dignity of knight-hood, when he would be obliged then, either to accept his challenge, or be branded as a coward. Already great preparations were making, so as the ceremony of installation might be conducted in a style of splendour, suited to the immense wealth and high rank of Roslin's heir ;—invitations had been sent to all the distinguished nobility of Scotland, their sons and daughters. Prudence, therefore, dictated to De Segrave, that it would be the wiser step to return to England, before that splendid fete took place ; but to return without accomplishing the object of his ambition,—to go home without the lovely Lady Margaret accompanying him as his wife, was an affront no less degrading, than to be conquered in the lists by Henry Sinclair, or to refuse fighting him. This aggravation was heightened from the consideration, that he had already sent intimation to the court of England of his love for Lady Margaret, and of the prospect of its successful issue ; he, therefore, determined to make an immediate declaration of his love to her, and to urge an im-

mediate union. Margaret had heard of his altercation with her beloved Henry Sinclair ; and her father had considered it was his duty to inform her of Sir John's proposals to him ; she was therefore prepared ; but for a short while hesitated, whether or not she would deny being seen by him, or, with the heroic disposition of her family, bravely give him the refusal of her hand. At their first acquaintance, as before stated, the circumstances of the times had made prudence and circumspection, and even dissimulation, absolutely necessary. Scotland had been subdued,—its king a prisoner in the tower of London,—her father, and many of the most powerful nobility, had been likewise, prisoners in England,—Scotland was without a leader, or a rallying point, ashamed of its disgrace,—every nobleman blamed his neighbour ; and Scotland was only kept from bloodshed and a cruel war, by the severe oppression and insolent tyranny of the English. But now a new leader and a hero had arisen, whose military prowess and bravery had given renewed hopes to dejected Scotland, and had spread terror and consternation in England, and astonishment through Europe. This was the brave and immortal Sir William Wallace ; who combined with great strength and courage, an active and ambitious

spirit, which, added to his affability and eloquence, enabled him to maintain an authority over the rude multitudes who flocked to his standard; and as he was joined by numbers of the higher orders of the nobility, the English forces were, at the period we are treating, nearly expelled from all the west and north of Scotland. Under all these circumstances, Lady Margaret being relieved from the dread, that her refusal of Sir John de Segrave would displease Edward, and ultimately ruin her father and family, fully had determined to give Sir John de Segrave a complete denial, so soon as he should make a proposition of marriage to her; and felt her mind greatly at ease that matters were coming to this crisis, as she had hitherto felt his company a constraint upon her freedom, and a burthen upon her spirits; and from the circumstances before detailed, he was as anxious for an opportunity to make his declaration, as she was to receive it; nor was it long till this occurred. As he had done to her father, he told her of his love, of his high birth, the extent of his estates, the strength of his castles, the number of his vassals, and the high regard king Edward had for him, and of the pleasure it would give him to hear of his union with Dalwoolsey's daughter; and earnestly press-

ed her compliance. In reply, she, in respectful but in strong language, told him of her birth and of her education ; that in Scotland she, and a long line of her ancestors, had been born ; that many of them had shed their blood for its glory, and to avenge its wrongs ; and that, under these circumstances, and considering its present state of degradation, she would rather suffer martyrdom, than surrender her heart and affections to any of the sons of England, who were at present the conquerors and oppressors of her country ; and that, although she had a very high esteem for the qualifications of Sir John, yet the strong love she had for her native country, and the ardent wish to see it free and independent, and as glorious in prosperity as it was in the days of her ever-to-be-honoured name-sake Queen Margaret, made her thus give a first, a last, and a final denial, to the honourable proposition which Sir John had made her ; and although she would be happy to see him at all times at Dalwoolsey Castle as a friend, she hoped, that for the honour of his knighthood, he would no longer waste his love upon a lady who could never return it ; and she trusted he would select one of the fairest of England's daughters, when no difference of national opinions, national prejudices, or national

quarrels, would interrupt the harmony of their love. Ever impatient of controul or contradiction; at the conclusion of Lady Margaret's speech, Sir John's countenance pourtrayed all the anguish of a heart boiling with rage and indignation; he bit his lip until the blood sprung from it. To renew the solicitation was too degrading to the pride of his arrogant heart; and from the perturbation of his anguish, he could only find breath to utter, "Is it, then, young Roslin who is to be your lord?" Margaret, who was struck with terror at the dreadful transformation of his features, mustered resolution enough to reply, "Sir John, I consider it of little consequence to you who may be my lord, seeing I have explicitly said it cannot be you; and as a knight you must be aware, that Henry Sinclair is not yet qualified to make me this offer." "If he does," replied Sir John, "and is successful, I swear by the *great king Edward*, and his *invincible army*, that there shall not one stone of Roslin Castle remain above another, to tell posterity where it stood." "It will then be a very low monument, indeed, Sir John, to tell posterity that you was the conqueror of it; but as at present, I can have no individual interest in your threat, except the very general one of Scotland's

honour, you had better warn *young Roslin* of what he may expect from your hands, should he presume to ask me as his lady ; and in a short time he may be able to give you a knight's reply." "Beggarily Scotch vassals,—slaves of Edward and of England ! the insolence of your sons and daughters shall be avenged, and that soon,"—he muttered to himself in frenzied agony, and in broken sentences, as he passed backwards and forwards the castle floor of Dalwoolsey ; and continuing, "Wallace, aye, Wallace and Douglas, knights, and beggars all, have made *Ormesby* fly ; and must I likewise do so, without the conquest of a paltry Scotch girl ! degrading thought ! it harrows up my soul to agony.—I'll ship for France to Edward,—will get the command of *Ormesby's* army—by the god of war will be avenged." So saying, he rushed down the castle stair, without apparently observing Lady Margaret, or if he did, without bidding her adieu ; and mounting horse, rode off to Edinburgh with his ordinary retinue."

On arriving there, the necessity of his departure had become quite apparent, as he then learned from evidence which could not be mistaken, that the Scotch army, under Wallace and Douglas, had conquered all the west and north of

Scotland, had taken Stirling castle by storm, and that the English army had fled to England, leaving all Scotland free, except its eastern division from Linlithgow to Berwick.

From the urgency of the danger to which Sir John and his troops were liable under this state of affairs, he gave orders for a retreat in the morning; at the same time informing his faithful and affectionate body servant, Bill Cleland, who had been his constant attendant at Dalhousie and Roslin, to have every thing in readiness for the march. Bill saw from Sir John's countenance when he entered the stable yard, as he came down the castle stairs of Dalhousie, that affairs of more than ordinary interest had agitated his mind, and put it into that boiling anguish and rage, of which the distorted features of his face were the faithful indices; he was therefore well prepared for all that had happened. But if his mind was well prepared for the orders Sir John had given him, it was ill prepared indeed, for the command to leave Scotland by next morning. Bill Cleland had placed his affections upon the eldest daughter of one of the tenants of the Roslin barony, and had ultimately determined to comply with the orders and wishes of King Edward regarding inter-mar-

riages, and to make Roslin his future residence, and Clementina Cochrane his wife.

Bill, from his first visit to Dalwoolsey and Roslin castles, had been a great favourite with both *knights* and *ladies*, with young and old, with high and low, and with rich and poor. In the town of Roslin, a place of sports, of revelry, and dissipation, Bill was the favourite of all ; he drank and sung, he laughed at the Scotch jokes against the English, and good humouredly with an expressive wink of the eye, gave his English jokes in return ; he leaped and jumped, he wrestled and ran, played at short stick and long stick, drove the hammer, tossed the bar, played at hand-ball and football, at the penny-stone in summer, and the curling stone in winter, eat their beef and greens, drank their nut-brown ale, and quaffed a bumper to the bonnie lasses of the brave town of Roslin. In every company Bill was a guest ; any Scotch jibe would only make him laugh ; and whether flattered or insulted he was alike joyful. Seeing that his agreeable manners made him the friend of all, it was not to be wondered at, that he should be a great favourite with the *lasses*. His youth, his fine form and smiling features, all conspired to heighten their regard for him ; he was about twenty-two years of age, five feet ten inches high,

of a stout and handsome make, had dark blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, auburn hair, and was always clean in his dress and affable in his deportment to the lasses of Roslin and its neighbourhood ; he was jocular and funny, but from the first moment he had seen bonnie Clementina Cochrane, his heart and affections were placed upon her. Clementina had the finest of all fine forms, and a countenance which, for beauty, would have done honour to a Queen ; but although affable in her manners, she had all the characteristic pride and independence of the Scottish disposition. Her family had often suffered great loss in the defence of Scotland against the inroads of the English, and in the last struggle, in which the chief of Roslin had been taken prisoner at Dunbar, and carried to England, her only brother had lately died in Roslin of the wounds he had then received. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that she should have more than an ordinary dislike to the English : and Bill found this to his experience ; for a long time after his first visit to Roslin castle, none of his jokes would make her smile, nor any effort of his pleasantry make her laugh, although with all the rest of the damsels of Roslin it was otherwise. Bill however had likewise a proud and brave heart, and had so much military experience as to have

observed, that when a fortress cannot be made to surrender by storm, it might be made to do so by stratagem ; he had likewise that persevering spirit of ambition in his constitution, that repulse only redoubled his eagerness of conquest ; he had ingratiated himself into the good will of her father and mother ; they had observed him a regular attender upon mass and confession ; and he never either swore nor blasphemed ; he could hold the plough—sow the corn—thrash the barn—and was a good judge of horse and cattle—he had soon made himself proficient in the Scotch language, and could speak it as broad as any of the inhabitants of Roslin ; so that, ultimately, he was considered a Scotchman in disguise ; and Clementina Cochrane's father and mother, who were now advancing in years, had been considering, in their own minds, that were their daughter to marry Bill he might be a comfort to them in their old age. So far all went well ; but still the strong fortress of her heart apparently withstood the siege, nor gave any intimation of a disposition to surrender. Bill now saw that he must place his scaling ladder upon some more tenable quarter of the garrison. He had discovered that another young man, a tenant in Burnside, on the Roslin barony, whose

grounds marched with those of her father, was his rival in Clementina's affections. He, however, was no favourite with her parents. His cattle were almost continually trespassing upon their grounds; and they considered, from his money-making and parsimonious habits, that it was more from a view to get the farm, at their death, than out of any real regard for their daughter. Nothing was therefore wanting to secure Bill's success; but to withdraw Clementina's regard from his rival, by awakening a jealousy in her bosom, that *Skriek Misery* the name of his rival, had some other paramour on whom he was secretly lavishing his affections. Bill now laid his plans, and to work he went, to put them in execution. He now courted a friendship and a familiarity with his unsuspecting rival; and ultimately informed him that he would relinquish all thoughts of Clementina, would he lend his aid to forward his suit with a girl in Roslin, of very questionable reputation. The proposal was no sooner made by Bill than agreed to by Skriek; the hour and place of meeting was appointed. Poor unsuspecting *Skriek* had sat for some time, with his arm around Bill's new *angel's* neck, making court with her for Bill; when his sly and treacherous rival took Clementina privately to

the spot, and shewed her the situation in which the duped and waylaid Skriek sat with a girl having any thing but the character of an *angel of light*. Now all was won for the victorious Englishman, and all was lost to the simple Scotchman. Bill returned with Clementina to her father, to whom the slanderous story was told, and by whom it was easily believed. In the presence of the aged pair Bill joined hands with Clementina, pledging mutual fidelity and constant love to each other.

When, or how poor *Skriek* left this *Roslin angel* no person knows, nor did Bill ever inquire. Under all the circumstances, therefore, it is no wonder that Bill Cleland would receive, with a very uneasy mind, the orders he had got from Sir John de Segrave, to prepare for the march from Edinburgh to England. Bill's whole soul was now in Scotland,—and in Scotland he wished to live and die. After he had observed Sir John's passion to have subsided, he explained to him his resolution of staying in Scotland. Bill could demand this right ; he was free-born—he was the younger son of a somewhat wealthy family ; and although, in the present age, his being body-servant or page to Sir John, may appear a degrading station, yet, in these times, the terms

page and *valet* were not expressive of meanness or low condition. Sir John Foretescue, chief justice under Henry VI., observes, that there were many pages in England, at that period, able to spend more than six hundred scuta per annum, a coin valued at twenty-two shillings and sixpence. Sir John de Segrave had been prepared for Bill's demand, from the reports current at the castles of Roslin and Dalwoolsey regarding his love for Clementina ; and, what Bill Cleland had not anticipated, he gave him full permission to stay in Scotland, giving him, at the same time, many handsome presents ; and while he wished him much joy in his union with Clementina Cochrane, he trusted he might yet be of service to Edward and to England, although an inhabitant of Scotland. After taking an affectionate farewell of each other, Bill went with a light and a joyful heart to Roslin, when he was not long of being united to the bonny Clementina. The event was solemnised with a hearty Roslin wedding. Although more will afterwards be said of Bill, yet it may here be necessary to state, that after the battle of Roslin he became a person of great note. The influx of spectators and visitors, to see the battle field, being exceedingly great, and as the

road from Edinburgh to Roslin runs through his ground, he erected a splendid inn upon it, to which building after building was added until it became a large town. In the recollection of several people still living in 1836, it contained several houses of two stories in height, a brewery and bakehouse, &c. &c. But, in the progress of modern improvements, the road to Roslin was cut off from it, so as the domains of Dryden might be squared and enlarged, and *Bill's Town* was therefore levelled to the ground to build stone dykes with. The place still, however, bears the name; and on the traveller inquiring the name of the toll-bar, as he turns off from the Edinburgh and Dumfries road to go to that of Roslin, the toll keeper will inform him that it is *Bill's Town* toll-bar, being the only relic which now remains to tell that Bill Cleland ever was, or that he ever lived in the neighbourhood of Roslin.

Sir John de Segrave and his troops had now left Edinburgh castle. And Scotland, from John o' Groats to Berwick, was scoured of the English, through the bravery and undaunted intrepidity of the immortal Sir William Wallace and his heroic soldiers. On Sir John de Segrave's departure from Edinburgh he expressed his determination to go in quest of the English

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army, and after getting it recruited with chosen troops, to induce its commander, the Earl of Surrey, to return with it and reconquer Scotland ; so as his vengeful threats against Roslin and Dalwoolsey might be realised. We shall therefore, for the present, take leave of him and return to Roslin castle.

CHAPTER III.

His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports, or contest bold ;
And though in peaceful garb arrayed,
And weaponless, except his blade,
His stately mein, as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a baron's crest he wore,
And sheathed in armour trod the shore.

Lady of the Lake.

It was formerly stated that preparations had commenced at Roslin castle to celebrate the installation of young Henry Sinclair into the dignity of knighthood. After Sir John de Segrave's departure, these preparations were continued as

they had begun, in a style of extent and splendour corresponding to the high rank of the candidate, and the dignified honour to which he would then be admitted. Besides his military exercises, he had been in constant mental preparation, under the holy tuition of the Rev. Abbot John of Newbattle monastery, on purpose to purify and prepare his mind for the solemn event. It was this holy man who was to perform the religious part of the sacred service ; and none was better qualified for the purpose. He was of noble descent ; he had fought and bled for the love of his Saviour, on the plains of Judea and under the walls of Jerusalem ; and for the glory and independence of Scotland he had been no less zealous and brave. He loved young Henry Sinclair as his own soul ; he had endeavoured from his infancy, to the present moment, to imprint the genuine spirit of piety, and loyalty, and love of country upon his tender mind. He had therefore determined that all the splendour of the extensive and rich monastery of Newbattle should be put in requisition to celebrate the event, in the most exalted style of grandeur. In 1212, William the Lion had granted the extensive lands of Mount-Lothian and Moorfoot to the monastery of Newbattle ; at Mount-Lothian

a new and elegant abbey had been built, and which, from the gifts of the noble and the pious, had increased in splendour and wealth equal to that of Newbattle. It was situate in the centre of a wide and extensive country, well adapted for the pleasures of the chase, and on this account better suited for the entertainments ordinarily following the solemnity of installation to knighthood, than the mother establishment of Newbattle. To the westward of the convent an extensive forest stretched for miles, acting as an excellent cover for deer. The forest, on the north and south, was flanked with an eminence which overlooked both the forest and the open country around, commanding a view of the chase, to which ever way the stag would run.

From these circumstances, the young nobility of high rank, in the surrounding counties, since the erection of this chapel, had been uniformly installed to knighthood in it. The Abbot had therefore determined, that in this sacred edifice young Roslin should be consecrated a knight, in a style of magnificence superior to any former occasion. On one side of the altar the arms and pedigree of the house of Roslin were placed, richly emblazoned in gold and silver; on the other side were the trophies they had taken in the wars

against the invaders of Scotland and the enemies of its freedom, with a tablet above them richly lettered in gold, informing when and where they were taken ; on the floor, in front of the altar, was a carpet of the richest Persian, fringed with gold and silver. The thrones of the Abbot and Sir Simon Fraser, who were each to perform their respective parts in the solemn ceremony, were on each side of the altar, and that of the young knight in front of it, each of which was covered with the finest crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold and silver, and blazing with diamonds. Around these were the seats for the ladies, which were equally splendid as those now described ; and those for the knights were richly ornamented with figures and instruments of war. Without, tents of the most splendid description were erected for containing the ladies and knights, in which viands, &c. were to be served up before and after the ceremony, and on the plain and heights adjacent were refreshments, of every description, for the multitude and attendants of the nobility. At the town and castle of Roslin, preparations were in a style of equal splendour and profusion. For some days previous to the august ceremony taking place, the company began to assemble at Roslin ; it would

be an endless task to detail all the names of all the knights who were there ; suffice it to say, that there was no one of the highest of the high, or the bravest of the brave of them, who was welcomed with such hearty congratulations, both of the knights and their ladies, or with such shouts of acclamation from the multitude, as the young and patriotic hero Sir William Wallace. Although rather obscure in birth, and young in years, yet, from the glorious exploits he had performed for the salvation and the liberty of Scotland, it was a debt of gratitude and duty, which every one of the company felt conscious they owed to bravery and to virtue, to patronise and pay the most assiduous attention to this heroic avenger of his country's wrongs. Sir William Wallace had never before been in the eastern counties of Scotland ; and as his name had gone abroad through the whole earth, Sir William Sinclair could not have given a greater treat of any description, than having him at the installation of his son. He was gazed upon with the most intense curiosity by all ; he was about six feet two inches in height, of the most handsome proportions in his form, and of a thickness and strength corresponding ; his countenance was af-

fable and prepossessing, with an expression of noble majesty and high-minded heroism.

The day preceding the grand festival had now arrived, when the preparatory part of the solemn service of installation was to begin; an escort, consisting of the holy Abbot and the younger branches of the two families of Dalwoolsey and Roslin, was appointed to conduct young William Sinclair to the monastery of Mount-Lothian, about four o'clock in the afternoon. A flourish of trumpets and bugle-horns announced their departure, which was responded to by the repeated cheering of the assembled nobility, and re-echoed through the surrounding scenery, from tree to turret, and from grove to grove. As the distance they had to travel was only about two miles, they were soon at the gates of the monastery; on arriving at the drawbridge, and having given intimation of their approach by the sound of a bugle-horn, the warden within demanded who was there, and what was their business; on being answered by the Abbot that it was young William Sinclair of Roslin wishing to be admitted as a novice to the dignity of knighthood, the drawbridge was let down and the party admitted. They then entered the sacred chapel, the interior of which has already been described; but, in addition to that description, it was now

lighted with silver lamps, the lights of which, being reflected upon a profusion of mirrors of curiously cut crystal, with the other rich embellishments, gave the sacred place the appearance of an enchanted paradise. After a solemn and impressive prayer from the holy Abbot, and receiving his benediction, the whole party, except him and William Sinclair, returned to Roslin castle. Being now left alone by themselves in the holy and splendid edifice, the young knight began the course of his pious preparations by a confession of his sins, and a declaration of his repentance, and making a solemn promise at future amendment. Absolution was then given him; and he passed the whole night, in meditation and prayer.

On the important morning, at the breaking in of the dawn of day, not a breath of wind was to be heard; all nature seemed still as death, and looked as if it had been hushed to silence at the performance of the sacred midnight worship, which had been offered up to the God of the universe, at the holy altar, in the consecrated sanctuary of Mount-Lothian. And as the great "lord of day" arose from his chambers of the east, blazing in the refulgent splendour of his glorious majesty, saluted, as he arose, with the universal anthems of the feathered tribe, and the bleating of the

flocks on the surrounding pasturage, making the fragrant air resound with their grateful and joyous melody ; it seemed as if universal nature was paying her homage at the approaching solemnity, of consecrating a patriot and a hero to the service of his country. As the morning advanced, thousands of spectators were assembling from all distances of the surrounding country, and partaking as they came, with heart and good cheer, of the immense loads of victuals and liquors provided for them ; about eight in the morning the various parties of nobility and ladies arrived from the castles in the neighbourhood in which they had been stationed. When all were assembled in the chapel, the Abbot and the young knight took their respective stations ; Sir Simon Fraser then took his, and the lovely and blushing Margaret of Dalwoolsey was placed, as queen of the day, by the venerable Sir William Sinclair, on a splendid throne on the right hand of his son. The religious service of the day was then begun, by praise, from a choir of singing boys ; the patriotic and holy Abbot then offered up a fervent prayer ; after which the young knight arose, and, approaching the altar in a solemn pace, placed his sword upon it ; the prior then returned it to him with many benedictions. He then par-

took of the eucharist, and having been bathed, to express the purity, which was necessary for the state into which he was to enter, he was dressed in the richest robes, and his spurs and sword were put on him. In this state he made a few solemn paces forward in front of the altar, when Sir Simon Fraser rising, gave him a blow upon the neck with his sword, and proclaimed him a knight, in name of his majesty the king of Scotland; the young knight, in a neat speech, returned thanks for the honour conferred upon him; and after first saluting the fair Margaret as queen of the day, and vowing eternal attachment to her as his future angel in peace or in war, he then saluted the rest of the company, and the ceremony was concluded. The venerable and holy Abbot then rose, and made the following patriotic and heroic speech:—

“ Noble knights and high-born ladies, we have assembled in the house of God, this day, to humble ourselves before his eternal throne, to dedicate to his service a hero and a knight, and to implore the assistance and the protection of Heaven upon his counsel and his arms. Since we met on a similar occasion in this holy place, the wishes of our loyalty and the efforts of our patriotism and bravery have alike been vain.

The giant power of Edward and of England has arisen to mock the calculations of our wisdom, and has, since that period, matured their strength and extended their dominion over us ; our king is still a prisoner in England, and many who met with us in this holy place on the last similar occasion, have since poured out their blood to procure his freedom—but without effect. It is both necessary and becoming, therefore, that on the grand and solemn occasion, on which we are assembled together in the house of God to-day, we should supplicate that support from the hand of Heaven, which we have so long failed to find from the hand of man. Under such meditations, and under such hope we are raised from the confusions of earth to the order of heaven ; and from such an elevated point of observation, I would direct your attention to the tragic history of our country, and to remark, that however deeply the annals of every page of it have been marked with the violence of our enemies, and stained with our blood in its defence, there has ever yet been a limit which the Almighty hath imposed to the rage of invading kings, and the violence of their armies. It is not easy to conquer a united people. It is not easy to wrest from a free land, the liberty to which it

was born. It is not easy to tear from a great and a brave people, the honours which they have won in the sight of mankind, for so many hundred years; and the glories which in every age their fathers have transmitted to them. The shades of our ancestors, therefore, beckon us to follow them, in the path of loyalty, of freedom, and of honour. The sovereign of the universe is likewise calling us to the noblest office which can fall to the lot of man; not only to be the guardians of the freedom and the independence of Scotland, but to rescue our beloved sovereign from the galling chains of his forlorn captivity. Brave noblemen! defenders of your country! you know, as well as I can inform you, that there is something ever animating to the human heart, in the approach of great duties; but there is something still more animating in the approach of those loftier duties, to which we are summoned by the voice of *Heaven*, for the glory and the liberty of our country. It is but a little while ago, and within the compass of all your recollections, that Edward marched against us with his countless thousands; and in his march of desolation, the tender mercies of Heaven never softened his ruthless heart—the vapour which ascended from the oceans of Scotland's blood which he shed, to gratify his unsati-

able ambition, seemed to have obscured the atmosphere of our liberty and our glory, in utter darkness. But the Almighty still condescended to look down on us in mercy, and raised up for Scotland a hero and a deliverer—that hero is Sir William Wallace; and, I trust, none of the noblemen assembled along with him here to-day, from any jealousy at his glorious achievements, will withhold their assistance to his efforts for the complete rescue of our country. I trust, that every heart in Scotland will glow with transport at the examples of the heroism he has set before them. His birth and his parentage, it cannot be denied, is lower than many of the noblemen assembled here to-day; but he has shewn them, that bravery and love of country is not confined to high rank, affluence, and prosperity; he has shewn you, that even in comparative obscurity, and in the midst of suffering and of trial, for the love of his king and the freedom of his country, that every thing that is good, and every thing that is great in our nature, can be awakened into life, and brought forth into action; he has shewn you, that even on the dark and stormy scenes of life, the love of freedom may spring, and patriotism may glow, and every energy in our nature may be called forth to rescue a suffering nation

from the iron grasp of its oppressors. Although his mighty and heroic achievements may, at the present moment, have set Scotland free, yet, rest assured, and indeed I know it, that Edward and his bloody emissaries will again, and in a short time, make another dreadful effort to enslave us. There is another source of assistance to which I would direct your attention ; and that is, the mediation of his holiness the Pope, for the liberation of our imprisoned and unfortunate king ; and, I trust, before you depart from the presence of the Almighty, in this sacred and consecrated place, you will choose a deputation from amongst you, to go to Rome, for this pious and loyal purpose. It is in prayer to the throne of Heaven for prosperity to this holy commission, that every knee in this august assembly should bow in trembling and in hope. And it is on a firm reliance upon the wisdom and benevolence of Him who rules the universe, that we should arise from our knees and advance undaunted unto the darkness and the dangers that may await us. Brave noblemen ! defenders of Scotland ! there is a limit to human sufferance, and there is an hour in oppression when resolution springs from despair. To that hour, to that avenging hour, Scotland is approaching. The cup of our bitterness

is full, and another drop will make it overflow. Yes, the hour is fast and steadily approaching, when the life-blood of injured Scotland will collect at the heart, and by one convulsive effort, throw off the load that has oppressed it ; and if we perish in such a cause, we shall at least perish with glory, and from our ashes the breath of heaven will kindle in some future day that avenging flame which will scatter and exterminate Scotland's enemies for ever." At the conclusion of the Abbot's speech, every knight grasped the hilt of his sword, and with a universal acclamation of applause, made the splendid and holy chapel of Mount-Lothian resound with the voice of heroes, and the clash of arms. In conformity with the Abbot's suggestion, a deputation was chosen, to lay the grievances of Scotland before the court of Rome ; and the young knight Sir William Sinclair of Roslin, out of courtesy, was the first nominated and chosen. Sir Robert Somerville of Carnwath, and Sir William de Vallibus of Dirleton, and other noble patriots, were likewise chosen, and were requested to proceed without delay, so as the Pope's interference might be made before Edward could again recruit his army for another invasion of Scotland. The

assemblage in the chapel was now dismissed, and the nobles and their ladies and families ranged at large, or went to the pavilions and tents, to partake of refreshments. In about an hour, the bugle-horn announced that the hounds were in readiness. When the nobility and common people had taken their respective stations, the stag was raised; and after a chase affording excellent sport, it was killed in crossing a small rivulet, about two miles from where it started, and which still at the present day (1836) is termed the *Killburn*. A village was built upon the spot to commemorate the hunt; and it still contains two good farm steadings, upon the property of *William Mackenzie, Esq. of Portmore*.

It may be here stated, that these grounds, belonging to the extensive establishment of Mount-Lothian, seem to have been long used afterwards as a hunting field, on similar occasions; and they still at this date (1836) bear the names of the stations which the assemblage occupied at the hunts. A hill near the monastery, now belonging to the Earl of Roseberry, is still termed the *King's Seat*, commanding a grand view of the hunting field; and the whole surrounding country was on this account usually occupied by the kings of Scotland, and a long range of high

ground overlooking the hunting field Mid-Lothian, and part of Tweeddale, is still termed *King's Side*, where the nobles usually stood. This, and the hunting field, as well as the East and West *Dean's Houses* which belonged to the *monastery*, now belongs to William Mackenzie, Esq. of Portmore. Part of the hunting field, the then smiling forest of which is now buried under deep moss, still bears the name of the Spur Rigg, the Scarse Rigg, &c. &c. And the side on which the multitude stood, is still termed the Folkside, and the Folkside-hill. The old monastery, now no more, and a large share of its grounds, is the property of Sir George Clerk, bart. The burying ground is still seen; and Sir George, with his accustomed good taste, more effectually to preserve it, has enclosed it with a substantial stone and lime dyke, and planted the grounds of it with young trees. The writer of this recollects of the moat being round the ruined establishment; *but it is now all drained, and part of a rich arable field; not a vestige of the venerable and holy place, where kings and heroes swore eternal allegiance to their God, their country, and the ladies of their love,—now remaining to tell where it stood.* Roslin chapel was not then erected, it being only founded in 1446, nearly 150

years after the date of this installation of Sir Henry Sinclair. *The testum tyrocinii*, the name given in the old historians to the rejoicings on the investiture of knighthood, often lasted many days ; and, in cases of persons of distinction, was solemnized with tournaments and shows. But the length of this splendid festival was cut short, by circumstances which will be afterwards detailed.

At the conclusion of the hunt, the nobility and the immense assemblage behind them, marched for Roslin castle and Roslin town. The music of bugle-horns, with the echoing of the woodland scenery, as they marched down the banks of the Esk, made the air resound with warlike melody. The splendid festival in the castle halls now began ; every thing rich and grand which the arts of the age could furnish or fancy invent, had been purchased, to give splendour and dignity to the banquet.

CHAPTER IV.

He had heard of battles, and he longed
To follow to the field some warlike lord ;
And Heaven soon granted what his sire denied.

Tragedy of Douglas.

The songs of bards arose. The Chiefs in the halls of Fingal heard their joy. The shells resound. Joy brightened the face of heroes ; but it was like the parting beam of the red sun, when he is to hide his head in a storm. The hundred harps cease at once. The clang of arms is heard.

Ossian's Poems.

THE splendid installation dinner had been ended, and the revelry in the town of Roslin was at its highest pitch, when a light, like the twinkling of a star, was seen on the verge of the horizon ; the attention of the immense assemblage at the town of Roslin was attracted by it ; but what was their astonishment, when in an instant they observed the beacons in a blaze on the summits of the surrounding hills. To arms ! to arms ! was the instantaneous and universal acclamation of the multitude. The warden of the castle at the same instant saw the lights, and heard the warlike shout. He blew the trumpet of alarm ; the dance was suspended, and a counsel of war was

held. At the recommendation of Sir William Wallace, it was unanimously agreed that the festival should be resumed until a messenger arrived,—as the English army having all lately retreated out of Scotland, there could be no immediate danger ; the more so, that the victorious army of Scotland having lately marched from Scoon to Stirling, which being in a central part of the kingdom, could be suddenly brought to bear upon the English in any quarter. The dancing in the castle, and the merriment in the town, was then resumed with redoubled glee, until the expected messenger arrived early in the morning, bringing the joyful intelligence, that the English army, to the amount of 40,000, was rapidly advancing upon Stirling. Joyful, indeed, was the news to our young hero ; he was now qualified to meet his country's foes ; and from infancy he had ardently longed to be avenged on its oppressors ; and the enthusiasm of his patriotic ardour received an additional impulse, from the happy prospect of meeting his implacable enemy and rival, Sir John de Segrave, in mortal conflict.

When Sir John made his retreat from Edinburgh castle, as before stated, he was determined that his menacing conversation and threats to

young Roslin and Lady Margaret, should not fall to the ground. He therefore made all possible haste to make up with Ormesby and his army on his retreat in England. This he accomplished ; and having sent a dispatch for Warenne, Earl of Surrey, he described to these commanders the urgent propriety of a reinvasion of Scotland, and the infallible chance of victory, from the circumstance, that Wallace and Douglas, and the other powerful commanders of the Scotch army, together with most of the Scotch nobility, being all at the installation banquet of Roslin, an evident chance had occurred of exterminating the Scotch army, and in all likelihood capturing its chiefs in Roslin castle. The proposition being too plausible to be contradicted, it was instantly agreed to. The English army entered and overrun Annandale with unprecedented celerity. A body of Scotch at Irvine was irresistibly overpowered, and their commanders compelled to deliver hostages for their future good behaviour. By these victories the English army was marching rapidly upon Stirling, confident of conquest, when the messenger carrying information of these events, arrived at Roslin. To the Scottish chiefs, therefore, the urgency of the moment demanded promptitude of action. At

the announcement of the tidings and the suspension of the festival at Roslin, the brave and holy Abbot of Newbattle rose and made a powerful and animated address to the assembled nobility, urging them by all that was sacred, at this hour of peril to Scotland's throne and Scotland's freedom, to flock to the standard of the invincible heroes Sir William Wallace and Douglas—to form themselves into a bulwark for their king and country's salvation—and, under these chiefs, in the enthusiasm of that loyalty and patriotism which nature inspires and God approves, to swear by the help of Heaven, either to conquer or die. At the conclusion of this address, Sir William Wallace exclaimed, “Heroes ! arm and prepare for the march and deadly conflict.” This demand was responded to with shouts of joy, by all who wished to follow him. There were two young cowards or traitors in the party, however, indisposed to comply ; and these were the young Earls of Dunbar and Angus. At the castle of Dalhousie, these two young noblemen had been the inseparable companions of De Segrave. Dunbar, too, had paid such attention to Lady Margaret, as was by no means agreeable to young Roslin's feelings. Under all these circumstances, therefore, at the present eventful moment,

our young knight was well entitled to look upon them with suspicion and contempt. Lady Margaret saw the darkening of young Roslin's brow, and the kindling flashes of his eye, as he gazed upon Dunbar when he refused to join the army with Wallace. She well suspected the cause, and it gave redoubled poignancy to her agitated and afflicted feelings, at the parting with her beloved knight for the first time, to the mortal battle-field, that he should think he had a rival in her affections. All the while the warriors were making ready, she had been able to smother and suppress the conflicting emotions of her agitated bosom ; but when the retainers of Roslin and the attendants of the nobility were announced to be in readiness, and the command of "*to horse brave knights !*" was given by Wallace, then the overwhelming torrent of her afflicted feelings overpowered the commanding prudence of her proud heart. Her bright eyes became like stars obscured with a summer shower, and her face turned white as the foam of streams ; her breast rose like the ocean's heaving wave, and rising to bid Sir Henry farewell, she fell half fainting in his arms, crying, "O my God, bring my Henry back with joy." But when he sweetly said, "Dear Margaret, my fame begins,"—recovering

herself, she wiped the tears from her eyes, exclaiming, "May your name be renowned my Henry," and bade him adieu. "God defend you, my brave son; and may your fame be as the fame of heroes," said his aged father, as he shook him by the hand. "His form is like his father's; his soul is a flame of fire; his name shall be renowned in other lands," said his mother. As he mounted his prancing steed, he beckoned to his Margaret, smiling in dreadful joy. At the word *march*, off went the squadron of heroes from Roslin castle to the field of renown.

On the arrival of the brave band at the Scotch army at Stirling, it was ascertained that the English army was within twenty-four hours march of them. No time was lost, therefore, by Sir William Wallace in making the necessary arrangements for action. He posted his army on an eminence overlooking the river, taking care to allow only a small part of it to be seen, concealing the main body of it at the back of the eminence. The bridge across the river was of wood, and so narrow, that four soldiers on foot or two on horseback, could only pass at a time. Previous to the approach of the English army, Wallace, with his accustomed stratagem, took care to inspect the bridge; and he had the satis-

faction to find, that by cutting all the beams and inserting a wedge in the centre of the principal one, the bridge at pleasure could be made to tumble into the river ; this wise arrangement was accordingly made. He then marched 10,000 men across the bridge from the encampment seen on the height, so as they might act as a decoy on the approach of the English ; these were accordingly encamped on the south side of the river. Among these was our hero Sir Henry Sinclair, commanding the Roslin and Mid-Lothian cavalry, amounting in whole to seven hundred, which was all the cavalry in the Scotch army. Excepting these, it was composed of 35,000 foot. On the morning of the 12th of September, the English army came in sight. With reinforcements sent express from England, it now amounted to 50,000 foot and 1000 horse ; these last were commanded by Sir John de Segrave. The heart of Sir Henry Sinclair bounded with joy when he saw De Segrave's banners waving among them. As the English advanced, Wallace ordered the 10,000 Scotch he had encamped on the south side of the river, to retreat across the bridge, and re-encamp on their former position on the hill before mentioned ; this was intended to divest the English of any suspicion that the bridge had

been rendered insufficient—Roslin's cavalry being in the rear to protect the retreat, should the English make up with them before it was completely across the bridge. De Segrave, as he advanced, saw with joy the flag of Roslin and Sir Henry retreating before him ; and having sounded a charge, he expected to make up with him and cut his squadron to pieces, before they could get across the bridge. Sir Henry, however, completed his retreat, and had now accomplished all that Wallace had anticipated. It prepossessed the English commander's mind with the idea, that the Scotch had retreated from fear, and that the bridge was safe, seeing that in the rush of the retreat, it had been able to bear the Scotch army over it. Not daring to push his charge across the bridge, however, on the rest of the army coming up, De Segrave represented these circumstances in transports of exultation, to its commanders. " Be not too rash, young man," said Sir Richard Lundin, a Scotch knight who had ever befriended the English. " Are you now going to turn coward, Lundin ?" retorted De Segrave, with a frown of bitter irony on his countenance. Cressingham warmly seconded De Segrave's brave proposition, of crossing the bridge to the attack. Ormesby was likewise of

this opinion ; but they were opposed by Warenne and Sir Marmaduke Twenge, who were disposed to take Lundin's advice. It was then agreed to encamp for the night, and to send messengers to Wallace challenging him to surrender. Two English friars were sent to him with proposals of peace, if he would lay down his arms and submit. Wallace replied, " that the Scotch had come to fight and not to treat—that the delivery of Scotland from slavery, and its king from bondage, was all they had in view ; and that for these two glorious objects, they would shed the last drop of their blood." On the arrival of the friars with this message to the English camp, orders were given to the English army, that an attack would be made in the morning. Nor was Wallace and his band of patriots less prepared. Our hero, Sir Henry Sinclair, had a sleepless night of joy. At the dawn of day he was on horseback, in company with Wallace and the other commanders of the Scotch army, reconnoitering the field of action. As they rode, the sun arose in cloudless majesty, saluting the Scotch army on the top of the hill with his first beams of light ; the rays of his glory reflected upon their burnished armour, looked to the English like a second sun glittering in radiance upon the plain below. " To-day the

renown of our arms shall be no less dazzling to our enemies," exclaimed Wallace. "Yes, and their glory shall be reflected to other years," replied Sir William Douglas; and looking to Sir Henry Sinclair, he continued, pointing with his spear to the sun, "Roslin, so shall your fame arise;—with your cavalry to-day you will have an opportunity to measure swords with De Segrave, and procure a name among heroes." As the English army was now rushing to arms, and forming in their respective divisions, Sir William Wallace gave orders for the Scotch to do so likewise, taking care to keep the reserve at the back of the hill out of sight, so as the English might imagine they had but a handful to contend against. The line of the Scotch army was now arranged. The right wing was commanded by Sir William Douglas, and the left by Sir James Graham, and the centre occupied by Sir Henry Sinclair's regiment of cavalry. For some time the English commanders were undetermined. Sir Richard Lundin strenuously opposed the crossing the bridge, and offered to conduct the way through a ford, where they could march sixty abreast. He wisely suspected a stratagem in Wallace; well knowing, that his generalship was too good to

risk a battle with such a handful of troops as was seen, against such an army of his enemies. De Segrave's cavalry, 1000 strong, were the first who were to lead the van, on purpose to protect the infantry while forming in line. "What!" says he to Lundin, "shall I shew myself a coward by refusing to cross the bridge?" No regard was therefore paid to Lundin's opinion; and De Segrave was ordered to pass. The English army continued to cross the bridge from a little after sunrise until eleven o'clock, without any opposition. Wallace, at ten o'clock, seeing that enough was now nearly over to make the contest honourable, and the victory glorious, ordered the line to form and the reserve to be ready. At eleven o'clock he ordered the line to charge in front, and the reserve to take a compass on each side and fall upon the flanks of the enemy; and at the same instant the wedge in the bridge, formerly taken notice of, by the sound of a horn was ordered to be withdrawn. As the crowd on the bridge tumbled into the river, a scream of horror rent the air. The English army, whose front was then facing the Scotch, with their rear to the river, looked round with amazement to learn the cause; but what was their astonishment and dread, when, on again looking in front, they

saw the Scotch army in full charge upon them, and a reserve they never dreamt of, even more numerous than the main body, rushing from the back of the hill, making for their flanks and rear! All was now effected that Wallace had anticipated; the confusion and alarm of the English army became general. De Segrave, who, with his regiment of cavalry was at the bridge, seeing that on the event of defeat, retreat was to him and his troops impossible, determined to stand to the last. Sir Henry Sinclair's battalion rushed to the charge against him with shouts of joy and with the enthusiasm of heroes. Sir Henry observed De Segrave at the head of his regiment; therefore levelling his spear and galloping against him with full fury, supported by a chosen band, as he came to the charge he called out to him, in the terms of their old quarrel, "De Segrave, whether now shall your prudence, your bravery, or your retreat protect you? Defend yourself!" and with an irresistible and masterly bound of horse and lance, he made De Segrave, at one thrust, tumble to the dust. A nephew of Sir Marmaduke Twenge, a youth of great hope and bravery, rushing forward to protect De Segrave on his fall, after a short and single-handed conflict with Sir Henry, fell dead to the ground

by a blow of Sir Henry's battle axe. The consternation and confusion of De Segrave's regiment now became general; Sir Henry's heroes were dealing the deadly blows of death upon them in all quarters. Some stood the conflict, determined to die; others had plunged into the river attempting to ford it or swim, with their horses, to the opposite shore. The havoc which the reserve of the Scotch army had made upon the flanks of the English line, drove thousands into the centre which De Segrave's cavalry occupied; infantry and cavalry were, on this account, jumbled into an ungovernable scene of confusion. On De Segrave's fall, Cressingham took the command of his regiment, but his commands were of no avail, when all was confusion and disorder. He made a last desperate attempt to rally and cut through Sir Henry's line; but in the attempt he fell never to rise. The Scotch ranks were still entire, and had surrounded the English, preventing escape on any side but by the river. As the Scotch were dealing death in all quarters, a general rush was now made to the river, to swim or ford it. In this last attempt hundreds were drowned. The field of glory was now cleared of all but the victors, and 5000 of their enemies was left dead or dying upon the field. Sir John de Segrave

was eagerly sought for by the Roslin troops, but not being found, it was afterwards discovered that, in the heat and confusion of the battle, he had so far recovered as to be able, with assistance, to effect his escape upon a raft of the bridge. And, as will be afterwards seen, he lived to experience a defeat still more disgraceful upon the plains of Roslin. Cressingham, the priest, who was appointed by Edward to be high treasurer of Scotland, and who, by his rapine and oppression, had rendered himself detestable all over Scotland, was searched for and found; and the cavalry of Sir Henry Sinclair, as an expression of their hatred of him, in despite of the remonstrances, both of Sir Henry and the other commanders, with the most unjustifiable barbarity flayed off his skin, and cut it in pieces, making girths and other furniture for their horses with it. Thus ended the famous battle of Stirling, which terminated in a victory rendering Scotland again clear of all its enemies, and making the 13th of September a day ever-to-be-remembered in Scottish history. Wallace received the congratulation of his army, and was appointed regent of Scotland, an honour which both he and Scotland had afterward just reason to rue his acceptance of. When the darkness of the evening set in

the blazing signals, on the summits of the hills, communicated the gladdening intelligence through all Scotland of the glorious victory of Stirling. In a few minutes the beacon on the Pentlands gave the joyful news to Roslin; and a private signal announced that Sir Henry was safe; at the sight of which, the cheers and shouts of its inhabitants made the spacious castle, and the woodland scenery of the Esk resound with joy—the castle and the town continuing a scene of revelry and mirth until the dawn of day. Lady Margaret had continued at Roslin since the departure of Sir Henry for the army; and *Dunbar*, with *Angus* as his companion, had been at Dalhousie, going once a-day to Roslin to see Lady Margaret. Nor could the dry ceremonial they uniformly met with, prevent these presumptuous and treacherous noblemen from continuing their visits. On the announcement of the victory, however, they needed no signal to warn them to depart, as they little wished to have an interview with the victors. In a short time Sir Henry and the Roslin retainers arrived with a numerous party of the officers of the army. The meeting of the young lovers was such as need not be described; nor was the joyful greetings of his father and mother less affecting on again

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seeing their son safe, and with a name of renown. All the transactions of the battle; and retreat of the English army were eagerly inquired into by the one party, and as frankly replied to by the other. But sooner would Sir Henry have again encountered the foe, than heard, from the lips of Lady Margaret, that Dunbar and Angus had been lingering about Roslin and paying her visits. The frown of his brow was a sufficient expression of his feeling, and "I shall pay him a visit in return he will little wish for, when time and opportunity will permit me," was all his reply. Arrangements were now set about, to prepare for his important mission to Rome. In a few days all the other commissioners, except Sir John de Vallibus, were to meet at Roslin, and as they were to take ship at Berwick, they had promised to spend a day with him at his castle of Dirleton before they set sail. In the short interval Sir Henry had to spend, he paid a visit, in company with Lady Margaret, to their good old friend and preceptor, Abbot John of Newbattle: *the saint and hero* received him with tears of joy; he gave him charge of some papers for Rome, and his pious benediction to both Lady Margaret and him at parting, wishing him a successful termination to his important mission, a safe journey

home; and, joining Sir Henry's hand in Lady Margaret's, wished them a speedy and a happy union on his arrival again in Scotland. Sir Henry conducted Lady Margaret to Dalhousay, and after receiving the kind congratulations of her parents and friends, upon the victory of Stirling, he took an affectionate farewell of them. In a few days all was ready, and the other commissioners arriving at Roslin, he set off with them to Direlton, each knight having a respectful and powerful escort, corresponding to the high dignity of their mission and their rank in life. Next day they took ship at Berwick for the French court, where they arrived in safety. But the Earl of Surrey and Sir John de Segrave had the start of them, having gone to Flanders to Edward, to inform him that Scotland was lost.

The motives of the commissioners in going to the court of France were, to crave assistance of men and money from Philip, to defend Scotland, on the event of a reinvasion of it by the English; but Edward, who was in Flanders with his army fighting against France, when the news of the loss and rout of his army in Scotland had reached him, had got France to agree to a truce for two years, before the commissioners arrived. They therefore went to Rome, and had the satis-

faction to learn, that the pope was disposed [to mediate betwixt Scotland and Edward; which he did by several bulls, exhorting and pressing Edward, as he regarded the *salvation of his soul*, to desist from the unjust warfare he carried on against Scotland. The pope likewise wrote the king of France, requesting his remonstrance with Edward, to compose the disagreements betwixt Scotland and England, which Philip readily complied with; but all that their united intercession could procure, was the release of the king of Scotland; as Edward, conceiving the imprisonment of Baliol had been the great cause of the resistance of Scotland to his rule, he readily agreed to this proposition. He was accordingly delivered over to the pope, and a receipt taken for his person; with the proviso, however, that he should never be allowed to enter Scotland, nor lay claim to its crown. But what Edward never had anticipated, his holiness now laid claim to Scotland himself, as a dependency upon the see of Rome. To this Edward sternly replied, swearing, that "by the blood of God he would assert his claim upon it, while there was breath in his nostrils." All the time that these negotiations were pending, Scotland was still continuing free, and undisturbed by the English arms; every

Englishman, and their abettors, with their wives and children were driven out of it. England had been invaded with Wallace and his victorious troops, and had received great injuries without daring to make resistance; and Scotland had been enriched with its spoils. Edward now imagining that the Scotch commissioners at Rome only wanted to retard his operations against Scotland, by a protracted negotiation, began now in good earnest to exert all the capacities of his great mind, and the powerful energies of England to invade and reconquer Scotland, and effectually subdue it. But, on his return from Flanders, he found his kingdom so disheartened at the success of Wallace, that they were but little disposed to give him the assistance he required for the undertaking. Soon after redressing the grievances they complained of, he found himself at the head of a gallant muster of all the English chivalry, forming by far the most effective and splendid army that had ever entered Scotland. De Segrave, however, had not been able to join it, being still in bad health from the wounds he received at Stirling. With this army Edward commenced the campaign. Tower and town fell before him; but Wallace, ever on the alert, had scoured the country from Berwick, to the precincts

of Stirling, of every species of provision ; for want of which, Edward's army was disposed to mutiny ; and to add to the mischief, he could receive no intelligence of Wallace and the Scotch army. This was precisely what Wallace had in view. But his well conducted stratagems were frustrated, by the treachery of the two young apostate noblemen before mentioned, viz. Dunbar and Angus, who, joining the English army in the emergency of its distress, informed Edward, that the army of Wallace was at Falkirk, advancing upon him, expecting that the want of provisions would compel him again to return to England ; and that under these circumstances they would then be able to harass, if not exterminate his army on its retreat.

Edward being thus prepared, the armies met next morning, and the fatal result need not be told. The treachery of such nobles, as the two youths above mentioned, together with the envy and malice which most of the ancient and powerful families in Scotland had entertained at his glorious exploits, and which his very recent promotion to the guardianship of Scotland, greatly conspired to increase, thereby engendering a suspicion that he aspired to its sovereignty, rendering his superior military ar-

rangements and prowess unavailing. Even so lukewarm were some of those in the command of the Scotch army at this action, that the Scotch cavalry fled without giving or receiving a single blow. Sir John Stewart and Sir John the Grahame, the bosom friends of Wallace, were among the slain. So nearly, however, had the army of England been reduced by famine, from the well concerted schemes of Wallace, that Edward found it necessary, immediately after the battle, to return to England with his troops.

Sir William Wallace, disgusted at the envy and treachery he had experienced from the nobles at this engagement, to the great loss of Scotland, resigned the guardianship of the kingdom. Bruce, Earl of Carrick, the bishop of St. Andrews, and Sir John Comyn were chosen guardians in his stead, which they administered in the name of Baliol. After this period, partial wars and conflicts occasionally took place betwixt the two kingdoms, without producing any important effect to either. And at last there was a truce agreed to, in which Scotland as well as France, were included. But, before the narration of the disgraceful manner in which Edward broke this truce is given, and which occasioned the battle of Roslin, it will be necessary to return to

the commissioners at Rome, and the affairs of Roslin and Dalhousie castles.

Although the commissioners at Rome had succeeded with his holiness the pope, in procuring his, and Philip of France's intercession with Edward in the affairs of Scotland, yet their situation in Rome was far from being comfortable, from the annoyance and insult they met with from the young, haughty, and effeminate heir to the throne of England. His father, Edward, had sent him to Rome at the head of a numerous commission and a splendid retinue, expecting that his high rank would have a powerful influence upon his holiness, in counteracting his well-known dispositions in favour of Scotland; and to such a length did young Edward carry his insults against Sir Henry, that had it not been for Sir Henry's prudent conduct, and the frequent interference of the court of Rome, these taunts must have terminated in blood. Therefore, as all the good had been done for Scotland, which the influence and arguments of the commissioners could effect, they thought it advisable to return home; the more so as young Edward's determination to have a quarrel with Sinclair seemed more and more confirmed; an event which, at all times, they wished to avoid. And

in these broils of Edward, strong evidence was elicited of a combination going on betwixt him, De Segrave, and Dunbar and Angus, against Sir Henry and Lady Margaret. Under these circumstances, the commissioners departed for the court of France, and after a short stay there, arrived safely at Berwick.

CHAPTER V.

Scotland, the land of her I love,
The land of her that loves me ;
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail ! country of the brave and good,
Hail ! land of song and story :
Land of the patriotic heart,
Of ancient faith and glory !

Like mother's bosom o'er her child,
Thy sky is glowing o'er me ;
Like *Margaret's* ever-smiling face,
Thy land lies bright before me.
Land of my home—my *Margaret's* home,
Land where our souls were nourished ;
Land of anticipated joy,
And all by memory cherished !

In Roslin's long-descending vale,
And on the sunny hill;
How many wild spontaneous flowers,
With *Margaret* did I pull.
The glowing furze, the bonny broom,
The thistle, and the heather,
The blue bell, and the gowan fair,
With her I still will gather.

Chambers' Journal, with slight alterations.

As the castle of *Dirleton* was on the direct road betwixt Berwick and Roslin, the ambassadors and their attendants accepted the invitation of Sir William de Vallibus, to stop with his family all night. The meeting was a joyous and a happy one to Sir William and his fine family. Questions and answers regarding the news foreign and domestic, were asked and replied to, with all the ardour which the distance of time, and the eventful circumstances that had transpired, since Sir William had left his family, could awaken. The unfortunate battle of Falkirk, and the resignation of Sir William Wallace of the guardianship of Scotland, with the causes which led to it, were much regretted and long dwelt upon. And on Sir Henry making enquiry for Lady Margaret and the family of Dalhousie, the suspicion, which he had entertained at Rome, of a combination betwixt young Edward, De Segrave, and

Dunbar, &c. to poison the mind of Lady Margaret against him, was confirmed. Every slander which falsehood or malice could invent, had been resorted to by the traitorous Dunbar, to convince Lady Margaret of baseness and profligacy in Sir Henry's conduct at Rome. It pained Sir Henry to the heart to hear, that she could for one moment give ear to such false insinuations; or that Sir Edmund could, under these circumstances, allow Dunbar and Angus to visit Dalhousey. But when he was told of the tears Lady Margaret had shed on account of these slanders—of her visits to the good and holy Abbot John, for his prayers, consolations, and advice—and that after the baseness of Dunbar's conduct at the battle of Falkirk was known, he had been expelled by Sir Edmund from Dalhousey, on the peril of his life, should he return—and when informed of the evident increase of Dunbar's unblushing effrontery and daring impudence, Sir Henry's mind became soothed and pacified. But he was at the same time informed by Lady de Vallibus, that from the revengeful nature of Dunbar's disposition, and dastardly conduct, should he know of Sir Henry's return, both he and Lady Margaret were in danger of being waylaid, and made De Segrave's or young Edward's

prisoners ; and that a report of this sort had been in circulation. At this Sir Henry smiled, saying, " I shall meet him soon, when he shall have his reward." From the effect of these slanderous accusations of Dunbar still operating upon Sir Henry's mind, the night he spent at Dirleton castle was but a sleepless one. Taking farewell of Sir William de Vallibus and his family in the morning, the whole cavalcade, consisting of the ambassadors and their retinue, soon arrived at the gates of Dalhousie castle. On their admission into its interior, the expressions of joy on seeing Sir Henry safe, were such as cannot be described. From the watch-dog to the lord, each of its inmates seemed to surpass the other in their kind congratulations at his safe and happy return. Questions were put and answered with the rapidity of lightning, Sir Henry's eye all the time ranging for a sight of Lady Margaret ; but she was not to be seen ; yet on enquiry he had the happiness to learn, she was in the castle and well, and would see him soon. Lady Margaret getting a glance of him at his admission into the castle, her feelings had become completely overpowered, and she had retired to compose herself until she was able to meet him with becoming dignity. When she thought herself sufficiently recovered,

she entered the apartment, advancing to shake hands with him ; but on Sir Henry's rising to meet her, the strong resolutions at composure which her proud heart had formed, all at once gave way, and in a scream of conflicting agony and joy, she exclaimed, " Oh ! my Henry, my Henry," and fainted in his arms. This was too much for Sir Henry to bear, and was indeed what he never anticipated ; his proud but affectionate heart was melted by it into tenderness. A compound of love, and agonizing sorrow, made the tears trickle from his eyes, as they fell in gentle tenderness like the dew of heaven, upon the lovely cheeks of her, who from infancy had been the idol of his soul. He kissed and rekissed her ruby lips, until a sigh and a groan, as if her heart had broken, again brought life into her lovely frame. A copious gush of tears succeeded, which gave her a transient relief ; and her eyes opening, they caught a glimpse of the affectionate features of Sir Henry, the beloved of her heart. On again recognising him, she faintly articulated, " Oh ! my Henry, my Henry, my dear Sir Henry, how I have wronged you ; and clasping her hands, in an agonized transport of joy, she exclaimed,

Flow, flow my tears, unbounded gush ;
Rise, rise my sobs, I set ye free ;
Bleed, bleed my heart, I need not blush
To own my Henry's dear to me.

To a mind such as Sir Henry's, of that chivalrous and adventurous cast, so peculiar to the romantic age in which he lived, the mental affection which he witnessed Lady Margaret enduring, from the joy of again seeing him, had an impression on his mind, of which, in the present age, no right conception can be formed. Though in that age it was the study of the knight to consult the defence and glory of the state, yet the praise and the love of the lady of his heart, was the main-spring of his valour, and the source of his activity. Her eye lighted up in his bosom the fire of ambition. His enterprize, his courage, his splendour, his renown, proclaimed the power and the fame of her perfections. To be rude to a lady, or to speak to her disadvantage, was a crime which could not be pardoned. To utter a falsehood to her was an offence, the infamy of which was never to be effaced. Guilty of these misdeeds, the uncourteous offender was driven from the society of the valiant, and the interposition of the fair was

often necessary to protect him from death. The ladies partook in the greatness they communicated ; they prospered what ever was most noble in the nature of man—generosity, public virtue, humanity, prowess. Their softness mingled with courage, their sensibility with pride. These manners, so lofty and so romantic, for ages gave a splendour to Europe, by producing examples of magnanimity and valour, which are unequalled in the annals of mankind.

In such a lofty state of manners were the two lovers, Sir Henry and Lady Margaret, educated. It is no wonder, therefore, that under the unmerited calumny he had endured from the enemies of his king, his country, and himself, that Lady Margaret should have been so affected, at again seeing him safe at Dalwoolsey. From this state of mental agitation, however, she soon recovered ; and sitting by his side with her hand in his, he told her and the family around them, all that he and the commissioners had done for the benefit of Scotland, at the courts of France and Rome. And Sir Edmund in his turn talked of the prospects of Scotland—of the unfortunate battle of Falkirk—and the resignation of Sir William Wallace of the guardianship. But out of respect to the present state of Lady Margaret's

feelings, the treachery of Dunbar, and Angus, was not taken notice of.

After dinner, and getting the promise of the whole family, including Margaret, to visit Roslin next day, the cavalcade of commissioners and their escorts departed for Roslin.

The distance of Dalhousie from Roslin castle was then little more than two miles, and the party expected to reach it by the dusk of the evening. The English were all out of Scotland—and on this account, there was apparently no foe they had to fear. But it would appear, that Dunbar, on learning that the commissioners had arrived at Berwick, armed his numerous retainers; and with Angus and a party of his armed vassals who lay at Dunbar castle, he set off at full speed, expecting to intercept and capture Sir Henry (as predicted by Lady de Vallibus) before he arrived at Roslin. On the road, Dunbar learned that the whole party, except one sent to Roslin with the intelligence of their arrival, was at Dalhousie; he therefore had divided his party into detached scouts, to watch the various passes which were in the large forest betwixt Dalhousie and the plain leading to Roslin, expecting, that either in the wood or on the margin of it, he would be able to surround the commis-

sioners and capture Sir Henry, before they had time to defend themselves or protect him. But, on the party being a considerable way advanced in the pass which they had taken, they observed a horseman in full armour dash across the path, a considerable way before them. Their suspicions were by this fortunate circumstance awakened; and they, on the spur of the moment, arranged themselves for the conflict, should an attack be made upon them. They now rode at a double quick pace, having agreed to form in line of battle, so soon as they cleared the forrest. These arrangements were fortunate indeed; as they had only cleared the wood and entered the plain, when a large party of horse was coming full dash upon them. It is impossible to describe the joy which bounded in Sir Henry's breast, when he saw Dunbar at their head. On Dunbar coming within speech, he cried, "Sinclair, surrender yourself as my prisoner, or prepare for death." "Heroes, to the charge upon the traitors," was Sir Henry's prompt reply, and bounded upon Dunbar with the rapidity of lightning. By the force of his spear, which was caught by Dunbar's shield, he made horse and rider reel some paces backwards. Dunbar again rallied, and was coming to a fresh charge, when Sir Henry again fly-

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ing forward, with one blow of his battle axe sent Dunbar headlong to the earth. Many of his troops soon shared the same fate ; and although his party were by far most numerous, the death or flight of the rest, would have soon terminated in victory. But, on one of them giving a blast with his buggle-horn, another fresh party with Angus at their head, issued out of the wood at some distance, coming full speed to the assistance of Dunbar. On seeing him and so many of his troops rolling in agony on the earth, his mind had a conflicting struggle betwixt cowardice and revenge. But he was left little time for hesitation, Sir Henry rushing upon him with the same undaunted heroism, as he had done upon Dunbar. Angus starting to a side, escaped Sir Henry's blow, and letting drive at him with his battle axe as he passed, he expected to bring him to the ground ; on this he was mistaken. By Sir Henry's dexterous management of his horse and shield, he eluded his blow, and again coming rapidly round upon him to the charge, and closing on him with dreadful fury, he made Angus and his steed to wheel and reel for safety. Seeing Angus in this predicament, three of his retainers made a rush upon Sir Henry, but with admirable tact he warded off their blows ; until

Sommerville of Carnwath, observing his danger, sprung forward from the conflict he was engaged in, and laid two of his assailants in the dust. As Angus saw the rest of the band of patriots were making a corresponding havoc among his troops, and having received a dash from Sir Henry upon the shoulder of his sword arm, which made him unable to wield it, he set spurs to his horse and fled for his life. Seeing this, the remainder of his troops who were able to follow him, did so likewise. So terminated this unexpected and sanguinary conflict, affording another triumph to patriotism, bravery, and love, over disloyalty, treachery, and dishonour.

On examining the state of the slain, Dunbar was found still in life—Sir Henry's battle axe having only severely wounded, but not fractured his skull. His collar-bone was broken, his shoulder-joint dislocated, and his arm hanging powerless by his side. In his agony he cried bitterly for drink. Sir Henry taking a flask of wine from his side, put it to Dunbar's mouth, saying, "I harbour no revenge against you; and as your crimes have produced your present punishment, pray for the pardon of those, which merit still greater chastisement. Dunbar, whatever may be

your destiny in another world, you may rest assured, that your black premeditated treachery to your king, your country, and its patriotic defenders, will go down to remote posterity with curses of unmitigated execration. I will send you and your wounded followers, to the holy Abbot John of Newbattle Monastery, who will give you that bodily and spiritual assistance, which your wounded and truly sinful state requires." Then turning round, he cried, "Trumpeter, strike off the spurs from off his boots, so as that, in the presence of heaven, and earth, and these brave knights, he may be deprived of the high honours of chivalry he has so justly forfeited, by his treachery and dishonour."

The wounded of Dunbar's party were sent to Newbattle Abbey, and those of Sir Henry's to Roslin; and next day the dead were consigned to the earth. The scene of this action is about two miles to the west of Dalkeith, and one to the south of Lasswade. A village was built upon it, and which at this date, 1836, is still in a thriving condition, and yet bearing its original name of Boney Rigg, from the many bones afterwards turned up on the field of action. The ground over which Angus run to effect his escape, is still

termed *Shelty Moor*, from "*Helter Skelter*," to run.

After the foregoing arrangements respecting the dead and wounded were made, the victorious party set off for Roslin in triumph. The happiness and joy at the meeting of Sir Henry with his family and dependants need not be described. Next day Roslin castle presented a scene no less exhilarating, from the happy meeting of the two lovers and their friends. The catastrophe of the preceding day was often the subject of conversation. Lady Margaret had now evidence that could not be mistaken, of the baseness and falsehood of Dunbar's slanders, and of the dangers of a combination with which she and her Henry had been surrounded. But their happy triumph over them all, soon dissipated the reflection of the past. And the view of their speedy and happy union, cast a bright sunshine of joy over the future prospect of their lives. The news of the arrival of the mission from Rome, and of the conspiracy and attack upon Sir Henry, and its complete discomfiture, spread like wildfire over the surrounding country. On this account, the castle was thronged with knights and their ladies, anxious to pay their congratulations to him and

the other commissioners, upon their safe and happy arrival.

The return of Sir Henry to Roslin, is finely described in the following lines :

Again into his native land
His weary course he drew,
To Lothian's fair and fertile fields,
And Pentland mountains blue.

His blessed feet, his native seat,
Mid Esk's fair woods regain.
Through woods more fair, no stream more sweet,
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the hero came,
And vassals bent the knee ;
For all, 'mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,
Was none more famed than he.

And lovely Margaret aye so good,
So virtuous and so fair,
Is now Sir Henry's blooming bride,
And soon his bed will share.

Lay of the Last Minstrel, with alterations.

The commissioners, and their retinues now departed to their respective castles and estates, and as before observed, England having concluded a truce with both France and Scotland, the nation was now in peace and comfort, and its patriotic defenders were enjoying domestic repose. Under

such a happy state of affairs, it was agreed upon by the families of Roslin and Dalhousie, that the union of Sir Henry Sinclair and Lady Margaret Ramsay should now be solemnized ; preparations were accordingly set about in a scale of grandeur and elegance, suited to the high rank of the happy pair, and the splendid and dignified habits of that age of chivalry and romance, so as the auspicious event might be celebrated in a scale of regal grandeur ; invitations were accordingly given to almost all the noble families in Scotland, to be present on the happy day.

CHAPTER VI.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair ?
Thy heavenly smile how win ?
Thy smile that smooths the brow of care,
And stills the storm within.

O ! grievous are the bonds of steel,
And blasted hope 'tis hard to prove,
More grievous hard it is to feel,
A slight from those we love.—*Beattie.*

On the intelligence of the approaching union of the happy pair, reaching the ears of Sir John de Segrave, it may be easily imagined what

were the conflicting torments of rage and indignation, which overwhelmed the feelings of that headstrong impetuous and vindictive nobleman. In a transport of unbounded fury, he made haste and communicated the information to his royal but effeminate intimate and friend, young Prince Edward of England, who had likewise now arrived from the court of Rome. The approaching marriage of Sir Henry and Lady Margaret; the discomfiture of their combination to capture one or either of them; the defeat or death of Dunbar; the flight of Angus and the slaughter of their troops, all conspired to inflame their minds with an ardent overwhelming anxiety for revenge upon young Roslin; but how was this to be accomplished, how was his marriage with Lady Margaret to be prevented, seeing that the day and the hour was at hand, and the two nations at peace; the dreaded tormenting thought of this, harrowed up De Segrave's mind with frenzied and boiling agony, in such a state of feeling, he exclaimed to young Edward, "Oh! for troops, for troops, had I but an army of horsemen under my command I could yet prevent it! Yes, Prince Edward, yes, we could yet in time be avenged." "Troops! De Segrave, my good follow," replied the prince, "these you shall not be

long in want of; if troops will do the business, you shall have the bravest boys and the swiftest horses to carry them, that are in all merry England. I shall to the king my father without delay, and get you his order for an army ready to march by to-morrow morning." "But then the truce, Prince Edward, the accursed truce will not allow the honourable feelings of his majesty to break it, and go to war against those proud and beggarly rebels." "The truce de Segrave, and who broke it pray? did not Sinclair and these rebel commissioners along with him attack and slay Dunbar and others of our loyal true and well disposed subjects?" "True, true, most gracious Prince Edward, get but the king your father convinced of this, and all may yet be well." "I shall, De Segrave," so saying, the Prince set off to his majesty's apartment.

King Edward's hatred of the Scotch was such, that few arguments were necessary to advise him to make war upon them; hitherto all his efforts could not keep them in subjection, and convinced that the two years' truce which he had unfortunately concluded, was only a breathing space to enable them to make a more vigorous and powerful resistance to his ambition; he readily agreed with his son, that the slaughter of Dunbar and

his troops, had made the truce broken by Scotland and not by England; and as De Segrave was actuated with a strong personal, as well as a national motive in wishing to subdue Scotland, Edward readily gave him the command of an army of thirty thousand horse for that purpose, giving De Segrave at the same time the power and rank of guardian of Scotland. On Prince Edward returning with these joyful tidings to De Segrave, he swore by all that was sacred, that he would now accomplish his long premeditated purpose, and not leave one stone above another of either Lockerworth, (now named Borthwick,) Dalhousey or Roslin castles; the army was accordingly ordered to be got in immediate readiness, and being officered with gallant knights and brave, it marched with the utmost expedition, but at the same time with the greatest secrecy for Scotland.

Roslin and Dalhousey castles were now in a stir of active preparation for the joyful marriage of the happy pair, and which agreeably to the invitations sent to the nobility, was to take place upon Friday the first day of March. The winter of Scotland had been a very severe and stormy one, and on the beginning of February, the snow lay so deep, that it was feared the large assemblage expected at the wedding would not be able

to get forward, suddenly however, a moderate and unexpected thaw came, and as is frequently the case of that period of the year, by the middle of February, the weather became as genial and warm as in the months of summer. On the evening of the 20th of February the sky was peculiarly clear and serene, and as the sun skirted the edge of the Pentlands, and was taking his evening's farewell of the delightful vale of Midlothian, with the setting salute of his beams of glory, the heavens in which he rode in awful majesty, seemed like a sheet of burnished gold, over-canopying the stupendous landscape in a blaze of glittering splendour, and looked as if saying to its brave and patriotic population ; " In my daily visits for by past years, I have seen you struggling for Scotland's freedom and its glory, against the sweeping and overwhelming tempest of Edward's ambitious fury. But the ultimate reward of your zealous perseverance, like the storms of winter that are past, will be a composure and a glory no less calm and brilliant than the heavens which now shine above you." All nature seemed in a corresponding mood of harmony and joy ; the music of the feathered creation—the murmuring of the streams, and the whispering of the gentle breeze, mingling

with the joyful accents of a cheerful and grateful population, made it appear, as if universal nature was offering its evening anthems of melody to nature's God.

The noble inhabitants of Dalwoolsey and Roslin castles, after witnessing and participating in this scene of joy, had retired to repose, in the expectation that this fine state of the weather would continue, until the nuptials of the happy pair were solemnised. And as Scotland and England were in peace, they were afraid of no foe to disturb the harmony of the marriage festival. But what was the astonishment of the inmates at both castles, when, before the sun of another day arose, their lords, their ladies, and their dependants were awakened, from their pillows of repose, with the bugle horns of war, the trampling of thousands of horse, and the din and clanging of their riders' arms.

Sir John de Segrave had used such precautions, and kept his expedition against Scotland so secret, that there was not the slightest suspicion of such an event taking place; and, on arriving on the English border, he took his departure in the dark, taking the nearest line by Melrose, and with admirable generalship, had each of the castles of Lockerworth, Dalhousie, and Roslin, invested

with ten thousand of the choicest horsemen in England by break of day, appointing Sir Robert Neville to beseige Lockerworth ; and Sir Ralph Confrey, Dalhousie ; and himself that of Roslin, preventing any communication whatever betwixt them. Judge now what were the feelings of the loving pair, at this sad and sudden change of their prospects, and without the possibility of getting any knowledge of what was the fate of either. A monk with a flag of truce was sent into the Castle of Roslin. The terms proposed by De Segrave, were, that Sir Henry and Lady Margaret, should be delivered over to him as hostages, if not, the Castles of both Roslin and Dalhousie would be levelled to the foundation, and their inmates, man, woman, and child, put to the sword. The reply given to this insulting demand, was alike brief and pathetic, the holy messenger who bore it, was instantaneously hung by the neck from the highest pinnacle of the castle, and left to dangle in the wind in presence of the English army, his cloth being unable to protect him from the punishment, due to such insolent proposals. Immediate preparations were now begun by De Segrave to put in vengeful execution, the threat which the messenger had been the bearer of, and battering rams, scaling ladders, and a newly in-

vented dreadful instrument termed the sow, were constructed from the woods of Roslin and Dalhousie, to level to the ground the castle of their lords.

As it was hard upon the dawn of day when the English army arrived, it was in vain to light the beacons on the hills, to give intelligence to Scotland of the invasion, but the Prior of Mountlothian, a brave, a patriotic, and holy man, whose monastery, as before stated, was near Roslin and Dalhousie, and on the verge of Tweeddale, on hearing of the event, mounted his gallant steed, and in the space of an hour, had the intelligence communicated to Sir Symon Fraser, Lord of Tweeddale, at his castle of Nidpath near Peebles. Sir Symon, it will likewise be recollected, was the bosom friend, the fellow soldier, and the fellow prisoner of the Barons of Roslin and Dalhousie; and it was he who dubb'd young Roslin a knight at the ceremony of his installation. Sir Symon, who was the bravest soldier in his day, on getting the information from the Prior, with a promptitude and decision at all times worthy of the commander of an army, at once determined to muster all the forces he could gather together from the south and west of Scotland, (the approach to the east being blocked up by the English army) with a

secrecy and dispatch, equal to that of his antagonist Sir John de Segrave. On this account, no beacon was lighted on any hill; nor in the surrounding country near Roslin and Dalhousie, was there allowed any preparation to take arms; but with the speed of lightning, he sent messengers to Sir William Wallace, then at his estate near Paisley, Sir John Cummin, the Guardian of Scotland, then at Glasgow, Somerville of Carnwath and West Linton, Lockhart of Lee, Fleeming of Cumbernauld, and numerous other knights of proved patriotism and gallantry, to assemble with the utmost secrecy the choicest selection of their troops at Biggar, on the forenoon of Saturday the 23d of February. Sabbath being the first Sunday of lent, Sir Symon foresaw that the English would never anticipate that an attack would be made upon them by the Scotch on that solemn day; the more so, as there had been no apparent disposition made by them to fly to arms; on this account, the extermination of many, and the flight of all the remainder of the English army, he conceived, would be made secure. The Prior, Robert Abernethy of the Carlops monastery, lying on the line of road betwixt Biggar and Roslin, and within eight miles of the castle, had likewise orders to have refreshments ready for the Scotch army

by the evening of Saturday. The above orders being promptly attended to by all to whom they were sent, on the afternoon of Saturday the 23d of February, an army of eight thousand choice troops, with their commanders at their head, had assembled at Biggar. A council of war was now held to consider if it would be practicable to attempt an attack upon the English army, amounting to thirty thousand of the best and bravest troops of that nation, with the comparative handful of eight thousand Scotch now assembled. The whole of the commanders, except the Guardian, Sir John Cummin, whose patriotism was always considered doubtful, were of opinion, that as the thirty thousand English were divided into three divisions, and these being at a considerable distance from each other, the attempt should be made, and from the enemy's ignorance, that any preparations were making by the Scotch for an attack upon them, they gave it as their opinion, that there could be no doubt of victory. The command was now offered to the brave patriot and hero, Sir William Wallace, but from the usage he received at the battle of Falkirk, he absolutely declined it. Sir Symon Fraser was then unanimously appointed to the command.

The army now got orders to march at the dusk

of the evening, and before twelve o'clock they had all arrived at the monastery of Carlops. The Prior of this monastery, Robert Abernethy, was a younger son of the ancient, and then potent family of Abernethy, and from the persecution which King Edward had lately inflicted upon the priesthood of England, he in common with all the clergy in Christendom, had a mortal detestation at that prince. He had therefore made every preparation, both in meats and drinks, for the refreshment of the army, so as their strength and spirits might be in proper glee at their attack of the enemy. He had likewise sent a dispatch to the Knights of St. John, a powerful body of military ecclesiastics, who had their chief Preceptory at Torphichan, about five miles from Linlithgow; these had brought over the Pentlands to Carlops, before the army of Sir Symon arrived, five hundred of the bravest and the best horsemen Scotland could produce, ready to fight, conquer, or die, so as they likewise might be avenged on Edward.

The prior now said mass, and administered the sacrament to the officers of the army, the other monks of the convent doing the same to the troops, after which the whole were formed into close columns, and the prior being elevated

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upon a platform above them, he delivered the following brief and pathetic address :—" Brave Soldiers, you are this day to be engaged in a conflict, in which the liberty of our beloved country depends ; in a strife which is alike the cause of our freedom and our faith. For many years past, our every energy has been directed to defend Scotland, from the ambitious inroads of England and its imperious and vindictive king. But the baptized world will this day be the observers of a strife, from which both Edward and his sanguinary slaves will learn, that his power can neither overawe, nor his oppression subdue us. No ! brave soldiers, no ! shall we, the sons of those heroic patriots of Scotland, who were never conquered, bend our free born heads beneath the feet of this impious, this implacable, and execrated tyrant. Soldiers, it is the high sentiment of patriotism never to be afraid, but it is the nobler sentiment of Christian duty never to despair ; and I trust that it is with such sentiments, and determinations, that we have met in arms to day, and that the same providence which has united us in a sublime devotion at his holy altar, has also united our hearts with the glorious resolutions, to fight, to conquer, or to die, for our country and our faith. And if one feeling of our

duty has animated every soul, and one prayer for assistance has breathed from every bosom, then ‘let not our hearts be troubled;’ our faith, our freedom, and our country will yet be whole. The might of God will arise, and by our arms, this day, will ‘our enemies be scattered,’ and Scotland, hitherto unconquered Scotland, will yet be free; ‘and God, even our God, will give us his blessing.’” At the conclusion of this address, a burst of acclamation issued spontaneously from every breast, and uniting in one universal cheer of applause, made the echos of the consecrated monastery of Carlops, and its alpine and romantic scenery, communicate this hallowed response of determined and resolute heroism to the winds of heaven. All being now ready, it was agreed to make the first attack upon the enemy encamped against Roslin castle; a great proportion of the encampment was on the sloping bank at the south of the Esk, with the castle and river on its front; and if attacked in the rear, and driven into the glen, there was only one point on the north bank, at which they could possibly effect a retreat, and if this pass was well defended, retreat became impossible. Sir John Cummin was appointed with three thousand to defend this pass. Sir Symon Fraser taking the responsibility to make the attack

upon the enemy, with the remaining five thousand five hundred, against the ten thousand of the English, under Sir John de Segrave.

CHAPTER VII.

And, lo ! at their head, in stern glory appeared
That hero of heroes so hated and feared ;
'Twas the brave lord of Tweeddale that led the array,
And Wallace's spirit was pointing the way ;
His eye was a torch, beaming ruin and wrath,
And graved on his helmet was—*vengeance or death !*

The blue plaided *Scotch troops* as swift as the wind,
Spread terror before them, and ruin behind,
Thick clouds of blood vapour brood over the slain,
And *Nevile and Costor* are stretched on the plain.
Queen's Wake, with slight alterations.

At three o'clock of the morning of the 24th of February 1302, being the first Sabbath of lent, the army began its march, skirting the banks of the Esk, until a little way below the village of Pennycuick, when it separated ; the three thousand, under Sir John Cummin, to defend the pass, keeping the north bank of the Esk ; and

the five thousand five hundred to the attack of the enemy, crossing the river near old Woodhouselee castle; the march was conducted with the utmost secrecy and caution, and after separating not a whisper was allowed. On getting near the range of the English encampment, the right wing of the Scotch army, commanded by Sir William Wallace, and led by the prior of Mount-Lothian abbey, on account of his being well acquainted with the ground, took an extensive circuit; the centre division under Lockhart of Lee, and the left wing under Sommerville of Carnwath. These likewise, extending so as the whole line might keep nearly together, had gradually contracted and concentrated into the form of a crescent, on purpose to envelope the English camp on the south, thereby preventing their retreat, and compelling them either to fight, surrender, or flee to the pass, defended by Sir John Cummin. The morning was fortunately dark and cloudy; but as day light slightly dawned, and as the Scotch army were getting near the English, one of their outposts, on horseback, called out, "who goes there," no reply being made by the Scotch, and the rustling noise of their footsteps increasing, the centinel fled with precipitation to the camp, calling out, "the

enemy, the enemy ; Englishmen, to arms, to arms." Sir Symon Fraser now ordered a charge at double quick time to be sounded, this was responded to with a thousand cheers by his gallant band of heroes, as they rushed with enthusiastic precipitation to the glorious conflict. Like the fury of a hundred winds laying desolate a forest, so were they as they closed upon their foes. The English sprung out of their beds and tents in nakedness ; they grasped their arms in utter ignorance what to do, some ran to mount their horses, others attempted to form, making the most of what the exigency of the moment would allow ; but by this time the Scotch were upon them, and with a firm line, and determined on victory, they were carrying death and desolation in all quarters. The echoes of the castle and the surrounding forest reiterating in loud and lengthened responses the yells and cheers of the victorious army, made the English imagine that ten thousands of thousands were upon them. Retreat became now the only chance of escape from death ; and there being no possibility of effecting this but by the pass to the west of the castle before mentioned, a universal rush was made for it. In the general confusion, and it still being but the dusk of the morning, hundreds

upon hundreds, on horse and foot, unknowing where they ran, tumbled over the rocky precipice into the linn, in front of the castle, and the deep channel below it, and were drowned. The spacious haugh west of the castle, on which there is now an extensive bleachfield, was a scene of utter confusion and devastation, from the universal rush in making for the pass beyond it. But what must have been the horror of the astonished Sir John de Segrave and his troops, when, on arriving at this point, they were again assailed with the terrific cheers and the death dealing charge of another army ; here thousands of the English perished by the sword, and all of them must have fallen, had not Sir John de Segrave, seeing that further resistance and an attempt at escape were alike vain, rushed forward to Sir William Wallace, deeming it the only honourable action which, in the present crisis, lay before him, to surrender himself a prisoner to that gallant hero, and at the same time calling for quarter to the remainder of his mangled army. On the English army imitating his example, and laying down their arms to the Scotch, hostilities were suspended.

A dwelling, for the bards of the house of Roslin, was erected upon this pass, to commemorate the event, and to this day, 1836, it is still term-

ed Harper's Hall. On the formation of a new road some years ago, across this pass, Mr. John Merricks of the Roslin gunpowder mills found fragments of arms, silver coins, and silver buckles still retaining the green enamel with which they were ornamented.

The gates of Roslin castle were now opened, and Sir Henry Sinclair came rushing out to salute his old well-trying friends, his fellow patriots and heroes. And only beckoning to Sir John de Segrave, he disdained to make the slightest attempt to hurt the proud and haughty feelings of his heart, in the present humiliating crisis of his fate. The prisoners were now secured with all possible dispatch in the chapel of St. Matthew, and in the barns, and other spare houses of the town of Roslin, and sentinels put over them, the accommodation in the castle being kept for the wounded of the Scotch. Out of courtesy to Sir John de Segrave he was given in charge to his old page Bill Cleland.

As it was uncertain but that, in the heat and confusion of the battle, some of the English might escape and give intimation to the commanders, at the camps of Dalhousie and Lockerworth, of what had befallen the camp at Roslin; a hasty repast was given the troops to refresh

them, on the event of another conflict, which, in all likelihood, would be better contested than the one which had now terminated. In anticipation of this, Sir Symon Fraser ordered a line of battle to be formed upon the summit of the sloping ground, overlooking the old town of Roslin, and on the south side of the new one, affording most excellent vantage ground in case of an attack. The numbers the Scotch had lost, were now made up by the Roslin retainers. Sir Symon ordered this line to be composed of 5500, the same as on the first attack, and a reserve of 3000 under Cummin was placed in ambush in a glen to the west, near the present gunpowder mills of Messrs. Hay Merricks, and Co.; this reserve, in case of an emergency, was to make an attack on the enemy's rear. These arrangements were scarcely put in execution, when the whole of the English troops encamped at Dalhousie castle, consisting of 10,000 cavalry, were seen rushing over the plain at Rosewell for Roslin; they passed the old encampment, strewn with desolation and carnage, crossed the bleachfield haugh, and through the dreadful pass, covered with heaps of the dead and dying; they then halted and formed at the foot of the eminence on which the Scotch were. At the orders to charge, they rush-

ed up the acclivity, but a thick shower of arrows sent some hundreds to the earth ; still undaunted they came to the charge with dreadful impetuosity, the havoc now became dreadful, like the roaring of mountain streams or lengthened peals of thunder, so was the noise and carnage of the conflict,—Sir William Wallace and his chosen band of heroes making avenues in the English ranks ; and they, in their turn, fighting with no less heroic and determined courage.

Sir Symon now saw it was hazardous to risk the safety of his troops and the honour of the day, in a contest of five thousand, against ten thousand of such determined warriors, without the assistance of the reserve. He, therefore, sounded for their assistance, and as they came rushing out of the glen, they ran closing upon the rear of the English with shouts which rent the air, making dreadful havoc in their ranks ; at the same time defending the pass, to prevent a retreat by the way of the old encampment. Seeing this, the English made a last and determined attempt. The battle spread in raging fury from wing to wing,—a thousand swords rose, and a thousand arrows flew. But from being assailed in both front and rear, all the exertions of the English army proved but feeble and fruitless ; and as their

ranks were now greatly thinned, and the remainder in confusion and disorder, Sir Ralph Confrey made a retreat to be sounded—and showing an example of speed, he rushed down to the east on the plains of Roslin, unknowing where he went, and the shattered remainder of his army following him at full career. But no place on earth was so ill adapted for the retreat of an army of cavalry as this,—as in which ever way they went, except at or near the line of road which now leads from the modern town of Roslin to Edinburgh, or to the west of it—the whole of the spacious plains are surrounded with craigs and eminences, o’erhanging deep indented glens which no horsemen could pass. When half way down the plain, they took a direction to the north, and rushed even on in a line for Edinburgh; but a deep narrow glen and rivulet intervening, without having time to look out for danger—and not suspecting it, horseman followed horseman in such furious succession over the precipice into the ravine, that in a short time the glen and rivulet at that point, was choked full with the dead and dying of both men and horses—and their commander Sir Ralph Confrey, amongst the number. A large proportion of the Scotch following hard upon their rear, sent hundreds after hun-

dreds to eternity. Tradition to this day affirms, that the rivulet as it runs to the Esk, flowed with blood for three days. Never was a retreat made at a more fortunate moment for the interests of an opposing enemy, than the present one; as a little after, the rush and the cheers of the Scotch reserve was given, at their charge of the English rear, the prisoners in St. Matthew's Chapel, and the other out-houses in Roslin, breaking open their places of confinement, and overpowering the sentinels, were rushing to the arms of the dead and wounded, expecting to make such assistance to their countrymen, as would secure the glory of the day; but unfortunately for them, the retreat had been sounded, and the flight begun before they could be of any assistance. At this critical juncture, Sir Symon Fraser gave orders to a proportion of his army to charge the prisoners, and the remainder to pursue the fugitives; and to the disgrace of the Scotch, never were orders more promptly obeyed—as all the prisoners, except a few who had the good fortune to make their escape, fell by the edge of the Scotch swords. Fortunately, Sir John de Segrave, who, as before stated, had been given under charge of his old page, Bill Cleland, who, on seeing the carnage that the Scotch were making

among the English prisoners, fell on his knees before Bill, craving the favour, that he would allow him to escape ; and in return for the obligation, any favour it might be ever afterwards in his power to give, should not be withheld. In reply to such a request from his old master and friend, who, to add to former favours, had protected both him and his Clemintina and their property, since the beginning of the siege of Roslin castle, what could Bill do ? He at once determined to take chance of Sir Henry Sinclair's displeasure ; and on receiving assurances from Sir John, that he would never trouble Roslin nor Dalhousie more, on the contrary, that he would intercede with Edward for their protection, he conducted him secretly to a private pass, and assisted him in effecting his escape.

Although the Scotch army was now completely worn out with fatigue, having marched twenty-five miles, and fought two bloody battles without rest or repose, yet they had the prospect of being either compelled to again encounter another ten thousand of fresh troops, under Sir Robert Nevile, from the encampment before Lockerworth, or to surrender at discretion, or flee before them. As there was no time for delay, wine, and other exhilarating refreshments from Roslin Castle were given

them, to brighten up their spirits for the contest, but without effect ; many of their numbers were slain, and a very great proportion of the living had received wounds, and besides they were worn out with fatigue. Sir Symon Fraser, Sir William Wallace, and indeed all the Scotch commanders separately addressed them, to hold themselves in readiness to resume the attack, but to a man they declared themselves unable to undertake such another combat. The sagacious Prior of the Carlops convent, foreseeing that the troops would get ultimately heartless and languid, under the fatigue of such a long march, and the conflicts they had to encounter, had wisely provided for the emergency ; in order to brighten up the exhausted energies of the army, and to fulfil *the holy fraud*, which he had preconcerted with his brother monks. At the conclusion of the second battle, he had sent one of his own fraternity off the field at full dispatch to put it in execution, seeing that the emergency of the moment and the fate of the day, and of Scotland, depended upon it ; and in the interim he addressed the army in his usual, impressive, and pathetic style of eloquence, pointing out to them the miseries which Edward and his emissaries had entailed upon Scotland ; that although from the bravery of its inhabitants

he had been unable to retain it as a province, and make its people his slaves, yet he had frequently laid it in ashes, that he had long imprisoned and afflicted its king, depriving Scotland of a father, a councillor, and a chief; and worst of all, he had insulted the King of kings, and Lord of lords, by plundering his sacred temples, and degrading to menial humiliation and contempt, the servants of the Most High, who ministered in holy things within their sacred precincts.* “Rise then,” he exclaimed, “and again buckle on your armour, put on the breast-plate of faith, and fight for your king, your country, your families, and your friends, and above all fight for the glorious cause of Him who scrupled not to suffer, and to shed his precious blood for us all. Yes, to arms my brave patriots and heroes; to arms, and the Almighty will be the protector and the avenger of your cause; and as an attestation that he who rules in the armies of heaven, has made your victory secure, I only request that you will look in a short time hence to the highest pinnacle of the Pentlands, and to convince you of the assistance of heaven, you will observe that an angel from an high has torn an oak from the hill, and having formed it into a holy cross in the presence

* See note at the end of this Tale.

of you all ; amidst the clouds of heaven it will brighten in the wind, and if it is the will of God that the cross shall not appear, it is a token of his will that you shall not fight." As the Prior concluded this short and pathetic address, the attention of the whole army was directed to the other ten thousand horsemen, under Sir Robert Neville, rushing over Skelty Moor, and making for the battle-field at full speed. From this war-like spectacle, the Scotch army with one accord cast their eyes to the hills, from which they were led by the Prior's speech, to look for an attestation of the aid of Heaven, in the dreadful conflict which was now before them. And in one moment, " a miracle, a miracle, the cross, the cross of heaven is on the hill, to arms, to arms !" was the universal exclamation on seeing it glittering in the sun. The Prior's miraculous prediction was now fulfilled, and the victory in a great measure secure, there being no bravery on earth equal to the bravery of those who are conscious of fighting under the banners, and the protection of Heaven. It may be curious to the antiquarian, and the visitors of Roslin, to state, that a hamlet was erected on this spot, where the Prior stood and addressed the army when he performed this miracle, and to this day 1836,

there is a good farm standing on the spot, belonging to Sir Francis Walker Drummond, Bart., which is still termed Monk's Marle, or in English, Monk's Miracle—now 534 years since it was performed.

Under the foregoing circumstances, the line was now formed with alacrity, but Sir Symon Fraser, deeming it imprudent to diminish its numbers, by placing a reserve from it in ambush, wisely armed the many hundreds of people, men, women, and youths, who had gathered from all quarters for plunder, and placed them in the ravine, into which so many of the last army had fallen—wisely conceiving, that in case of an emergency, although unable to fight, their rushing from the glen might so frighten the English army, as to induce it to retreat and settle the fate of the day. When all these arrangements were completed, the Scotch felt ready to meet the foe, nor were they kept long in suspense; the English rushing at full speed down the plain upon the Scotch line, which was formed upon gently rising ground, near Monk's Marle, having their front to Edinburgh, and the Pentlands, and in full view of the miraculous cross upon their highest summit. The onset was terrific, spears rebounding upon shields, and battle axes upon

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helmets, sending horsemen and riders thick and threefold to the dust. Sir Robert Neville, recognizing Sir William Wallace from his majestic form, and the terrific havoc he was making in the English ranks, made a heroic attempt with a chosen band to overpower him, considering it would redeem all the previous disgrace of the day, could he take him, dead or alive, to Edward. On this part of the line the battle thickened with dreadful fury; Sir William Wallace's strength and prowess laying his antagonists thick around him, his sword flaming in the strife of blood, (blow succeeding to blow, and death to death from his hand,) sent warrior after warrior to eternity. But in the heat of the conflict, his horse unfortunately fell; at this *Neville's* heart bounded with joy, he made a rush with his battle axe to dispatch him, but Sir Henry Sinclair and a chosen few instantaneously rushing to his assistance, protected him, until he had regained another steed. Neville was now assailed with such impetuosity, and his men falling thick around him, he was compelled to lose ground, and he and his party were driven from the line; other parts of it were likewise disjointed and broken, and the English were apparently fast giving way and falling into confusion. Seeing this, Neville darted from the contest

with Wallace, and galloping along the line, encouraged his men to make another desperate effort. Sir Symon Fraser doing the same, the contest now became dreadful, and thickened in awful fury. The English were at last compelled to give way, and make a retreat at some distance with an intention again to form. At this moment Sir Edward Ramsay, and Sir Gilbert Hay of Lockerworth, with a numerous retinue of their armed retainers, and the tenants of the Monks of Newbattle, came at full speed to the assistance of their heroic deliverers, on learning, when the gates of their castles and monasteries were opened, that there was a battle raging at Roslin. And at the same moment the armed rabble rushing out of their cover, spread despair and confusion among the English, who now conceiving a retreat was alone able to save them, set off at full speed to the east of the plain, expecting to find a pass; but alas they were most miserably mistaken, the precipice being so high and steep, that no horseman could make the attempt. Knowing this, the Scotch had pursued them at full career, and dreadful, most dreadful was the carnage which they made, among the fugitive and unfortunate English. Hundreds leaped the precipice and were killed, and thousands fell by the

edge of the sword ; but the slaughter was at last put a stop to, by the interference of the Scotch commanders, the remainder of the English army getting liberty to escape. Thus terminated the ever memorable battle of Roslin—a feat of arms, perhaps without a parallel in the annals of history, from the circumstance of from eight to ten thousand Scotch, after marching twenty-five miles, and fighting three battles, having gained three victories in one day, against thirty thousand of their foes.

For the satisfaction of the antiquarian and the visitors to Roslin, it may be as well to state here, that the dreadful spot where the last awful carnage was made, is still at this date, 1836, called the Hewing, from the dreadful havoc which was made there. A house was built on it to commemorate the awful event—and there is still one on it which bears the name. The *hallow* where the dead were interred, is still to this day called the Stinking Rigg. The ravine where so many hundreds perished in the second battle—and where the rabble were secreted, and rushed from it in the last one, was afterwards termed *Dree den*, or in English, *Dreadful den*. A fine mansion was built near it by the Lockharts of Lee, no doubt, to commemorate the glorious vic-

tory, in which their patriotic ancestors had a share. It, and a great part of the battle field, is now the property of George Mercer, Esq. In the lapse of time its name has been ultimately changed to *Dryden*. A line of elm trees point out where an ancient pleasure-road run, from *Dree den house* to the *Hewing*, where the family of the Lockharts used to walk, reflecting, no doubt, upon the heroic deeds which their ancestors and their brave dependants had effected on that spot, for the freedom of Scotland. It was before stated, that the place on which the monks performed the *miracle*, is to this day termed *Monk's miracle*. The hill on the Pentland range on which the miraculous cross was erected, and which produced such heroic effects upon the minds of the Scotch troops, was in honour of the prior's name, termed, *Abernethy hill*; but from a huge cairn of stones accumulating upon it, by the many thousands of devout pilgrims who went to visit the miraculous spot, its name was ultimately changed from *Abernethy* to that of *Carn-nethy hill*, which it still retains. It is not long since the lands in its neighbourhood were in the possession of that once potent family; perhaps they had got them as a recompense for the miracle performed. In 1612 the magistrates of Edin-

burgh gave *Lord Abernethy of Salton*, the superiority of the three husband-lands of Salton, in exchange for the right of holding fairs at the *House of Muir*, which is near the base of the hill, on which the cross appeared, and where the large sheep markets are still held. At the conclusion of this ever-memorable battle, the miraculous cross was carried from the top of the hill down the glen of the Logan burn, and deposited in a house for the inspection of the soldiers and the visitors of the battle field, on purpose to awaken in their bosoms sentiments of gratitude to Heaven. The glen and burn is on this account, still, in 1836, termed *Glen-cross* burn ; and the house in which it was lodged, now a village, is still termed *Cross-house*. A parish was ultimately made of the grounds adjoining it, and still bears the name of the parish of *Glen-cross* ; *James Tytler, Esq.* of Woodhouse is its patron, and the *Rev. Mr. Alexander Torrance* is its present minister. Nor was the brave and devout prior less attentive in commemorating the merits of the sacred cross. He erected three elegant ones upon the summits of the holy hills of the Carlops convent, to commemorate the three glorious victories of Roslin. Two of the sockets in which the crosses stood, are still, in 1836, entire, having a

fount and two excavations for a person's knees, in which to bow in worship to Heaven; and on the opposite rim is the socket in which the cross stood. The finest one, and in the best state of preservation, is upon the summit of a hill, termed the Monk's Rigg. The late *Mr. Brown of Newhall*, in his illustrations of the Gentle Shepherd, vol. 2d. page 472, states, that "the ornamented top of this cross was lying at the bottom of the Monk's Rigg in 1808." The socket of it appears never to have been disturbed by the hand of man, until this year 1836, when it has been overturned by some *overturning barbarians*, actuated, no doubt, with the same motives of the great proportion of *overturners*; viz. a view to some secular aggrandizement; but I hope they reaped the *overturners'* reward. The present proprietor of these grounds—and consequently of these very interesting relics of the middle ages, is William Robertson, Esq. of Logan-house, who, it is to be hoped, will at least see that they are not further abused.

The following beautiful quotation from the poems of Ossian, shews that the erection of stones to commemorate victories was common in Scotland in his remote days:—"I took a stone from the stream amidst the song of bards. The blood

of Fingal's foes hung curdling in its ooze. Oozy daughter of streams that art now reared on high, speak to the feeble, O stone ! after Selma's race have failed ! Prone, from the stormy night, the traveller shall lay him by thy side ; thy whistling moss shall sound in his dreams ; the years that are past shall return. Battles rise before him—blue shielded kings descend to war. The darkened moon looks from heaven on the troubled field. He shall burst with the morning from his dreams, and see the tombs of warriors around. He shall ask about the stone, and the aged shall reply, ' This grey stone was raised by Ossian, a chief of other years ! ' ”

In these chivalrous days, in which the stones to commemorate the battle of Roslin were erected, many a hostile quarrel was determined in presence of the cross on Monk's Rigg, on a haugh a little below it, well adapted for a tournament, not only for the convenience of the combatants, but from the immense quantity of spectators, who could be accommodated to witness it on the side of the hill. The place is to this day termed the Quarrel-haugh. A head-stone, disgracefully broken to assist in building a march stone dike, had been erected there to commemor-

ate the fall of some distinguished combatant. This haugh belongs to Sir George Clerk, Bart.

Newhall house, the seat of Hugh Horatio Brown, Esq., is built upon the foundation of the old convent ; and there is one spot of ground on the estate which still commemorates the prior's name, viz. *St. Robert's Croft*. Whoever has read Abercromby's History of Scotland, vol. ii. page 321, will have observed, that the victory of Bannockburn was presaged by a miracle, viz. " the empty silver chest, which carried the arm of St. Fillin, opened and shut of its own accord, while king Robert Bruce was at his devotions ; and on inspecting the chest, it was found the saint's arm had got into it ; the king's chaplain then cried out, A miracle, a miracle ! the soldiers, therefore, no longer doubted but the Lord of hosts had predetermined in their favour." A curious account of a miraculous cross from heaven, slipping into the hands of king David I., when attacked by a large hart, being the cause of the building of the abbey of Holyrood, is given in *Bellenden's* translation of *Boece* ; and on this account Mr. Chambers observes, that the Canon-gate arms consists of a deer's head coupéd with a cross-crossletted between the horns, and the motto "*Sic itur ad astra.*"—*Gazeteer of Scot-*

land, vol. i. page 337. But the subject need not be enlarged upon, as in this sceptical age the truth of these miracles will not be credited. Having made this great deviation from the subject, we must now return to the battle field of Roslin.

After the conflict was over the Scotch troops were mustered, when it was found the carnage among them had been great ; and that the principal officers had escaped with slight wounds, but the prior of Mount-Lothian was among the slain. The wounded of the English army were taken to St. Matthew's church in Roslin, and those of the Scotch to the castle. The remnant of the victorious army was marched to the gentle eminence, where the prior performed the miracle, and the holy cross being still on the summit of the Pentlands, the troops were halted, and the prior of Carlops delivered to them the following short speech :

“ Brave soldiers ! after long years of doubt and of darkness, after hopes long deferred, and prayers long unanswered, the dawn of brighter years has at last arisen upon Scotland ; the *dove of peace* seems now approaching us with the olive branch upon her wings, and yon radiant sign of mercy from above is glowing, in the clouds of

heaven, on the summit of the hill before us, to tell the world that we are under the protection of the Most High. The mighty are fallen, and the weapons of war have perished. The cry of freedom bursts from unfettered Scotland, and the banners of our victory wave in the winds of heaven. In this joyful hour the images of the past and the future are thronging around us, and wherever we turn, we are overwhelmed with gratitude to the almighty Disposer of events. Our first subject of thankfulness to him, on this important day, is for our country, that she has survived her dangers, that she has stood insensible to fear, and incapable of submission; and that amid the darkness of the storm, she has ever followed with unerring footsteps the road to liberty. And what, I would ask you, is the attitude in which Scotland should present herself this day? Oh! not in the attitude of human pride or human arrogance; not with the laurels of victory upon her brow, or with troops of captives following her chariot wheels. No. It is in the attitude of pious thankfulness, with hands uplifted in praise, and eyes downcast in gratitude. It is before the eternal throne that she ought to bow her victorious head, and cast her crown of glory upon the ground. Yet, of such a great day as this, who would not

wish some monuments to remain ? Let us imitate the grateful feeling of the disciple. In commemoration of our three victories, let us raise three tabernacles in our bosoms, three altars on which we may place the offerings of our gratitude to Heaven. Let the first be to our faith, to that faith which believed that the *almighty* would be our helper, and in the hour of despondency enabled us to overcome our enemies. Let the next be raised to our country ; to that country against which the winds and the waves of Edward's ambition have beat in vain ; to that brave people who, for many years, have born every privation, that they might preserve the liberty which their forefathers bequeathed them. And, brave soldiers, let the *last* be raised to *those* who have fallen in this day's mighty contest, to the memory of the brave, who have purchased with their blood the freedom of their country. And while the bones of that impious host, that fought to enslave Scotland, shall lie scattered over these fields, and whiten unheeded in the winds of winter ; let the ashes of our heroes be gathered with pious care—let monuments be raised to their memory over that country for which they fought and died, that it might be saved. And over the hallowed page, which records their valour and their fall, let the

aged of Caledonia, in every future year, pour the tears that are due to the memory of the departed brave; and let the young of our latest generations learn what are the energies of the love of national *liberty*, and what the genuine path of *Scotland's glory*."

At the conclusion of this pathetic address of Prior Abernethy, the cheers of the heroes of Scotland, and the songs of the bards of Roslin, made the henceforth ever interesting scenery of Roslin re-echo with the triumphant shouts of victory, as they marched from *Monk's Miracle* to the *castle*. There they were saluted with a scene of gratitude and joy. The inmates of Dalhousie, young and old of both sexes, on learning the fate of the day, had rode over to Roslin castle in full speed, and as the army were marching off the field of glory, they were saluted by the lovely ladies and youths of both castles with cheers of joy, and acclamations of the most heartfelt gratitude, each vying with another who would pay the greatest attention to their heroic defenders and deliverers. Cordials and viands were given to the sick and sore wounded; wines, liquors, and other exhilarating refreshments to those exhausted with fatigue; roasted oxen and other substantial food was given to all who could par-

take of it; all was mirth, and joy, and gladness at the present prospect of Scotland's freedom, and the happy deliverance of the castles of Lockerworth, Dalwoolsey, and Roslin from premeditated destruction, and their inmates from imprisonment or death. But what language can express the feelings of the young, the loving, the patriotic pair, Sir Henry and Lady Margaret. At again meeting in such happy and joyful circumstances after such an unexpected storm of Edward's and De Segrave's vengeance, which so lately threatened to overwhelm all their flowery prospects, and the anticipated joys of their approaching union; they went arm in arm among the victorious troops, beckoning to them in joyful thankfulness, and urging them to partake of all the substantials, the luxuries, and the viands which Roslin castle could present. Poor Bill Cleland came to them with tardy and trembling steps, to inform them of Sir John de Segrave's escape, and the terms upon which it was effected. They had just been talking of him as Bill came forward, and he had the pleasure to receive their united thanks, in allowing him to get away, their rage and detestation at his conduct having now given place to commiseration, at the affront and degradation he would experience from his haughty

and imperious sovereign Edward, at the unparalleled defeat of his gallant and well appointed army.

The day of the glorious 24th of February had now closed in darkness ; the beacons of victorious joy were now lighted upon every summit of the Pentland and Moorfoot hills, and with the speed of artificial light, every hill of Scotland blazed with the gladdening intelligence ; and while the wounded of both armies were well, and attentively attended to in St. Matthew's church and the castle ; the healthy and unskathed soldiers of the Scotch mingling with the inhabitants of Roslin and the surrounding country, gave unbridled scope to the revelry and merriment of victorious joy. Nor were Sir Symon Fraser, Sir William Wallace, and the other officers of the army less cheerful and happy at the deliverance they had effected to Dalhousie and Roslin castles, and the renovated prospects which the victory had opened up to the happy pair. Next day the soldiers departed to their respective homes, loaded with rich booty, with presents and the grateful benedictions of the families of Dalhousie and Roslin.

The 1st of March was now the happy day which was to consummate the union of the loving

pair ; the officers of the army stopped until the joyous event was solemnized, their ladies and families joining them. In the interim preparations were resumed in a style of splendid extravagance, and more than royal munificence ; and as the previous events had tended greatly to augment the number of the noble guests, never was a wedding consummated in such a style of splendour and joy.

The following beautiful lines, of the late lamented Sir Walter Scott, will conclude the account of the wedding.

Me lists not at this tide declare,
The splendour of the spousal rite,
How mustered in the chapel fair,
Both maid and matron, squire and knight.
Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantles green and braided hair,
And kirtles furred with miniver ;
What plumage waved the altar round,
How spurs and ringing chainlets sound ;
And hard it were for hard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek ;
That lovely hue which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise.

The lady by the altar stood,
Of sable velvet her array,
And on her head a crimson hood ;
With pearls embroidered and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined ;

A merlin sat upon her wrist,
Held by a leash of silken twist.
The spousal rites were ended soon ;
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
And in the lofty arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,
Marshalled the ranks of every guest ;
Pages, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share ;
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,
O'er ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison.
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within !
For, from the lofty balcony,
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery :
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaffed,
Loudly they spoke and loudly laughed ;
Whispered young knights in tone more mild,
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.
The hooded hawks high perched on beam,
The clamour joined with whistling scream,
And flapped their wings, and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
From Bourdeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine ;
Their tasks the busy servers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry.

Lay of the Last Minstrel. Page 172.

Having now had the pleasure to detail the

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marriage of the happy pair, we cannot, with any propriety, dismiss this story without briefly adverting to the fate of Scotland for some time after the august ceremony had taken place, and to the dreadful effects of Edward's vengeance upon Sir Symon Fraser and Sir William Wallace, the immortal heroes of the field of Roslin.

From the fame which Scotland had acquired through all Europe, on account of the splendid, and almost unparalleled victory of Roslin, king Edward exerted every energy of his powerful mind, and all the military strength and the financial resources of England, to be avenged upon that dignified and haughty people, whom all his power and armies had hitherto been unable to subdue; and, more especially, upon those heroic chiefs, who had led them to victory.

The year after the battle of Roslin was fought, Edward again invaded Scotland, and finding himself unable to subdue Wallace by stratagem or force of arms, he had recourse to cowardly, base, unprincipled treachery; and the only Judas whom he could find to betray the invincible Cato of Scotland, was Sir John Monteith, a name which will go down to remote posterity, with the infamous *brand of traitor*, written in legible letters in the chronicles of its family history. To

the eternal disgrace of King Edward's bravery, magnanimity and reputation, he was tried, and condemned to die under a catalogue of barbarous torments, which would but disgrace the page of Sir William Wallace's heroic history by a recital. Nor was he less vindictive to the brave patriot, and conquerer at Roslin, Sir Symon Fraser. At the battle of Methven, King Robert Bruce had been thrice dishorsed by his foes, and thrice rescued and put upon the saddle, by the incomparable valour of Sir Symon ; three times bravely triumphing in one day as he had done at Roslin ; but alas ! on that day he was taken prisoner and sent to London, and condemned to suffer the same death as his fellow patriot and hero, Sir William Wallace ; and his head to be placed on the bridge of London, hard by that of Sir William. But although history is silent on the subject, yet the old manuscript volume from which this tale is taken, affirms that the brother of Bill Cleland, whom Sir John de Segrave, out of gratitude to Bill for liberating him from imprisonment at Roslin, had got installed into the high office of marshal of the king's bench prison, where Sir Symon Fraser was confined, through the private interference of the Roslin family and his brother Bill, he had substituted one of the lowest felons

in Sir Symon's stead, allowing him to escape to Rome, where he spent the remainder of his days in devout seclusion from the world.

To those travellers who resort to the ancient town of Peebles for a summer excursion, it is well spent time to take a walk to the old and stately mansion of *Nedpath castle*, about a mile west from the town, and see the venerable abode of this *hero* and *patriot*. It is now the property of the Right Honourable the Earl of Wemyss; and this year, 1836, his lordship, much to his honour, has put a new roof and other repairs upon it, thus shewing a most laudable example to other noblemen of what they should do to preserve the architectural monuments of Scotland from destruction.

The eldest daughter of Sir Symon Fraser, espoused Sir Gilbert Hay of Lockerworth castle, (now Borthwick) who got Sir Symon's estates in Tweeddale and Nedpath castle. The Hays flourished for several centuries, in Nedpath, as hereditary sheriffs of Peebleshire, and were first ennobled under the title of *Yester*, which was afterwards exchanged for that of *Tweeddale*. The estates were sold to the first Duke of Queensberry, who gave them to his second son

the Earl of March ; and the late Duke of Queensberry transmitted these estates, in 1810, to the Earl of Wemyss, who is now their proprietor.

Amid the dreadful conflicts and carnage which afterwards took place betwixt Edward of England and king Robert Bruce, the families of Roslin and Dalwoolsey experienced that Sir John de Segrave had kept his word of honour to *Bill Cleland* in being their protector. Although Edward, after the loss of the battle of Roslin, would never place De Segrave in power or entrust him with the command of an army, yet his influence was ever sufficient to protect those whom he wished to skreen from the fury of Edward's vengeance.

It may be now only necessary to state that, within the lapse of a year, Lady Margaret brought a son and heir to the possessions and honours of the house of Roslin. And that this son, under the tuition of his uncle the brave and holy bishop of Dunkeld, when of age, fought and conquered in the army of king Robert Bruce, for the glory of his king and the independence of his country ; and that, in compliance with the dying request of king Robert, he went, in company with the Earl of Douglas, and Lockhart of Lee, and a band of chosen heroes, with the heart of

his king to Jerusalem to bury it near the sepulchre of his Saviour.

The interesting tale of this youth's uncle, the brave and holy bishop of Dunkeld, will next be told.

NOTE to p. 151.

“ And worse of all, he had insulted the King of kings by plundering his sacred temple, and degrading, to menial humiliation and contempt, the servants of the Most High who ministered in holy things within their sacred precincts.”

In illustration of the above sentence, I have thought it proper to take the following extract from *Hume's History of England*: “ When Edward had made a demand on the clergy for a fifth of their moveables, (a tax which was probably much more grievous than a fifth of their revenue, as their lands were mostly stocked with their cattle) the clergy took shelter under the bull of pope Boniface, and pleaded conscience in refusing compliance.

“ Instead of applying to the pope for a relaxation of this bull, Edward resolved immediately to employ the power in his hands; and he told the ecclesiastics, that, since they refused to support the civil government, they were unworthy to receive any benefit from it; and he would accordingly put them out of the protection of the laws. This rigorous measure was immediately carried into execution. Orders were issued to the judges to receive no cause brought before them by the clergy; to do every man justice against them; to do them justice against nobody. The ecclesiastics soon found themselves in the most miserable situation imaginable. They could not remain in their houses or convents for wants of subsistence; if they went abroad in quest of maintenance, they were dismounted, robbed of their horses and clothes, abused

by every ruffian, and no redress could be obtained by them for the most violent injury. The primate himself was attacked on the highway, was stripped of his equipage and furniture, and was at last reduced to board himself, with a single servant, in the house of a country clergyman. The spirits of the clergy were at last completely broken by this harsh treatment."—*History of England*, 12mo. edition, vol. iii. p. 49—51.

Seeing that the priesthood of England had experienced such a persecution from Edward, it is not by any means to be wondered at, that the whole clergy in Christendom had a mortal detestation at that prince. On this account, the violent language used by *Prior Abernethy* of the monastery of *Carlups*, as given in pages 138 and 151, becomes excusable.

Having now brought this tale, regarding the invasions of Scotland by Edward I. of England, to a close, so far as regards the affairs of Roslin, we cannot refrain from doing justice to his memory, by saying, in the language of Mr. Hume, "That however exceptionable his character may appear on the head of justice, he was the model of a politic and warlike king. He possessed industry, penetration, courage, vigilance, and enterprise; he was frugal in all his expenses, and knew how to open the public treasures on all occasions. He took many vigorous measures for reducing Scotland; and though the equity of this enterprise may be questioned, the circumstances of the two kingdoms promised such certain success, and the advantage was so visible, of uniting the whole island under one head, that those who give great indulgence to reasons of state in the measures of princes, will not be apt to regard this part of his conduct with much severity. His correction, extension, amendment, and establishment of the laws of England, has justly gained Edward the appellation of the English Justinian."

TALE THIRD.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR AND LADY JANE DE VALLIBUS.

CHAPTER I.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness and in storm, he found delight :
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene,
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul :
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

Beattie.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR, the subject of the following tale, was the second son of Sir William Sinclair of Roslin, and the brother of Sir Henry Sinclair, the hero of the last tale. He possessed all the fire of genius, the ardour of military enterprise, the enthusiasm of devotion, and the blandishment of chivalrous gallantry, which so peculiarly

marked the features of the age in which he lived. But, besides, having a high relish for its military acquirements and sports, his mind had a peculiar relish for the monastic life, and a love of the education, and a taste for the perusal of the books in these holy seminaries of devotion and knowledge, which few of the young men of that age possessed. Often would he glide away from Roslin castle without permission, from his parents and military instructors, to the monastery of Newbattle and Mount-Lothian, and enter warmly into scholastic disputation with the reverend fathers of these religious establishments. With such a peculiar bent of disposition, it became a matter of difficulty to determine, whether he should be consecrated to the church or to the army. He was in habits of friendship and intimacy with the younger branches of all the noble families of the country for many miles distant; but with the families of Sir John de Vallibus of Dirleton, he was in terms of more than ordinary familiarity; and although he was a favourite of every young lady of these families, yet he and Jane, the eldest daughter of Sir John de Vallibus, were in inseparable intimacy and friendship; and it was no very difficult matter to discover, that this intimacy had love for its foundation. The mind of

Lady Jane (as she was usually denominated) was, in every respect, the very semblance of William Sinclair. She was no less fond of military splendour and parade, than of monastic seclusion and retirement, but, as is more customary with women than with men, her mind was much more enthusiastically embued than his, with a high, a holy, and an ardent devotion; the misfortunes of her family had in part tended to increase this devout bias of her mind. As has formerly been shewn in last tale, her father was a true patriot. In Edward's two disastrous invasions of Scotland, he had twice laid waste her father's castle and territory—and she had lost some of her brothers and sisters by death. But besides these causes which had conspired to awaken religious impressions in her mind, there was a much more powerful one in which the whole of the Christian world had been upwards of a hundred years deeply interested, and which the cold and sceptical philosophy of the present day but laughs at with derision. This was the delivery of the sepulchre of the Saviour of the world from the hands of infidels.

Peter the hermit, who had gone a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and had seen the degradation of the holy sepulchre, and the exactions, the insults,

and persecutions, which the *Turks* then, and still its proprietors, inflicted upon the Christian believers who went to worship at its shrine, had determined to arouse the Christian world by his eloquence—to redeem a relic so worthy of the veneration of every true believer—from the hands of these sacrilegious barbarians. Although of noble birth and bred to arms, he relinquished his honours and his sword, and he traversed with speed through Europe in the glorious cause. His feet were naked—his body was wrapt in a garment of hair cloth—he bore a weighty crucifix in his hand—he preached to innumerable crowds, in the churches, the streets, and the highways—he entered alike the castle of the lord, and the cottage of the peasant; and when he described the state of the sepulchre, and the sufferings of the Christians and the pilgrims of Palestine, every heart glowed with indignation, and every voice cried, to arms! The very ass on which he rode was sanctified in the public eye. The pope received him as a prophet, and applauded his glorious attempt to deliver the Holy Land from the ignominy of infidels and barbarians. At his voice, kings, and princes, and nobles, were aroused from that lethargy which had allowed the *cradle* and the *grave* of the *Son of God*, to be

wrested from the millions of the brave, who believed in the merits of his atonement. Thousands after thousands came forward to offer their life to him who had laid down his life for theirs. During the period of a hundred years after his preaching, (the time in which William Sinclair and Jane de Vallibus were living) nine powerful crusades from Christian Europe, had made the noble attempt to rescue the Holy Land from the hands of the unbelieving barbarians, but in vain. Still, however, the enthusiasm for the glorious attempt was unabated. The eloquent sermons of *Peter the hermit* had been transmitted in oral tradition among every people, and in every family; and they had awakened the religious and heroic enthusiasm in the mind of Lady Jane, of which we were treating. The delivery of the Holy Land was ever uppermost in her thoughts. Scotland, she believed, would never be rescued from the thralldom of England, until its nobles and its people propitiated the favour of Heaven, by a united and determined effort to redeem the grave of their Saviour. From their almost inseparable intimacy and mutual love for each other, she had ultimately infused a kindred enthusiasm in the mind of William Sinclair; alike a scholar and a soldier, a hero and a saint, his mind and his

frame were well qualified for the arduous enterprise.

He had communicated to Lady Jane his love for her, and that although only the second son, yet, having the offer of a good estate from his father upon his marriage, he trusted she would have no objections to become his bride. So congenial were her feelings and her principles, the chivalrous, the romantic, and the pious cast of her mind, to that of William Sinclair, that it was impossible she could say that she did not love and adore him ; and well likewise did she know his love for her. But great as was their mutual love for each other, the romantic religious enthusiasm of her mind and of the age, taught her to believe that they had first a love above every other love to make evidence of ; the love of him who sacrificed his life for the life of them ; and that it was their sacred duty, first, to consecrate all the energies of their mind, their body, and their wealth in the glorious attempt to rescue *Bethlehem* and *Calvary* from the unhallowed hands of the unbelieving people who had possession of them ; before they could, in duty, present themselves for marriage at the sacred altar of the Almighty. With the conviction of this upon her mind, no motive nor argument would make her

shrink from this ; the resolutions she had formed upon it,—the interference of the parents of both parties were without effect ; nothing could waver or subvert her determination. William Sinclair must go on a crusade to the Holy Land, or she would remain for ever a virgin. This resolution only increased the ardour of young William Sinclair's regard—and although Scotland had now great need of his services at home—Robert Bruce having now claimed his right to its throne, and in virtue of this right was crowned at Scoon, by the hands of the Countess of Buchan. Scotland had been again invaded, and its king obliged to flee before his enemies, and to secrete himself in caves and deserts. To depart from Scotland to the Holy Land under this emergency, was to incur the suspicion of being a traitor or a coward. But what were all these considerations to William Sinclair, in comparison of the victory of procuring his beloved Jane.

When she first made the proposal of his going on a crusade to the Holy Land, the prospect of any assistance but his own on such an attempt was dark and hopeless ; none of the monarchs in Europe had any prospect at the time, of making a renewed effort to redeem the sepulchre of Christ ; and from the convulsed and unsettled

state of Scotland, it was impossible that any collective body of its nobility could muster, or spare even their own, much less the service of their vassals, upon such a distant, although glorious expedition. Now, however, an opportunity had occurred; Edward of England, to make a more effective war upon Scotland, and to subdue King Robert Bruce, had made peace with France. The Moguls, under Zingis Khan and Amurath, &c., had overrun most of Asia, Poland, and a great proportion of Russia, and had now under the banners of their successor Bajazet, (surnamed The Lightning, from the fiery energy of his soul), passed the Danube to seek new enemies and new subjects in the heart of Moldavia. Bajazet had turned his arms against the kingdom of Hungary, and threatened that in a short time he would subdue Germany and Italy, and feed his horse on a bushel of oats on the altar of St. Peter at Rome. Sigismond the king of Hungary was the son and brother of the emperors of the West; his cause was that of Europe and the church; and at the approach of his danger, he summoned the princes of France and Germany to flock to his standard, and that of the cross, trusting that he would soon be able to subdue Constantinople, and deliver the holy sepulchre from the iron

dominion of Bajazet. The French Princes embracing the opportunity of this breathing space with England, had determined to comply with the king of Hungary's demands. And as the fame of the battle of Roslin had at this time been sounded through all Europe, and part of Asia, the Princes of France sent over a special messenger to Sir William Sinclair of Roslin, and the hero of the last tale, Sir Henry, stating, that if they could advise the noblemen who commanded at Roslin, to raise their vassals, who so nobly fought and conquered on that glorious field—these, with the united forces of Hungary, Germany, and France, no power on earth could prevent from procuring the holy sepulchre. None of the noblemen, however, who were engaged at Roslin, would consent to leave Scotland in its present emergency, when the stability of its throne again filled by a legitimate king, and its independence as a nation were so deeply at stake. But although from a sense of duty these noblemen had made this refusal, William Sinclair from an equally strong sense of duty, whether as regarded the love of his Saviour, or the love of his Jane, had determined to embrace the opportunity, and accept of the invitation made by the Princes of France, for him to accompany them in the heroic and

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holy attempt of rescuing the Holy Land from the dominion of pagans and unbelievers ; he therefore communicated this determination to the ambassador from the court of France, as well as to his father and family, and to the father and family of Lady Jane De Vallibus. Sir John de Vallibus made a handsome offer to him, of a very large proportion of his vassals, with horses of the first-rate mettle and fire, and caparisoned in a style of splendour, worthy of the glorious object in which they were to be engaged. And his father was equally anxious, that his son should appear, not only at the elegant and luxurious court of France, but on the plains of Hungary and Judea, in a style worthy of the dignity and honour of his ancient and potent family. His vassals and their horses were therefore selected with the greatest care, both as related to robustness of constitution, sprightly elegance of form, and quickness of action ; they were likewise clothed and caparisoned, in a style of oriental splendour.

All being now ready for his departure, a splendid farewell festival was given at Roslin castle, to William Sinclair and his retinue of dependants, and the heroes and their families who had fought on its glorious and ever memorable battlefield. And as the Lady of Sir Henry Sinclair,

Lady Margaret of Dalwoolsey, had a little before this period presented him with a second son, it was determined that the christening, and the farewell banquet, should be on the same day ; this circumstance made the ceremony doubly imposing. But without attempting to describe the extravagant elegance and splendour of the banquet, suffice it to say, that on the morning after its conclusion, William and his retinue took a farewell of Roslin, and all that was near and dear to them in and about it, and set off for their hostile expedition to the Holy Land. As they were to take ship at Berwick, the usual port of embarkation from this eastern quarter of Scotland, William had to halt at Dirleton for the vassals of Sir John de Vallibus, and to take farewell of him and his family, and the most trying scene of all, to take farewell of Lady Jane, whose holy and enthusiastic zeal had been the principal cause of his religious military pilgrimage to Judea ; being early at Dirleton, he had all his troops mustered, and in readiness for the march next morning. The night, however, was a sleepless one, both to him and his love.

Since Lady Jane had prevailed upon the beloved of her heart, to undertake the hostile pilgrimage, her mind had been sadly tormented with

the conflicting emotions of the duty she owed to her Saviour, and the ardent love she bore to William Sinclair. The task she had imposed upon him as the price he was to pay for her hand and her heart, she was convinced was indeed a great one, but it still was a duty, which the kings, and the nobles, the powerful, and the mighty, the holy, and the heroic, in every Christian land felt it at this moment their honour and their glory to fulfil, without any reward whatever; no other motive impelling them to the arduous task, except the duty and the honour of the enterprise. But again, when she reflected upon the millions of human beings, of all ages, and of all degrees of rank, and with hearts beating high for victory and fame, who had in the nine preceding crusades fallen victims, either to fatigue, the scourge of the pestilence, or the swords of the infidels, then indeed her heart would fail within her. On the evening we are adverting to, when she was about to take farewell of her handsome, her heroic, her beloved William Sinclair, perhaps for ever in this world,—she then felt her love and affection for him surmounted every consideration of religious duty; and as she sat by his side with her hand in his, thinking on the fatigue he had to endure, the desperate and savage

foes he had to face, the stormy seas he had to sail over, and the pestilential climate, which was to be the theatre of his heroic exploits, and which had swept off thousands after thousands, and millions after millions of warriors, as stout and determined on victory and glory as he was ;—deeply agitated with this distracting reflection, often did she place his hand upon her burning brow, and her burning brow upon his brave breast, a breast containing as high minded, as holy, and as heroic a heart as ever beat with patriotic ardour, her eyes streamed forth tears of the bitterest anguish on his bosom, as she said, “ Oh ! my William, if we are to part for ever in this world, I trust it will be but a short adieu, as we will assuredly again meet in the mansions of felicity, where every tear shall be wiped away, and where we shall enjoy rivers of holy pleasure for evermore. If it is the will of Heaven that you are to perish in the glorious attempt you are to embark upon to-morrow morning, on the news being brought to me, I shall take farewell of this sublunary world and all its concerns for ever, and enter into a holy and monastic preparation for the kingdom of peace, where we shall be again united never to part—yes, my William, I will retire into heavenly seclusion

from the world in the holy convent of *Cistercian nuns at Haddington*, founded by the holy Ada, where I shall prepare myself to meet you in the mansions above." With such sublime religious enthusiasm, with such high sentiments of military honour and glory, and with such pure and ardent chivalrous love were the ladies of that age actuated—heroic virtues and feelings which, in this present age of pretended refinement, cannot be comprehended, and which are stigmatised with reproach. With such agitated and conflicting emotions betwixt love and duty, did Lady Jane de Vallibus take farewell of her William next morning, wishing him every success in the glorious undertaking on which he was now to embark. Her father and brothers, with a retinue of honour, escorted our young and brave pilgrim adventurer, and his band of heroes to Berwick. As he passed through Haddington, however, his heart saddened within him at Lady Jane's expression, that she would retire into its nunnery if ever the news of his death was brought to her, anticipating with a melancholy prospective, as he looked upon it, that it might be the grave of all his wordly hopes. After seeing William Sinclair and his brave band embark for France, and wishing him the blessing of Hea-

ven on his glorious undertaking, Sir John de Vallibus, his sons and their retinue, returned to Dirlton castle.

CHAPTER II.

. Therefore friends
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ.
 (Whose soldiers now, under whose blessed cross,
 We are impressed and engaged to fight,)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb,
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go ;
 Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

King Henry IV.

William Sinclair and his military retinue, had a pleasant and a prosperous voyage to France, and after disembarking, they went without delay to the French court, where they were received with the highest respect and joy ; the preparations for the splendid equipment of the French

army had been completed, and Paris was to be for some days the scene of festivity and revelry, from a series of Royal fetes which were to be given in honour of the army, which was destined to rescue the Holy Land from its disgraceful thralldom. On this august and solemn occasion, the naturally feather-winged hearts of the Parisians were as light as air, and never did Paris exhibit such a mixed scene of holy joy and degrading revelry. The saint and the sinner seeming to vie with each other, who would exceed in the unmeaning extravagance of their libations and sacrifices to the god of war, or to the god of wine. And as the commanders and the army of France, consisted of the most splendid array of the national chivalry, which ever went to face a foe, Paris presented a scene of regal splendour, and of military equipage and grandeur, which William Sinclair never before could have formed the slightest conception of.

The French army with John Count of Nevers, eldest son of the Duke of Burgundy at its head, now marched from Paris to *Vienna*, and being joined there by the troops of *Germany*, the whole unfurled the standard of the Cross, and marched for *Nicopolis*, the theatre of war, where their swords were to be first unsheathed in the holy cause. On William Sinclair coming with-

in view of the "dark rolling" *Danube*, flowing majestically through a county rich in natural beauties, and thickly studded with cities, towns, and villages—the glittering domes and spires of whose churches and palaces were reflected to heaven—the landscape abounding with forests of immense magnitude, and pasturages of boundless extent blooming in the richest verdure of perpetual summer, diffusing their fragrant perfume through the balmy atmosphere of a climate, whose azure sky and burning sun was unobscured by a cloud—he thought surely, this must have been the garden of Eden, where the first parents of the human race were planted, *but if it was*, he was soon to be a witness of the direful effects of that fall, which brought sin and guilt, and a black catalogue of countless crimes into the world, and which would in a short time bestrew the fields, and pollute the crystal rivers of this delightful landscape, with the carnage and the blood of the slain. "The king of Hungary received his succours with unbounded joy, boasting that if the sky should now fall, they would uphold it on their lances."* The armies of neither side however were yet ready for a general conflict, nevertheless slight skirmishes were

* Gibbon.

frequent, from the curiosity of the European knights going incautiously near the Asiatic camp, to get a peep at the *Turkish* and *Circassian* beauties of the haram of *Bajazet*, or of his lovely daughters as they walked on the shores of the *Danube*, or sailed on it in pleasure.

On one of these occasions, several of the princes of France, the young duke of Nevers, a fearless youth,—William Sinclair and others, out of imprudent curiosity, had got quite within the lines of the Turkish camp, to get a near view of a cavalcade of ladies walking at no great distance—they were encouraged to venture so near from the circumstance, that the Asiatic ladies seemed no less anxious to get a view of them, and before danger was suspected, the Turkish outposts had closed upon the adventurous knights; “We can be now no worse *said the hot headed young duke of Nevers*, as we must in all probability now be made prisoners, let us surrender ourselves on our knees to those Turkish ladies, whose influence I have no doubt, will procure our liberation, and we shall get what we wished, a sight of the beauties of *Bajazet’s* court.” “Agreed to,” exclaimed the rest of the thoughtless youths, and with one accord they rushed from the attack of the outposts, to the presence of the ladies,

dismounting from their steeds, and throwing their arms away, they knelt before them; the duke of *Nevers* who could speak the Turkish language fluently, explained politely the cause of their dilemma and craved their protection. "You are our prisoners most noble duke," replied the oldest of them, smiling, these young ladies will now be able to convince the *Sultan* their father, that his daughters can conquer as well as his sons; but you must submit to be escorted to the presence of *prince Bajazet* by these soldiers, as your lives would pay the penalty of your imprudent curiosity, were you to be seen with us alone."

During a pretty lengthened conversation which the thoughtless and loquacious *John, Count of Nevers*, kept up with this lady, *William Sinclair* was gazing with mute and ardent wonder upon the ineffable beauty of countenance, and elegance of form of the eldest of the daughters of *Bajazet*—nor did she, half blushing, half looking to the ground, "in downcast modesty concealed," seem less anxious or less curious to gaze upon the fresh and blooming countenance of the young Scotch knight; but although the language of admiration was darting from their eyes, yet, from their ignorance of each other's

language, they could make no expression of it with their tongue.

“And are these the barbarians,” thought William Sinclair, “that Europe has so often taken up arms to expel from the Holy Land, and am I likewise to draw my sword for their extermination? If Heaven has obscured their minds in darkness, with an unaccountable inconsistency,” he thought to himself, “it has illuminated their countenance with the brightest beams of earthly beauty; and assuredly,” he again thought, “the policy of Edward of England would do well to be imitated here, as intermarriages, betwixt Asia and Europe, would do more for the conversion of the Asiatic minds, than all the swords of Christendom.”

But as the ladies and the knights were now compelled to separate, William Sinclair took his *miniature portrait* from his pocket, splendidly set in rubies, which he had got painted and framed in Paris, and presented it to the princess above referred to, before they should separate for ever. As she took it in her hand, she first looked at it and then at him, and then at it and then at him again, until her pale Asiatic cheeks were suffused with a crimson blush of as fine a dye as the picture and its Scotch original she was contrasting it with. But the whole of the knights were now

compelled to march to Bajazet's tent in order to answer for their conduct, when seated on his throne of justice. As the character of this powerful Asiatic monarch was a compound medley of capricious contradiction and injustice; the fate of the Christian knights hung upon the balance of a hair. *Gibbon*, speaking of this monarch, says of him, " While he indulged his passions in a boundless range of injustice and cruelty, he imposed on his soldiers the most rigid laws of modesty and abstinence; and the harvest was peaceably reaped and sold within the precincts of his camp." Having such a character, it was with trembling hearts, the knights were escorted to his throne. The monarch's countenance, however, bespoke the sensations of his mind; the solicitations of the ladies had, for the present, saved them; the king received them smiling, and after remonstrating with them upon the danger of an adventure which might cost them their lives, without a struggle for glory or for honour, said, " I might have made your lives pay the wages of your folly; but return to your army, and be assured *Bajazet* will rejoice to meet you on the field of battle." The Christian knights were again escorted through the Turkish ranks and out-posts, and joined the combined army in

safety, after a daring but fortunate adventure. *The Abbe de Vertot says*, "That after this escape of the imprudent *Count of Nevers* and the other young knights; there were fresh combats every day, in which the Christians did not gain an inch of ground, but what cost them the lives of their bravest soldiers. This vigorous resistance weakened the army of the allies considerably, whilst luxury and debauchery, two enemies yet more dangerous than the *Turks*, infected the camp, which, by the young gentry, was made a place of public prostitution. It looked," *says he*, "as if the pious motive of their expedition was a sufficient dispensation, to authorise their violating with impunity the most essential obligations of Christianity. The French, especially, passed whole days in pleasures as scandalous as they were easy to be obtained. The soldiery, by their example, drowned themselves, as it were, in wine, and their drunkenness could not even be moderated by their indigence. They passed away every moment like so many bacchanals, which scandalised even the *Turks*."* This was a scene of debauchery, prostitution, and intemperance which the virtuous William Sinclair had been an utter stranger to, nor could he believe that men,

* Knights of Malta, vol. ii. p. 207.

professing the mild and heavenly precepts of Christianity, could have been guilty of, especially when engaged on the sacred errand for which they were soon to fight.

Bajazet took a very wise and proper advantage of this intemperance in his foes, by rather seeming to shun a general engagement, which the combined army taking for a consciousness of his inability to meet them, made their zeal relax into intemperate sloth, and gave time for awakening those jealousies and dissensions which an army, composed of different nations, is so liable to run into ; besides, the change of climate, of diet, and the difficulty of getting provisions, he expected, might occasion sickness in the Christian camp. The allies were likewise kept in profound ignorance of the state and stations of *Bajazet's* army, and at times even confidently affirming that he himself had fled ; the officers talking of him with contempt, and the soldiery were puffed up with presumption and a confidence of success upon very easy terms.

The last awful battle, however, was now to be fought, which was to decide the fate of the holy sepulchre for ages to come ; and in which our hero William Sinclair, out of love and affection for his Jane, had come from his Island among the western waves, to be a combatant. The allied

army was now indeed undeceived regarding the position and intentions of Bajazet and his army, as they saw them advancing in good order, and drawing up in array of battle on the plain. The previous boasting and excess of confidence in the allied army, was now succeeded by surprise and confusion. The young Count of Nevers made his cavalry mount on horseback, assuming to have the post of honour, and insisted on making the first charge. The king of Hungary represented to him, that the Turks now forming in line, were only peasants and captives partially armed, which the Turks were in the habit of exposing to the first fury of their enemies, on purpose to fatigue them, that they might afterwards, with the fresh and well disciplined troops they kept in reserve, take the advantage of the disorder, which would inevitably happen in the beginning of such a conflict—and that the Hungarians in imitation of the practice, usually opposed their most undisciplined troops against the van of the Turks. The king of Hungary earnestly urged the Duke of Nevers to delay engaging in the first charge, so, as that with his cavalry, he might afterwards with their lances, open and pierce through the thickest battalions of the Janizaries ; and begged him to recollect, that the honour and glory of a

battle did not so much depend on the first onset as on the last attack. After much altercation, *the Duke of Burgundy*, sovereign of Flanders, yielded to the ardour of his son *the Count of Nevers* ; and this fearless youth was accompanied by four princes his cousins, and those of the French monarch, and William Sinclair. Their inexperience was guided by the Sire de Coucy, one of the best and oldest captains of Christendom ; but the constable, admiral, and marshal of France, commanded an army which did not exceed the number of a thousand knights and squires. “ These splendid names,” says Mr. Gibbon, “ were the source of presumption, and the bane of discipline. So many might aspire to command, that none were willing to obey. Their national spirit despised both their enemies and their allies ; and in the persuasion that *Bajazet* would flee or must fall, they began to compute how soon they would visit *Constantinople*, and deliver the holy sepulchre. When the scouts announced the approach of the Turks, the gay and thoughtless youths were at table, already heated with wine. They instantly clasped their armour—mounted their horses—rode full speed to the vanguard—and resented as an affront, the advice of Sigismond, king of Hungary.” But

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these violent and hot-headed young men put their swords likewise to a use that was unworthy of the name of Christians, as well as Frenchmen. Under the pretence that the Turkish prisoners, whom they had taken on several occasions, might embarrass them in the action, they massacred them all in cool blood, without regard to the promise they had given them of saving their lives. But the reader will soon see the punishment which was inflicted on this unjustifiable offence.

The young impetuous knights now gave the signal of battle. They met first in their way that great body of militia or peasants, which made every little resistance as the king of Hungary had foretold. These peasants suffered themselves to be cut to pieces, or sought their safety by flight. The Janizaries or Turkish infantry composed of regular troops, shewed courage and resolution. They fought with a valour no way inferior to that of the French. The battle was long and obstinate. At last, the French and Roslin lances opened a way into the thickest battalions of their enemies. The Turks kept their ground no longer ; every renewed resistance they made, was pushed back, beaten down, and hemmed round. Terror seized them in every quarter, as they found safety no where. And

those Janizaries whom "*Sultan Bajazet, the lightning of the thunder,*" thought invincible, were forced to flee and retire behind a great body of cavalry, after losing above ten thousand men.

The body of cavalry, behind which the Janizaries took shelter, now advanced with a large front. The Christians to prevent being surrounded, extended themselves in a long line, and without keeping their ranks duly, or taking any orders but from their own courage; every man, as if the victory depended upon his single valour, threw himself among the Turks with such resolution, courage and determined heroism, that nothing could resist their impetuosity. The Hungarians and Turks could not cease admiring a bravery that seemed superior to the ordinary force of nature. Five thousand Turks fell in this second conflict; and the French troops and Roslin heroes would have ended the day in victory and covered with glory, had not the fury of the impetuous nobleman formerly alluded to, hurried them on to the pursuit of the remainder of the cavalry, which had retired to a neighbouring hill.

In vain did the Sire de Coucy and Admiral de Viennie advise them to let the infidels flee, or, at least, to suffer themselves to take breath, and

form themselves anew, whilst the Hungarians advanced. All the young gentlemen about the Count of Nevers crying out, that it was cowardly to let their enemies escape, pushed on to a fresh charge, and without keeping any order, or letting their horses take breath, galloped away to a great distance from the body of the army, and mounted the rising ground, where they thought to have found the broken remains of the Turkish army.

But what was their surprise, when in their stead they discovered a new army, composed of forty thousand horse, the flower of Bajazet's troops. The sultan was posted in the middle of that grove of lances as in a citadel, in order to take his measures as events might happen. The soldiers started at the sight and were daunted ; they even suspected their first advantages ; the certainty of vanquishing, which may be called the first earnest of victory, vanished at once, and fear and terror succeeded to rash confidence. The whole body broke at once, every one fleeing for the safety of his own life. But *Bajazet's* cavalry cut off their retreat ; the greatest part of the French were cut to pieces, and no less than three thousand of them taken prisoners, among whom was William Sinclair, the *Count de Nevers*, and many other young noblemen. The *Admiral de*

Viennie seeing all lost, made a last desperate effort to save himself—and calling to mind what he owed to his glory, he turned about to ten or a dozen of trusty heroes who had stuck by him, saying, “God forbid, my companions in arms, that we should sully our reputation to save the paltry remainder of life which would be worthless without honour—let us try our fate by a noble defence, or die here in the bed of glory.” His words were scarcely spoken, when he charged the infidels, pierced several times into their squadrons, and after seeing his companions fall under the overpowering number of their enemies, he himself, covered with wounds, expired on the spot where he was fighting. The Turks having thus exterminated, or taken prisoners, the French troops, among whom were those of Roslin, they now marched in that confidence which victory inspires, against the Hungarians, who were encamped along the banks of the Danube. Their infantry, composed only of *militia*, seeing the fate of the French, did not wait the coming up of the Turks, but broke and fell back upon their own cavalry, filling all with terror and confusion, so that the awful scene seemed rather a rout than an engagement. Such of the Hungarian noblemen and the knights of Rhodes that survived,

rallied about the king ; and although they saw their ruin was inevitable, from the immense number of the Turks that surrounded them, yet they stood their ground, and fought with a bravery that deserved a better fate ; the greatest part of these gallant heroes dying on the spot. The king of Hungary would have shared the same fate, if, in the general disorder, he had not found a fisherman's boat by the side of the river, in which he effected his escape.

Thus terminated the last awful struggle which the brave Christians in these dark ages, made for the recovery of the Holy Land.

How far the cold hearted policy of the Christian *statesmen* of the *nineteenth century* may be justified in the eyes of future generations, in allowing the Holy Land to remain in the hands of the barbarians, who have been for so many ages in the possession of it, is not for the humble editor of the Tales of Roslin Castle to determine ; but it unquestionably argues a deadness of zeal, if not a sceptical disbelief in the sublime religion they profess, that they should have negotiated for, and obtained the liberation of Athens and Greece from the same iron hearted and despotic masters—and allowed the land of Judea to be retained by them, which, while there is the belief

among men, that there is a God to be worshipped or a Saviour to be adored, ought to the end of time, to be dearly interesting in the affections of the human race. Nor is it less a disgrace upon the British crown, that the flag of republican France, which, by the warlike efforts of Napoleon, was made to wave over the battlements of Jerusalem, should be struck down by the heroism of Sir Sidney Smith, and the British flag made to wave triumphantly in its place, only, that the banners of Mahomet might again be planted upon the walls of the holy city ; while a single nod from the British throne, might have retained Jerusalem, “and made it as a garden which the Lord hath watered.”

But from this digression we must again return to the camp of Bajazet. On the conclusion of the dreadful battle, the Christian prisoners were all secured ; and next day, the dread decree of the Sultan Bajazet, when seated on his throne, was to seal their destiny in this world. And now it was that the miniature portrait of William Sinclair, which he presented to the beautiful daughter of Bajazet, at the imprudent excursion of the thoughtless knights, had its value. When the fate of the day had been communicated to the lovely princess—and on being informed, that the

young Christian knights had been taken prisoners,—she hastened to the tent of her royal father, and on her bended knees pled that he would take her life rather than that of the Christian Scotch knight, who had presented her with the portrait which she held out to her father. Since she had got the picture from William Sinclair, the thoughts of its original had never for one moment been out of the mind of the young princess; and had he been dissengaged in his affections, and willing to become a convert to the Mahomedan creed, he might now, in all likelihood, have been elevated to the splendour and dignity of an eastern monarch—as, since the days of Joseph, there is nothing more common in oriental despotic courts, than the sovereign to elevate even the slave of merit to the highest dignity, and to present him with the hand of his daughter. But Bajazet satisfied the mind of his lovely daughter, regarding the destiny of William Sinclair, by informing her, that all the young knights would be saved.

On that dreadful morning after the battle, Bajazet summoned the thoughtless noblemen above referred to, amounting to twenty-four, the Count of Nevers at their head; these he placed in front of his throne. He then said to them,

“ Christian knights, at the commencement of the battle, in cold blood you massacred my soldiers who were your prisoners—it is now my time for revenge ; and before your own fate is sealed, you shall witness a just retribution for that offence, in the death of your troops, now my prisoners. You, Christians, reproach us Turks with cruelty—but the only difference between us is, that you are hypocrites and we are not. You call yourselves soldiers, and you murder all that you can. We call ourselves murderers, and we act up to the profession.” The captive soldiers were then led one by one in front of Bajazet’s throne, and on their refusing to abjure their faith, they were to a man successively beheaded, in presence of the knights. At the conclusion of this bloody and awful spectacle, Bajazet looked over to the knights, saying, “ At the request of my fair daughter your lives are all saved, on the condition of a sufficient ransom being given. And I allow this Scotch knight,” pointing to William Sinclair, “ to go immediately to your parents, to procure me the purchase of your freedom.”

Mr. Gibbon remarks, “ that this decree of the Sultan gave great dissatisfaction to his courtiers ; he being pressed each day to expiate with their blood, the blood of his martyrs ; but he had pro-

nounced that they should live, and either for mercy or destruction, his word was irrevocable." Without mentioning the individual as being William Sinclair, Mr. Gibbon continues: "A knight, whose life had been spared, was permitted to return to Paris, that he might relate the deplorable tale, and procure the ransom of the noble captives. In the mean time, the Count of Nevers with the princes and barons of France, were dragged along in the marches of the Turkish camp, exposed as a grateful trophy to the Moslems of Europe and Asia, until the ransom for them should arrive."

William Sinclair was now out of danger, and far from the sad and awful catastrophe we have detailed, being on his way to Paris. And as he had determined to go first to Rome, to communicate the dismal tidings to his holiness the Pope, he gave full latitude to the musings of his thoughtful and agitated mind, upon the unfortunate result of the awful events he had been engaged in, and had witnessed. And he had, likewise, now sufficiency of time to call to mind Lady Jane de Vallibus, for whose love he had undertaken the hazards and the hardships he had so lately sustained; and he trusted that at Rome he would find opportunity to send her and her

friends intelligence of the dreadful tidings, and of his providential escape from the danger in which he had been enthralled. Nor could he reflect but with admiration and gratitude, upon the beautiful young Turkish princess, who had been the providential means of saving his life and regaining his liberty.

On his arrival at Rome, he had the misfortune to meet with the young effeminate Prince Edward, the heir to the English throne. Edward had been sent to the court of Rome by his father, to mediate with the Pope regarding Scotland and king Robert Bruce ; and, although William Sinclair had no legislative commission to negotiate regarding the affairs of Scotland, yet Prince Edward found his influence at the court of Rome much greater than he anticipated. And, as Dr. Abercromby says, " matters came to such a crisis betwixt them, that they became mortal enemies for ever afterwards." William Sinclair could get no opportunity at Rome to transmit his letters to Roslin and Dirleton castles ; but as Prince Edward had left Rome before William went to Paris, he found afterwards to his dear bought experience, that Edward had spread the news of the extermination of the crusading army through both

England and Scotland, with shameful exaggeration and fabrications.

After receiving great kindness from his Holiness, with the assurance that his best endeavours would not be awanting when required; William Sinclair set off for Paris to procure the ransom for the captive princes. The tidings were indeed melancholy, but the ransom was soon found and sent. Although the old manuscript volume gives no detail of what the ransom was, yet Mr. Gibbon has fortunately preserved part of it, and says that "Lusignan presented Bajazet with a gold salt-cellar, of curious workmanship, and of the price of ten thousand ducats; that Charles the Sixth dispatched by the way of Hungary, a cast of Norwegian hawks, and six horse-loads of scarlet cloth, of fine linen of Rheims, and of Arras tapestry, representing the battles of the great Alexander. That two hundred thousand ducats were given for the count of Nevers, and the surviving princes and barons of France.

Before the departure of these noblemen from Bajazet's court, they were indulged in the freedom and hospitality of the court of Bourse. The French princes admired the magnificence of Bajazet, whose hunting and hawking equipage was composed of seven thousand huntsmen, and seven

thousand falconers. In their presence, and at his command, the belly of one of his chamberlains was cut open, on a complaint against him, for drinking the goat's milk of a poor woman. The princes were astonished at this act of justice, but it was the justice of a Sultan, who disdains to balance the weight of evidence, or to measure the degrees of guilt."—*Gibbon's Rome*, vol. ii. page 386.

The bloody and unfortunate catastrophe which had attended this, the last crusade, in which the Christian world have been engaged for the recovery of the Holy Land, being concluded, William Sinclair's utmost concern was now to return home, and claim the hand of his lovely Lady Jane de Vallibus, as the reward of his exertions, and of the hazards he had run to procure it. Although there can be no doubt but that he would have had a much more lively pleasure, in returning home and to make this claim, had the crusade been so fortunate as to subdue the Turks, and liberate Jerusalem and the rest of the Holy Land, from their dominion, yet all had been done which the united efforts of the allied powers could effect. And as nine previous splendid and powerful crusades, had likewise fallen victims, in the glorious attempt, he was confident that Lady

Jane would have the piety and good sense to ascribe the failure of them to the will of Him who rules the destinies of the universe, and not to any lack of a heroic and desperate struggle, on the part of her lover ; under an impression of this feeling, and with a consciousness that he had done his utmost endeavours, he left Paris for Scotland, in as good spirits as the loss of his men, and the failure of the glorious enterprise, might be supposed to admit.

CHAPTER III.

What will this dim world be to me Francisco,
When wanting thy bright soul, the life of all—
My only sunshine !—How can I bear on ?
How can we part ? We that have loved so well,
With clasping spirits link'd so long by grief—
By tears—by prayer ?
Oh ! the quick glancing radiance, and bright bloom
That once around thee hung, have melted now
Into more solemn light—but holier far,
And dearer, and yet lovelier in mine eyes,
————— My faithful one !
What hast thou been to me ! This better world
This cold unanswering world, that hath no voice

To greet the heavenly spirit—that drives back
All birds of Eden, which would sojourn here
A little while—how have I turned away
From its keen soulless air, and in thy heart,
Found over the sweet fountain of response,
To quench my thirst for fame.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

TAKING the usual track from Paris to Roslin, William Sinclair landed at Berwick. On his departure from the same port, when he went with his troops to the crusade, his spirits were in the highest glee, not only on account of his being about to join the princes, the knighthood, and the chivalry of Christian Europe, in the holy and daring enterprise in which they had embarked, but his cheerfulness of spirits was increased from the anticipation, that on his again returning in safety, he would be able to call Lady Jane de Vallibus his own.

Now, however, when this delightful hope was about to be realised ; now when he had again set his feet upon the shore of his native country, and was comparatively speaking, within a few miles of the castle of his love, his spirits had become surcharged with a load of melancholy, the cause of which he could not account for, nor could his utmost efforts remove the oppressive burden which lay at his heart ; the more he attempted

to elevate his spirits, to soothe and cheer his mind with the prospect of the joyous banquet of love and happiness, which was now before him, the more did the melancholy sink down into his soul. "What evil destiny is this that awaits me?" he thought to himself as he journeyed on his way to Dirleton castle, "Is my Jane no more, has she gone to the land of forgetfulness, from grief of me, and is this her spirit communing with my spirit, forewarning me of the dreadful tidings I am to be saluted with, from her parents at Dirleton? Oh! that I had perished on the plains of Nicopolis, and that the deep rolling Danube had been my grave! Have I offended Heaven, by looking for a moment with an eye of affection upon the Turkish Princess, and giving her my portrait, or can the dastardly young Prince Edward of England have got the intelligence, and communicated it to my Jane, and will she have died of a broken heart from such information?" With such melancholy musings on his mind, did he ride along, without almost thinking whither he went, until his gallant steed, with a more joyful heart than his master, had him placed at the end of the drawbridge of Dirleton castle.

The period of his arrival there was in the autumn of the year, a little past the dusk of the

evening, or as Blair terms it, "at witching time of night"—the stars were twinkling with dazzling brilliancy in the firmament of heaven—the moon was rising "round as a shield," above the verge of the eastern horizon, while the moping owl in the neighbouring forest, seemed saluting him on his arrival, with the pensive hootings of its melancholy and woe-foreboding voice—the murmuring breeze was making a whistling and rustling music among the trees, and their leaves were flying like myriads of vegetable ghosts, in whirling eddies through the air. In the castle there were neither din nor merriment, all seemed still and quiet as death; indeed every circumstance in nature appeared as if conspiring to burden William Sinclair's mind with an additional load of melancholy, so much so, indeed, that he had been unable to sound his bugle horn, from the terror of some dread unwelcome intelligence which awaited him in the castle. The neighing and prancing of his steed, however, had brought the warder to the gate. Well knowing William Sinclair and his steed, and seeing them standing almost motionless, he had no occasion to ask who was there—indeed, he could not, the report of William Sinclair's death being confirmed and reconfirmed. The first glance of them convinced

him that it was their ghosts, and nothing but their ghosts. Under this impression, he ran to Sir John, trembling in terror, to inform him of the dire spectacle he had seen. Sir John, not so easily terror struck, went with the warden to the gate. It may be easily judged what his astonishment was, when he saw William Sinclair sitting on his steed in mute and solemn thoughtfulness. Sir John ordered the gate to be opened. William Sinclair dismounted and grasped Sir John de Vallibus by the hand, saying, is all well, Sir John ; how is my love, Lady Jane ? Sir John spoke not, but keeping hold of William Sinclair's hand, walked with him into the castle, taking him imprudently, or without thought, direct into the apartment where Lady de Vallibus and her family were sitting. As he entered, a scream of astonishment was spontaneously uttered by them all ; Lady de Vallibus fainted, and the eyes of her children around her gushed forth a torrent of tears. Lady Jane was not there, nor in the midst of such family suffering and mental affliction, durst William Sinclair ask what was become of her ; from what he saw, however, he anticipated the worst, and, in the secrecy of his bosom, he put up a short, but fervent petition to Him " whose ears are open to the prayer of the

humble and the contrite," that he would compose his mind for the unwelcome intelligence he felt conscious he was to hear. As Lady de Vallibus came from the faint, she cried aloud, "Oh! my Jane, my Jane, oh! my William Sinclair, my William, may the consolations of the Almighty surround you both." "What then is become of my Jane, my love," replied William, in an agony of anxious solicitude. Lady de Vallibus again fainted, without being able to reply. William Sinclair's mind had now given up his love as lost to him for ever, his afflicted heart had passed the meridian of its anguish, a calm succeeded, a gentle soothing calm, his prayers to Heaven had been answered; his mind was now reconciled to the worst that could befall him. Therefore doing every little service in his power, to recover Lady de Vallibus from the faint, and to soothe her under the mental anguish she was enduring; he waited with patience until the dread intelligence could be communicated to him with composure. The intelligence was soon told. Prince Edward of England, on his arrival from Rome, had circulated industriously the tragical detail of the battle of Nicopolis, and had fabricated the falsehood that all the princes of France, including William Sinclair, had been beheaded

by Bajazet. Lady Jane, on account of these melancholy tidings, had determined to retire from the world, and enter into a spiritual preparation for that which is to come ; with this unalterable resolution of her mind she had taken the veil, and retired into the nunnery of Haddington. To these tidings William Sinclair, with Christian resignation, replied, “ the will of God be done ; I shall imitate my dear Jane’s example in entering into a monastic life, for which I had always a relish. But my sword shall hang unsheathed on the walls of my convent, with the motto engraved upon its handle, ‘ vengeance is mine, and I shall repay it.’ And this, I trust, Edward will feel, for the perfidious falsehood which has blasted the earthly hopes and the union of my Jane and me.” He then explained to the Dirleton family, the detail of the battle of Nicopolis ; the cause of its loss ; the preservation of the lives of the princes of France and his own, through the interference of the sultan’s daughter ; his mission to Paris to procure the ransom of the princes ; and his meeting prince Edward at Rome—and he continued, “ But such is the melancholy result of my enterprise,—an enterprise undertaken from love,—a love which was pure as the love of angels,—a love which the

perfidious young Edward has blasted with his false and pestilential breath ; but why should we complain ; ‘ we will return unto the Lord, for he hath torn, and he will heal us ; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up.’ At the conclusion of this, he laid his manly hand upon his brave brow, musing in sad and afflictive thoughtfulness.

Young prince Edward's atrocious conduct was scandalised through all Europe for propagating the infamous falsehood, which caused this heart-rending separation betwixt William Sinclair and his holy and his lovely Lady Jane. The continent of Europe being deeply interested in the fate of the two lovers, the following beautiful song was composed upon the occasion by a German poet—there are many translations of this fine song. In Russell's tour in Germany, the reader will find a very fine translation of it. But I have given that of Mr. Bowring, which I rather prefer.

“ O knight ! a sister's love for thee
 My bosom has confess'd ;
 Then ask no other love from me,
 Nor wound a faithful breast.
 If cold to thee that love appears,
 Go, knight ! unmurmuring go—
 And dry those sad and silent tears—
 I know not why they flow.”

He heard—embrac'd her, but his tongue
No agony betray'd ;
Then wildly broke away, and sprung
On his war-horse array'd ;
And straight to his Roslin-vassals he
Issues his high command,
To wear the cross of Calvary
And speed to the Holy Land.

'There many a deed of glory bright
Proclaim'd his fame around ;
And wherever raged the bloodiest fight,
There, there was the hero found.
His name alone could appal the heart
Of the fiercest infidel—
But his spirit still groan'd with the secret smart,
That nothing on earth could heal.

He bore that pang thro' a long, long year :
He could bear that pang no more ;
Nor glory's crowns, nor victory's cheer
That inner pang could cure.
A ship he sees on Joppa's strand,
With all its sails display'd ;
And he speeds away to his father-land,
By favouring winds convey'd.

And swift he flew to the castle-gate
That guards his angel dear :
When O ! what terrible accents grate,
On his horror-stricken ear.
" She wears the veil so pure and blest,
And is the bride of Heaven ;
And yesterday was the marriage-feast,
In the holy convent given."

And he left, and left alas ! for ever,
His father's castle then—
Abandon'd his bright arms—and never
He mounted his steed again.
And the warrior's praise was heard no more,
Unknown was the stranger's fame ;
For the coarse, cold garment of hair he wore,
Conceal'd his noble frame.

At the end of the dusky Linden aile,
Where the holy convent stood,
His own hands raised a humble pile,
A hut of straw and wood.
And there he watch'd from the morning's break,
To the evening's hour of peace—
And silent hope oft flush'd his cheek,
As he sat in loneliness.

For hours and hours he speechless sate,
His eye on the convent above ;
Until he heard the window grate
Of his Heaven-devoted love—
Until he saw her shadow bright,
In the dark and lonely cell :
In his eye, it fill'd the vale with light,
Soft—pure—ineffable.

Then satisfied he sunk to rest :
His spirit own'd no pain,
But lived upon the hope so blest,
To see that shade again.
And thus for many a day and year,
The tranquil pilgrim sate,
(Nor heaved a sigh, nor shed a tear,)
To hear the window grate.

Until he saw her shadow bright,
Soft—beaming from above,
Filling the gladden'd vale with light,
And purity and love.

The evening of William Sinclair's arrival at Dirleton castle, as may well be supposed, was spent without repose to any of its inmates, and on the dawn of morning before the sun arose from his chambers in the east, a messenger was despatched to Roslin castle, with the information that William Sinclair was arrived at Dirleton safe and well ; to the family of Roslin the intelligence produced less astonishment than might be imagined. Young Sir Henry Sinclair and Lady Margaret knew from dear bought experience, the treacherous and malignant disposition of prince Edward of England, who had been the fabricator of intelligence of their brother's death. The whole family however, rode off at full speed to Dirleton, to congratulate him upon his safe arrival, but as the news of his having come home in safety, had spread like lightning ; the castle of Dirleton was so thronged with noble visitors, that his friends had but little opportunity to enter into conversation with him regarding their domestic affairs. One general sentiment pervaded the whole company however, which was, that

as Lady Jane had not yet taken the vows, a dispensation from the pope should be procured, again to permit her to enter the great theatre of the world, and from the perfidious conduct of prince Edward, and the every way melancholy circumstances of the case, there could be no doubt of her liberation being procured. Lady Jane's feelings were soon sounded on this topic. A holy messenger was sent to the Abbess of the convent, informing her of William Sinclair's safe arrival, and requesting she would communicate this information in the most prudent way possible to Lady Jane; at the same time to sound her dispositions regarding again entering the world. It would be of no avail to agitate the reader's feelings, by describing those of the young lady on learning that William Sinclair was arrived at Dirleton safe and well, suffice it to say, that after stating the wishes of her parents and the Christian world at large, she felt by no means undispensed to return to Dirleton, providing the dispensation of his Holiness the pope, could be got to grant her that permission; this being once made known, the petition to his Holiness for this purpose was responded to through all Europe, with prayers for its success. The court of England at the instigation of Edward, op-

posed what they termed “ an unprecedented innovation ;” the clergy of England, however, who as was taken notice of in last tale, had been grievously persecuted by Edward, were decidedly favourable to Lady Jane’s release ; these united circumstances made Edward’s opposition rather accelerate than retard the compliance of his Holiness. Ultimately the pope gave his consent, and Lady Jane and William Sinclair had again the unspeakable happiness of meeting each other, and in the ardour of a pure and holy love, enjoying themselves in that delightful conversation in which they used so fondly and so instructively to participate before they parted ; but that holy calm produced on their minds, by the affecting circumstances, detailed, had greatly moderated the romantic and enthusiastic ardour of their affections and desires.

William Sinclair, however, by this time had entered the church, and that falsehood by which Prince Edward had intended to blast his hopes in the world, had ultimately the very contrary effect which he anticipated ; the whole Christian world was loud against Edward, and no less eloquent in William Sinclair’s behalf, on which account, his promotion in the church was unprecidentedly rapid ; not more from the interest of

his powerful family, than from the universal sympathy and concern which the Christian world took in his welfare, and it must have been gratifying indeed to Prince Edward's feelings, that William Sinclair had been promoted to the bishopric of Dunkeld; fully as soon as he had ascended the English throne, on the death of his father. As William Sinclair's misfortunes had thus been the cause of his elevation, so were they likewise destined to be the cause of his joy, of a joyful and a happy union betwixt him and Lady Jane.

Whatever restrictions there may have been against the marriage of the priesthood in the later periods of the Romish church, yet, in the old manuscript volume from which this tale was taken, there appears to have been no objections made to the marriage of this pious, this high minded, and loving pair. In the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. iii. p. 246, it is stated, that, "In the ancient discipline of the church, bishops were allowed to be married once, but that a second marriage was a disqualification of the order; Mosheim and Milner in their history of the church, takes no notice of the subject; whether therefore in virtue of the ancient discipline of the church, or from a dispensation from the pope I

cannot affirm, but be this as it may, the happy and loving pair were united ; the purification which their minds had received in the furnace of affliction, well qualified them indeed for the discharge of those duties which the high and sacred office of a Christian bishop imposed upon them.

But as he stated to Sir John de Vallibus, he sacredly kept his word in having his sword always unsheathed, so as it might be ready to be avenged upon his enemy, now Edward II. of England, or upon his troops when they entered Scotland. He fought in numerous skirmishes with king Robert Bruce, and like a hero and a true patriot, he fought for the love and the honour of his king, and the salvation, and independence of his country—at the ever memorable and glorious battle of Bannockburn. And it must have been gratifying to his heart to witness the disgraceful flight of his implacable enemy Edward II. and his army. The following heroic exploit which he performed against the enemies of Scotland, shall conclude the detail of his military enterprises. In the year 1316 Edward II. his implacable enemy, sent a fleet into the Firth of Forth, to plunder and lay waste the coast of Fife, and no doubt to destroy the palace of Auchtertool, belonging to William Sinclair bishop of

Dunkeld. The Earl of Fife went with five hundred horsemen to check their progress, but not daring to attack this powerful body of the English, he and his troops retreated home. On their return, William Sinclair accompanied by sixty attendants met them on their retreat, and sharply upbraiding their cowardice, exclaimed "All who wish well to Scotland, follow me," then the whole cheerfully followed him, they attacked and conquered the enemy, who, in the hurry of attempting to re-embark, the vessel sunk and all perished; in this action, there fell upwards of five hundred of the English. This heroic exploit of William Sinclair, was so gratifying to King Robert Bruce, that ever after he termed him his own bishop. (*See Buchanan and Abercromby's History of Scotland.*)

At his death, in 1337, he was buried in the choir of the cathedral which he had himself built, and there still exists on the top of that building a fluted cross, which was part of the armorial bearings of his family. The vault is now used as the burying place of the Athol family. The choir of the cathedral which Bishop Sinclair built is still entire, and is of late converted into the parish church, very elegantly fitted up. At the epoch of the Reformation, the revenues of the

bishopric amounted to upwards of £1600. The situation of the cathedral in the midst of a fine grove on the left bank of the Tay, and just within the whisper of the town, but yet sequestered from its gaze, is calculated to delight the imagination. (For a very elegant account of Dunkeld, see Chambers' Gazetteer of Scotland, vol. i. p. 250.)

William Sinclair and his pious lady, Jane de Vallibus, had the charge of educating the young heir of Roslin, William Sinclair, son of Sir Henry Sinclair and Lady Margaret of Dalwoolsey. At the dying request of king Robert Bruce, this young knight and Sir James Douglass undertook to carry the heart of the king to Jerusalem, and deposit it in the sepulchre of the Saviour. The interesting story of this youth, and many others might have been told, but the limits of this volume will not admit of it. I shall, therefore, conclude this tale of William Sinclair and Lady Jane Vallibus, with an extract from Mr. Chambers' Gazetteer of Scotland, regarding Dirleton castle.

"The origin of Dirleton castle is lost in the darkness of the middle ages. In the thirteenth century it belonged to the noble family of De Vallibus, from whom it was taken, after a tedious

seige, by Edward I., on his invasion of the eastern borders in 1298. It, however, did not pass from the possession of this family till the reign of Robert I., when John Hallyburton obtained it, by marrying a daughter of William de Vallibus. In 1440, Sir Walter Hallyburton, lord high treasurer of Scotland, was created a peer under the title of Earl of Dirleton. From that family the estate and castle passed, by marriage, into the family of Ruthven, Earl of Gowrie. Dirleton is afterwards found in possession of a scion of the house of Maxwell, who was created Lord Dirleton, but lost every thing in the civil war. Soon after the restoration, the property came into the possession of the family of Nisbet, whose descendant now possesses it. The castle continued in good condition till the year 1650, when it was reduced and dismantled by the parliamentary general, Lambert."

TALE FOURTH.

MARY DOUGLAS AND EDWARD RAMSAY.

CHAPTER I.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.—*Pope.*

Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore.—*Goldsmith.*

BEING compelled to omit the interesting tales before mentioned, we now take a leap of about 230 years, to fulfil the engagements which were undertaken. And the following tale will now introduce the reader into a period of our nation's history, when all ranks of men, from the sovereign to the meanest subject, seemed at variance. Chivalry had now lost its renown, and the purity of the knightly virtues was tarnished. Rapacity and insolence now characterised the superior, chicane and disaffection the vassal and the servant. The women had lost their value and their

pride ; that scrupulous honour, that punctilious behaviour, and adoration of beauty which illustrated the era of the last tale, was now no more ; the vices and examples of the clergy added to the general contagion. Rampant and dissolute, they preached religion, and were a disgrace to it. The nobility stained their swords in private feuds and predatory warfare, instead of unsheathing them for the patriotic defence of their country. Such was the state of Scotland when James V. ascended the Scotch throne. Add to all this, the ancient religion in which his forefathers worshipped, and in the faith of which they lived and died, was now assailed. To establish the throne which he had now mounted, upon a sure basis, he had the power of the potent house of Douglas to reduce, the predatory warfare of the borders to extinguish, and its chieftain freebooters to subdue ; to accomplish which, instead of soliciting or relying upon the aid of his nobility, he depended upon the resources of his own energetic mind and the assistance of the clergy, and with these he soon brought Scotland from the scene of anarchy, in which he found it, into a state of comparative order and good government. The whole of the branches of the powerful house of Douglas were compelled to go into a voluntary

banishment, and their estates were confiscated and given to others. To reduce the turbulent warfare of the border chiefs, he imprisoned the Earl of Bothwell, Lord Home, Lord Maxwell, Scott of Buccleuch, Ker of Fairniehurst, and other powerful leaders; and executed Cockburn of Henderland, Scott of Tushielaw, and Armstrong of Gilnockie, and others. In like manner he proceeded against the Highland chiefs, until he had brought the north as well as the south into comparative subjection. He reformed the laws for the administration of justice, and gave every encouragement for the introduction of the useful and ornamental arts into Scotland. In fact, James was a royal leveller and reformer; and had he complied with the wishes of his uncle, Henry VIII. of England, in reforming the errors of the church of Rome and establishing the Reformation in Scotland, on the same principles as Henry had done in England, all that persecution and torture which the reformers were subjected to, and that anarchy and party rage which, in the following reigns of the house of Stewart, has so disgracefully stigmatised the annals of Christianity, would have been prevented; and James might have been considered as one of the greatest monarchs that ever sat upon a throne.

But his levelling zeal was like the zeal of almost all other levellers, which have hitherto acted their turbulent part in the great theatre of the world—an envious desire of plundering wealth and degrading greatness—an impetuous eagerness to subvert and confound, with very little care of what shall be established. As a reformer of the many civil abuses which he corrected, in the dark and turbulent age in which it was his destiny to reign, he must ever appear in an amiable light. But it cannot be denied, that his inexorable hatred of the Douglasses, and his dislike to, or contempt of his nobility, was the principal cause which animated his levelling and reforming spirit. As the clergy supplied him out of their church revenue, with all the wealth which he had occasion for, he rewarded their generosity, by giving every encouragement to their godly zeal, in submitting to every species of torture, and committing to the flames the leaders of, and the adherents to the new faith; this had only the effect of promoting the heresy which it was intended to smother, and inflamed the minds of the greater proportion of the multitude, with a hatred and detestation of the perpetrators of these enormities. The nobility being almost entirely excluded from any management in the affairs of the state, and

being supplanted in the commissions of the army, by individuals of obscure birth, and destitute of fortune, it rendered them no less dissatisfied. Instead therefore of promoting that harmony and concord, which Scotland was so much in want of when James ascended its throne, the measures which he pursued, had only the tendency to promote a spirit of hatred and mutual revenge betwixt the clergy and the laity, and disagreement and distrust betwixt him and the nobility. Oliver Sinclair, the third son of Sir Oliver Sinclair of Roslin, a youth of loose and dissolute habits, but of considerable abilities, by a winning complacency of manners, and a compliance with the eccentric frolicks and caprices of James, had completely ingratiated himself into his favour. In the cabinet, in the courts of equity, and in the army, Oliver Sinclair's word was ever the law; those whom he had an aversion to, were dismissed from office and power, and those whom he favoured, were exalted to eminence and honour. To the mind of his father, the proud and lordly Baron of Roslin, this exaltation of his younger son to eminence and power, would have been no doubt gratifying, had it been acquired by honourable principles of action; had he got his honour from being engaged in the suppression of the free-

booters of the borders, or the Highlands, or from lending his aid in the extermination of heresy, (the baron being a rigid Roman Catholic) all would have been well, as, in his opinion, the honours of his ancient house would have been augmented by the promotion of his son, to eminence and power, under such services ; but from the intermarriages, and ancient friendships which had always subsisted betwixt his house, and the noble and once powerful family of the Douglasses, the idea that his son owed his promotion to honour and power, by assisting or applauding King James, for his unrelenting persecution of that honourable family, filled his mind with indignation at his son's conduct ; and he considered the power and splendour to which he had arisen, as tarnishing and obscuring the ancient patriotic honours of his family. And to add to all this, from the active part which his son Oliver Sinclair took, in bringing Jane Douglas, sister of the banished Earl of Angus, and widow of Lord Glamis, to the flames on the castle hill of Edinburgh, for the imaginary crime of witchcraft, on purpose to restore the Douglasses to their estates and former influence in Scotland, he struck his name out of the list of his family, and banished him the castle of Roslin, as unworthy of having

shelter under its roof. But King James, to reward Oliver for this service, and no doubt to punish the old baron for this persecution of his son, gave Oliver, immediately after the martyrdom of Lady Glamis, the estate of Pitcairns, which had lately belonged to one of the Douglasses, now in banishment, and which will afterwards be brought forward to particular notice. But this was not the only grief which the worthy baron had to bear. His family, like the great family of the Scotch nation, was now sadly divided in opinion. His sons, Henry and John, fond of the dazzling splendours of a court, had left the ancient and hallowed mansion of their father at Roslin castle, determined likewise to shine as stars in the splendid and glittering fortunes of their brother Oliver; nor were they disappointed, as the reward of forsaking their father, King James made Henry Doctor of Divinity, and bishop of Brechin; John was made Doctor of Laws, and got a gift of the estate of Stevenson, in East Lothian, which he gave in a present to his brother James, and which to this day remains in a branch of the family of Sinclair. Dr. John was made Rector of Glasgow, a Lord of Session, perpetual commendator of the Abbey of Kilwinning, and Bishop of Ross. Under the overwhelming grief at see-

ing his son accepting such rewards, for the base and treacherous aid which they afforded James, in persecuting the ancient and noble house of Douglas, the good old baron's heart would have broke, had his eldest son William not continued with him, to console him in his grief, and agree with him in principles; and besides this consolation, he had the young and lovely daughter, Douglas of Pitcairn, always at his side, and whether sitting in Roslin castle, or walking in its forests or its fields, her fond embraces, and the bewitching smiles of her proud and noble countenance, beguiled away that grief which lay so heavy at Sir Oliver Sinclair's heart, for the dreadful losses and privations which her noble relatives had sustained and were still enduring, and which his sons had lent their aid to bring down upon them.

On the banishment of this young lady's father, his estates, in common with those of the Douglasses, were confiscated, and her mother and she, their only child, Mary Douglas, were driven, friendless and penniless, to the door. Her mother being nearly connected to Sir Oliver Sinclair of Roslin, ran for refuge to his hospitable castle, and there she found a kind asylum to assuage her woe; but grief and despair, at the

fallen fortunes of her noble and ancient house, and the banishment of her husband, had broke her heart, and she died in Roslin castle, consigning the charge of her young and only child, the girl above mentioned, to Sir Oliver. He accepted the charge with joy, consoling the lady in her dying hours, by assuring her that he would educate her daughter in a style suited to the high rank her family formerly possessed, and which he trusted, that at no distant period, it would again acquire; nor was he unfaithful to his promise. She became the apple of the good old baron's eye; and she, in return, was as loving to him as a daughter.

Her father, in common with the other Douglasses, was now in London at the court of Henry VIII.; and on account of the disagreement which now subsisted betwixt Henry and his nephew the king of Scotland, regarding the affairs of the church, Henry protected and supported the Douglasses with a princely munificence; he even admitted them as members of his privy council, and in the affairs of Scotland they were his constant counsellors and advisers. Douglas of Pitcairn, young Mary Douglas' father, was a man of the most affable and winning manners, and, perhaps, more out of gratitude for the high

favours and friendship which he had received from Henry, than from any inherent conviction of faith, he warmly espoused, and zealously endeavoured to promulgate the opinions which king Henry entertained regarding the reformation of the church, and the establishment of a national religion founded on these principles. No step which he could take in life, nor any service he could perform, was equal to this in procuring him the favour of Henry, and promoting his elevation and success. Henry became attached to him with the most partial fondness, and he ultimately became very little less a favourite at the court of England, than Oliver Sinclair was at the court of Scotland. It was not to be expected, however, that the elevation of a Scotchman, and a stranger to such honour and favour, could be acceptable to the nobility of England, or the courtiers of its king. The Duke of Norfolk, who was regarded as the greatest man of England, and from the services which he had rendered to the crown, both in his naval and military enterprises against France and Scotland, had been rewarded with immense estates, and raised by Henry to the greatest elevation, beheld the friendship and favours which were heaped upon Douglas of Pitcairn with the most deep-

rooted envy. Although, to please Henry, the duke had made a partial profession of his adherence to Henry's religious creed and of church government, yet it was well understood that at heart he was a rigid Roman catholic. Pitcairn's zeal, therefore, in defending and propagating King Henry's tenets, only tended to add hatred to that envy which the Duke of Norfolk entertained against him; and well knowing that the fickle and capricious temper of Henry made a continuance of his friendship and esteem even for his greatest favourites, at all times uncertain, and never to be relied upon, he made a fixed determination of purpose, to use every exertion of his influence and power to bring about the downfall of the man whom he so vehemently detested—but resolved secretly and cautiously to wait his opportunity.

King Henry was now prosecuting the catholic clergy, and destroying the church property in England, with the greatest zeal. He had now suppressed six hundred and forty-five monasteries, of which twenty-eight had abbots that enjoyed a seat in parliament. Ninety colleges were demolished, two thousand three hundred and seventy-four chantries and free chapels, a hundred and ten hospitals. He made a gift of the

revenues of the confiscated church property to his favourites, or sold them at low prices. To punish Henry for these enormities, the pope delivered his soul over to the devil, and his dominions to the first invader. In Scotland the prosecutions were of a different description; the spirit of religious innovation had likewise rapidly spread there, and had excited the jealousies, fears, and persecutions of the popish priesthood. Patrick Hamilton, a young man of the noble family of that name, and abbot of Ferne, was committed to the flames for his adherence to the reformed faith. The popish clergy were every where protected in their persons and property by James, and the reformers punished with the utmost severity. Henry, anxious to make a convert of James, and establish his religious creed in Scotland as well as England, sent a message to James to meet him at York, on purpose to hold converse upon the important subject. On James promising to comply with this request, Henry waited upon him at York with great patience, but in vain; as after making apology after apology, he at last sent word that he could not attend; but this was not the worst insult his nephew King James gave him. Henry had sent him some books richly ornamented, and as soon as James saw by the titles

that they had a tendency to defend the new doctrines, he threw them into the fire, in presence of the ambassador who brought them, adding, it was better he should destroy them than they him. Henry's violent and overbearing temper was now exasperated to madness, not only on account of the denunciation of the pope, but in a more particular degree, at the insult which the king of Scotland had given him, in burning his presents, and in not fulfilling his appointment to meet him at York, after solemnly promising to do so. In his rage, Henry cursed every Scotchman as false and perfidious, and unworthy of the confidence of a king.

This was now an opportunity not to be lost, for Norfolk to satiate his vengeance upon Douglas of Pitcairn. He represented to Henry, that he had made an important discovery of Pitcairn's treachery, and a private correspondence he had clandestinely carried on with the king of Scotland, disclosing the secrets of his majesty's counsels to that uncomplying and haughty monarch; and as vouchers for this assertion, he produced a package of letters, (forged no doubt) which he pretended he had intercepted on their way to Scotland. To such a violent and vindictive mind as that of King Henry VIII. of England,

agitated to madness against the king of Scotland and his nation, for the insolent slight and affront which he had given him, no other evidence of the guilt of the innocent and unsuspecting Douglas was necessary or required. Henry, in a burst of royal indignation, ordered Norfolk to send him to a dungeon, loaded heavily with irons, and preparations to be immediately set on foot for the invasion of Scotland.

In Scotland, the enthusiastic zeal of the reformers, inflamed by the punishment which the Romish priesthood inflicted upon them, became completely contagious. The new doctrine, amidst all the dangers and persecutions to which it exposed its adherents, spread like wildfire; and the minds of by far the greater proportion of the inhabitants of Scotland, were determined upon a revolution in religion. The nobility witnessed with pleasure the storm which was now fast gathering, to sweep away the bulwarks of the ancient established faith, expecting, that amid the general wreck of the tempest with which in all likelihood it would be speedily overthrown, they would enrich themselves with the revenues of its priesthood, and the division of their lands.

Being thus alike assailed by the nobility and the people, the priesthood had little or no pro-

tection, but from the friendship of the king, and his venial and servile courtiers, of which Oliver Sinclair was still the chief; and to insure a continuance of that protection which James had always hitherto given the priesthood, on his receiving the message from Henry to meet him at York, they laid a gift of fifty thousand pounds at his feet, promising that the church would always be ready to contribute to his supply, and adding, that with the confiscation of the property belonging to the heretics, they would be able to add a hundred thousand pounds a-year to the revenues of the crown. With such an augmentation of wealth flowing into the treasury of Scotland, along with his otherwise parsimonious habits, James had a greater supply of wealth than any of his predecessors ever enjoyed. Of this wealth, his favourite Oliver Sinclair had his share. He had rapidly risen to opulence and grandeur, and he now equalled, if not surpassed, any of the Scotch nobility, in the extent of his retinue, and the splendour of his equipage. Not content with his handsome and elegant residence in Edinburgh, he took a lease of the Castle of Ravensnook, which belonged to the barony of Pennyquick, that he might entertain his majesty and

his court with the pleasures of the chase, in the open and fine sporting country in the neighbourhood of the castle.

The castle of Ravensnook was situated on the south banks of the Esk, opposite the castle of Pennycuick, now erased, and the princely mansion of Pennycuick built on its foundation. There was no castle on the Esk commanded such a grand and extensive prospect; and to this day, no spot on the barony of Pennycuick has such a delightful and commanding view. This castle was in the immediate neighbourhood of the fine hunting grounds of the monastery of Mount-Lothian, formerly taken notice of, and not far from the line of road leading from Edinburgh to Peebles, a favourite resort of King James and his court. At Ravensnook castle, Oliver Sinclair entertained his majesty, his young queen, and his courtiers, in a style of regal splendour and magnificence; and on viewing the solitary vault of the castle, now enveloped in a young plantation of trees, being all that now remains to tell where the rural palace of the once celebrated Oliver Sinclair stood, the mind of the sensitive observer is naturally cast into a musing melancholy reflection, at the perishing mutability of all human

grandeur and power. In such a train of thought, the following beautiful lines of the poet become truly applicable :

In yon glen's wild recess, an old ruin'd tower
Stands desolate, dreary, and lone ;
For, alas ! and alas ! its strength and its power,
Long since from its ramparts have gone.

The wild flower and moss have covered its walls,
Its battlements shake in the blast ;
The trumpet is silent that rung through its halls,
For its glory and greatness are past.

The horse and its rider has oft times pranc'd here,
Caprison'd and harnessed with gold ;
But where are the chieftains with target and spear,
Alas ! they are silent and cold.

Ah ! green be the turf, for brave heroes lie here—
Their toils and their battles are o'er ;
And well may bleak Scotia their mem'ries revere,
No foe dare intrude on her shore.

Once stained with their red-blood, the murmuring rill,
Here lifts up its silver bright wave,
And points to the mound near the foot of the hill,
Where they say is the warrior's grave.

Ah ! soft be the bed of the warrior's rest,
And sweet may his last slumber be ;
And long may the ocean-girt isle of the west,
Be the home of the valiant and free.

The Emmet.

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It was in the castle of Ravensnook, and in the midst of revelry, banquetting, and merriment, that king James and his confident, Oliver Sinclair, received intelligence, that Douglas of Pitcairn was committed to a dungeon, on the allegation of carrying on a criminal correspondence with them, and that the army of England was on its way to the borders, to invade Scotland, and punish king James for the unpardonable insult he had given his royal uncle king Henry. At this news, both king James and his council were somewhat disconcerted, they well knew that both the nobility and the people were deeply incensed at him for his protection of the now execrated priesthood of the Romish church, and that although he had money at command, and the favour of churchmen to aid him, yet all this would be of little avail on the event of an invasion of his kingdom. The want of that aid which the noble patriotic and powerful family of Douglas had ever given his ancestors, in the hour of emergency, and the reflection of the persecutions he had inflicted upon them, came across his mind like a flash of lightning.

Nor was it less so with Oliver Sinclair, the news of the imprisonment of Douglas of Pitcairn, the near relative of his family, went like a dagger to his heart. It was to him like the hand writing

on the wall, which so affrighted Belshazzar in the midst of his royal banquetting and merriment. The thought that the only child of the imprisoned Pitcairn, the lovely Mary Douglas had been protected by his venerable and amiable father, while he in the midst of frivolity and extravagance had been lending his aid to persecute and banish her father and her friends from Scotland, now stared him in the face ; the prospect of an immediate invasion of Scotland had no doubt a tendency to awaken the feeling of the ever fluctuating caprice of fate, and the wonderful mutability of fortune, making as it were, kingdoms and empires, its playthings, and their kings and rulers, the shuttlecocks and foot-balls of its amusement, at one blow lifting them up to eminence and power, at another leveling them to the dust, and to forgetfulness. The Douglasses who had been for ages the patriotic defenders of Scotland, who had fought and bled with Wallace and Bruce, and with the fathers of his house for its independence and the glory of its crown, were now in exile, in dungeons, and in contempt, and he fluttering like a feather in the sunshine of a day, which a single blast of misfortune or of royal anger, could waft in a moment from sight and from recollection. With such impressions agitating the

minds of king James and his thoughtless and volatile councillor Oliver Sinclair, the ball and banquet at the castle of Ravensnook broke up, and the royal cavalcade rode off to Edinburgh, to make arrangements for the defence of Scotland.

CHAPTER II.

O ! do not tell me that love's but a flower,
That blooms in a moment and dies in an hour,
O ! do not tell me that love's but a dream,
Frail as the bubble that floats on the stream.

Love is eternal ! a ray sent from heaven,
Dearer than life to the hearts where 'tis given ;
And O ! if not sent, what is life in its bloom,
'Tis but the halo that flits in the gloom.

Love is our day star, the dew of our morn,
Expanding white blossoms on life's rugged thorn ;
'Tis to our souls what the sun is to heaven,
The bloom of existence to cheer and enliven.

Dark is the long winter night in the grove,
But darker by far is the heart void of love ;
O ! then do not tell me love's but a dream,
Frail as the bubble that floats on the stream.

The Emmet.

WE now return to Roslin castle where we left the lovely Mary Douglas, daughter of Douglas

of Pitcairn. Under the care and tuition of Sir Oliver Sinclair, he had paid the utmost attention to her education. She was instructed in every accomplishment of the age, and as she advanced in years, she likewise progressed in graceful majesty of form, and a dignified loveliness of countenance, which would have told a very careless observer that she was a scion of the noble house of Douglas. Under the turbulence of the times, the company attending Roslin castle had been very limited; the domestic circle consisting for the most part of Sir Oliver and his son and heir William, and the lovely Mary Douglas occasionally joined by the young ladies and gentlemen of the castle of Whitehill, a branch of the noble family of Dalhousie, and whose estate and that of Roslin was only divided by the Esk. Young Edward Ramsay the heir to the estate of Whitehill, and Mary Douglas had become attached to each other with more than an ordinary degree of affection, indeed that affection had grown gradually into love the purest and the most ardent. The worthy baronet saw this with pleasure; he rejoiced at the reflection, that although Mary had taken refuge in Roslin castle as a helpless orphan, she would soon be the lady of a fair estate, and, as had been before in more fortunate times, a

daughter of the house of Douglas, would again be the mother of future heirs, to a branch of the noble house of Ramsay.

Amid the turbulence and strife in which Scotland was convulsed, Roslin castle had remained a paradise of peace and domestic joy. The letters, which Mary had been receiving regularly from her father and friends, at the court of king Henry, informing her of his friendship and the favours he had bestowed upon them, afforded a theme of joyful conversation around the domestic hearth, as it opened up a prospect that a bright sunshine of prosperity would yet arise upon the fortunes of her family ; under these expectations her spirits had arisen from the pensive and foreboding melancholy, with which they were surcharged, after her arrival at Roslin castle, to cheerfulness and gaiety. But, alas ! how soon are the best hopes of humanity blasted, and its brightest prospects and joys cast for a time into the shade, and frequently into the grave for ever.

The same messenger, who had been the bearer of the intelligence to king James and Oliver Sinclair at the castle of Ravensnook of the imprisonment of Pitcairn by king Henry, and of the march of the English army to invade Scotland, was likewise the bearer of the same melancholy

news to Roslin castle. No news could be more grievous and afflicting to the mind of the lovely Mary Douglas; her bright and beautiful eyes shed rivers of tears at the thought of her dear father lying in a dungeon, unaided and unpitied, and for what, she knew not;—a crime against Henry or his government, it could not be; the numerous letters which she had in her possession was an attestation of this, as they breathed nothing but gratitude and thankfulness for king Henry's friendship and favour;—it could not be because he was of a different faith with Henry, his opinions in religious matters had been changed, and his letters were always expressive of the conviction, that the reformation which king Henry was endeavouring to effect in England, would be alike a blessing to the English people, and the cause of Christianity. As a dutiful child, Mary had through her father's advice and arguments fallen in with his opinions, and her letters to him were expressive of this change of her faith. This change in the principles of Mary and her father, had sadly vexed Sir Oliver; he was a pious man, and a zealous and conscientious believer in the old faith, and in the letters he had sent to Pitcairn, he had strongly urged him to renounce the new creed, and to continue in the original

faith "once delivered to the saints;" the dread therefore, was, that his letters had been intercepted and misconstrued to the disadvantage and ruin of Pitcairn. Under the melancholy circumstances of the case, what was to be done for the father of Mary? All was darkness and despair. Mary made the bold proposal of going to king Henry in person, and on her bended knees, to solicit an investigation into her father's supposed crimes. But at this dreadful proposal, her ardent lover Edward Ramsay trembled. Sooner indeed would he meet ten thousand of King Henry's troops sword in hand, than allow the angel whom his soul loved to go into the presence of a monarch, whose lustful propensities had brought queen after queen to the scaffold, that on the appearance of what he conceived a more lovely face or more graceful form, he might gratify his voluptuous desires. Nothing therefore remained, but to submit with patience and resignation to the will of the Almighty disposer of events, in whom "the friendless and the fatherless find mercy."

The union betwixt the amiable and sprightly Edward Ramsay, and the lovely Mary Douglas, had been intended to be consummated about this period. But all Scotland was now in a stir, to raise forces sufficient to meet the army of Henry

on the borders. A small body of troops, consisting of three thousand cavalry, under the command of Sir Robert Bows, entered Scotland, amongst whom were all the banished Douglasses, except Pitcairn. Henry had sent them to try their zeal and bravery in his cause. To this proposal, the Duke of Norfolk cordially agreed, expecting either to get quit of them by death, in the mad attempt of such a small body of troops attempting an invasion of Scotland; or, expecting from the disgrace attending the certain defeat he anticipated, they would be for ever shut out from King Henry's friendship and favour. These English troops were encountered near Haddon-rigg by the Earl of Huntly, the then warden of the borders. The English were defeated, and Sir Robert Bows and other inferior leaders taken prisoner. Angus, the chief of the house of Douglas, had likewise nearly been taken prisoner, but with his dagger, he sent the knight who laid hold of him to eternity, and effected his escape. The spirits of King James and his counsellor Oliver Sinclair were now highly elated with this fortunate opening of the campaign. To King Henry, who was never intimidated with the misfortunes that might attend any measure which he undertook, this defeat of his troops only

exasperated his mind to madness against James, swearing, that with the same rod with which he had chastised his father, he would also chastise him, meaning the Duke of Norfolk, then Earl of Surrey, who commanded at Flodden, where James IV. fell. Norfolk had now got all that he anticipated. The Douglasses had completely lost the favour of Henry, in their unfortunate attempt upon Scotland, under Sir Robert Bows; and he was ordered by Henry to take the command of a powerful English army, with which he entered Scotland. He burnt the towns of Kelso and Roxburgh, and upwards of twenty villages. To avenge which, King James had now assembled thirty thousand men under their various feudal leaders, upon the Borough moor of Edinburgh. Never were there a more brilliant array of the chivalry of Scotland met together; nor an army, in which any monarch or nation ought to be more proud. Although James had exasperated his nobility and subjects almost to madness, on account of the persecutions against the professors of the reformed faith, and his protection of the catholic clergy, yet, such was that loyalty, patriotic ardour, and love of national independence, which still in these times of religious discord, held fast hold of every Scotchman's heart, that with one

accord they joined the standard of their legitimate sovereign, determined to perish rather than allow Scotland to be again overrun by an English invader, as in the reign of King Edward. The army of King James now marched from the Borough moor of Edinburgh, and halted at Falla moor, where they received information, that the English had retired to Berwick, and had dismissed the greater part of their forces. There can be little doubt, but the Scotch nobility had made secret arrangements with Norfolk to this effect; as, when the information came to the Scotch camp, that the English had fled out of Scotland, and had dismissed their army, the Scottish chiefs declared to James, that their service on this occasion was at an end, as they had taken arms to defend the kingdom of Scotland, but not to invade England. As the army of King James was only within a few miles of the enemy, and from its numbers and prowess being amply sufficient to give them a vengeful chastisement, this mutiny of his nobility and army against his royal commands was most aggravating to his imperious and vindictive mind, hitherto accustomed to exact obedience, and enforce submission to his will. His threatenings and his offers of reward were alike vain, no motive could induce his nobles

and army to cross the Tweed, in pursuit of the enemy. There was now no remedy for James but submission to the aristocracy of his kingdom, "as in the camp they were omnipotent, and his power only nominal." They had even gone the length of making threats, that rather than submit to his majesty's orders of invading England, they would hang up Oliver Sinclair and his other unpopular counsellors, who were urging his majesty on to this very imprudent measure. The army, therefore, broke up, without having occasion to unsheath a sword. James returned to Edinburgh, overwhelmed with shame and indignation.

We neglected to notice, that young Edward Ramsay of Whitehill, the ardent lover of Mary Douglas, had joined the army of James, with a chosen band of the retainers of the estate, his heart beating high with military ardour and enthusiastic anticipation that the Scotch army might either conquer England, or, at least, be able to make the liberation of his Mary's father, one of the conditions of a peace. In this hope, he had taken an affectionate farewell of Mary Douglas; and although she parted from him with the keenest pangs of reluctance, and with tears of agony, he being the only individual now

on earth in whom her slender hopes of happiness and joy were centred, yet, she could not but applaud the noble and heroic resolution of her youthful and affectionate lover, in this glorious attempt to rescue her beloved father from his forlorn captivity. It may, therefore, be well supposed, that it was no less a disappointment to Edward Ramsay and to his Mary, than it was to King James, that the Scotch army had refused to march into England.

Mary Douglas's spirits had gradually become low and dejected, since she received the news of her father's imprisonment; the rosy flush of youth had left her cheek, and she became pale as the snow drop, when it blooms in tender loveliness among the storms of spring, from the humiliating thoughts, that her father and all her friends were in banishment and captivity, and she residing at Roslin castle, a forlorn and helpless orphan—and that it had been only from the amiable, humane, and benevolent generosity of Sir Oliver Sinclair, that she had been kept from beggary and want. The reflection of this, preyed with an unremitting and death-working agony upon her proud heart. And although she had the honourable offer of the hand of Edward Ramsay, the heir apparent to a fine estate, and the eldest

son of a branch of a noble house, and was now about to be united to him in marriage, yet the contrast betwixt his wealth, and her helpless poverty—his family affluence, and her family misfortunes—made him rise higher and higher in her heart's esteem, and made her sink lower and lower in her own, and in the amiable and Christian virtue of self debasement, "What am I, or what is now my father's house, that he should thus think of me?" frequently came across her sensitive mind, in her solitary and lonely musings. Under the impression of such feelings, when she met her Edward, the tears of sorrowful anguish would gush into her eyes, but with the gentle hand of a tender and affectionate lover, he wiped them away, and his consoling and cheerful conversation, brought renewed gaiety to her spirits. It grieved the heart of the amiable Edward Ramsay, to see the object of his fondest affections, thus pining in sorrow at the imprisonment of her father; and he longed for a new rupture betwixt the two rival nations, on purpose to exert his energies in honourable warfare, to procure in the stipulations of a peace, the release of Douglas of Pitcairn, nor was it long until this opportunity occurred.

Since the affront and disappointment King

James had met with at Falla moor, from his nobility and army refusing to obey his orders of invading England, he had fallen into a lowness of spirits, and his health was obviously declining. Oliver Sinclair, and his other corrupt advisers, foreseeing that on the event of the death of James, their power would be at an end, advised his Majesty to make another attempt upon England, in the western borders, which, if successful, they anticipated that it might again elevate his spirits, and recover his health. To this advice James gave his cordial concurrence, and in consequence of which, it was not long until an army of ten thousand Scotchmen assembled at Solway, among whom was the young and courageous hero, Edward Ramsay, with the retainers and vassals of his estates.

On the 23d of November 1542, the Scotch army began their march at midnight, and having crossed the river which separates the two kingdoms, all the adjacent hamlets and villages were in flames by the break of day. At this period, it was understood that the Scotch army was to be commanded by Lord Maxwell, a nobleman of great honour and courage. But what was the astonishment of the army and its brave commanders, when Oliver Sinclair ordered the royal

banner to be displayed, and being mounted on the shoulders of two of the tallest men in the army, produced, and read his Majesty's commission, appointing him the commander of the Scotch army. It is impossible to imagine the consternation into which the army was thrown, on hearing it announced, that an individual so young, and held in such detestation by the great body of the Scotch population, was appointed to command them, and to supersede Lord Maxwell, a soldier of tried bravery and experience, and a favourite of the army and the nation; they to a man declared they would rather surrender themselves prisoners to England, than submit to be commanded by such a general. In an instant, all order in the Scotch army was broken, horse and foot, soldiers and scullions, noblemen and peasants were intermingled. The English army was commanded by Sir Thomas Wharton, Dacres, and Musgrave. When the Scotch were in the state of confusion above noticed, a hundred of English light horse, advanced upon them; young Edward Ramsay, who had all the time been standing an idle and wondering spectator at the scene of disorder, on seeing the English cavalry advance, rushed out with his gallant retainers and vassals to meet the English, determined to shew

a specimen of that bravery, which in more patriotic days, his noble ancestors had displayed in expelling the armies of King Edward from Scotland. The conflict was terrific, Edward Ramsay with the thoughtless vehemence of youth, and the desire of being avenged upon the emissaries of King Henry, for the imprisonment of the father of his Mary, rushed in personal conflict upon the commander of the English troop of horse. This commander was Sir George Evans, a nobleman of brave and undaunted heroism, a wise, cautious, and a prudent man,—the father of a family, and of an only son, about the same age as Edward Ramsay. Sir George admired Edward's bravery, but he sympathised with his rashness, which was driving him headlong into danger. Under this feeling he gave orders to some of his men near him, to save Edward's life if possible; they, to protect their commander, who so generously wished to save the life of his foe, surrounded him to ward off the irresistible blows of the brave and incensed youth; this only inflamed Edward's fury, and five of the English lay dead at his feet, when he was taken prisoner. His retainers and vassals made a desperate attempt to rescue him, but it was in vain, they

being compelled to flee, and leave their young lord in the possession of the English.

In this encounter, there were nine Scotch, and fifteen English slain. The whole of the Scotch army now made a retreat, but being unacquainted with the country, they got entangled in the Solway moss, when a great proportion of the army and their chiefs, Maxwell, Cassils, Glencairn, Fleming, Sommerville, Oliphant, and Gray, and above two hundred gentlemen, were taken prisoners, among whom, as before stated, was young Edward Ramsay. King James had stationed himself at Carlaverock, about twelve miles distant from the scene of action, waiting in deep anxiety to learn the events of the day. And when the fatal news was carried to him by his thoughtless counsellor, Oliver Sinclair, the depression of his spirits, and deep dejection of his mind became unsufferable; he sunk into a melancholy, which admitted of no consolation. In this state he was carried from Carlaverock to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to Falkland. The presence of the few attendants, who were admitted into his chamber, and these being the thoughtless or wicked instruments which had brought his misfortunes upon him, only aggra-

vated his sufferings. He refused to take any sustenance, and on the 13th of December, while lying in this deplorable state, a messenger arrived from Linlithgow with the intelligence, that his queen was brought to bed of a daughter. On the news of this event being communicated to him, he replied, in the last words he was heard to utter in this world, "It will end as it began; the crown came by a woman and it will go with one; many miseries await this poor kingdom;" he then turned upon his side, and expired. His prophecy was, indeed, too well verified, this young daughter was the unfortunate Queen Mary; the dreadful events of whose reign will form the subject of next tale.

Seeing that the battle of Solway had produced such dreadful effects upon James, the reader will naturally be anxious to know what were its effects upon the mind of Mary Douglas and the friends of Edward. It, in the first place, gave a great consolation to her, and the parents, and friends of Edward Ramsay, that, in his encounter with the enemy, he had escaped unhurt; and it was no less consoling, that, on his being carried prisoner to London, it was in company of great numbers of noblemen and gentlemen of the highest rank and eminence in Scotland; and a glimmering ray of

hope was opened up in the lovely Mary Douglas' mind, that when Edward arrived at London, he would use every exertion in his power to procure the liberation of her father. But, alas! the sequel will shew how deeply her fondest hopes were blighted, and what sad trials she and her beloved Edward were still destined to undergo.

The noblemen and the two hundred gentlemen of the Scotch army, before mentioned, taken prisoners at Solway moss, were escorted to London. On King Henry learning their unwillingness to fight against England, and their determination not to be commanded by Oliver Sinclair, who, he was well aware, had been the instigator of the differences betwixt him and his nephew James, he gave them all the most gracious reception, and ordered every accommodation and comfort to be provided for them. But on receiving intelligence of the attack upon, and the determined resistance made by Edward Ramsay to the hundred light horse, who were approaching the Scotch army, he ordered the fiery and impetuous leader of the Scotch troop, Edward Ramsay, to be brought before him. On the march to London, Edward had explained to Sir George Evans the cause of his desperate charge upon him, and that his sole motive in fighting

against England, was the rescue of his intended father-in-law, Douglas of Pitcairn. Sir George gave him the most friendly advice, not to mention this circumstance to Henry, should he be called before him, as it might endanger his own safety, and, in all likelihood, make the confinement of Douglas still more secure. And as there was a powerful faction at work, endeavouring to undermine the power of the Duke of Norfolk, who had been the cause of the imprisonment of Douglas, he had no doubt circumstances would soon occur, when he would be relieved. But on young Edward Ramsay being brought before King Henry, he either had altogether forgotten, or had determined not to follow the advice of Sir George Evans. And on the imperious and vindictive monarch asking him the cause of his desperate encounter against the English, when all the rest of the Scotch commanders were their friends, he, with the ingenuous candour of a gentlemen, replied, "It is for the love of a lady, of noble family, whom I adore." "Does this lady reside in England, Sir, that made you so anxious to invade it." "No, King Henry, she is the daughter of Douglas of Pitcairn, imprisoned by your royal orders, and she resides at Roslin

castle, under the guardianship of Sir Oliver Sinclair."

Never was there a more unfortunate reply made to the question of a monarch than this. At the mention of the names, Douglas of Pitcairn and Sir Oliver Sinclair, Henry's countenance swelled almost to bursting with the boiling passions of rage, indignation, and thirst of vengeance. "Heaven, give me patience," says Henry, "presumptuous boy, do you dare to attack me with your Scotch insolence, as you did Sir George Evans with your sword; to the dungeon of Pitcairn with him." At these words Edward Ramsay was hurried from the royal presence, and put in chains and confinement in the dungeon.

It would only hurt the feelings of the humane reader, to depict the affecting scene which took place when Edward was ushered into the presence of the imprisoned and emaciated Douglas; and it would be no less hurtful to the reader's feelings to describe the sufferings of Mary Douglas, and the parents and friends of Edward Ramsay, when the afflicting intelligence was communicated to them of the imprisonment of the beloved youth, in whom all their hopes, in

this world, were centered. We shall therefore, at present, return to the affairs of Scotland and England.

On the news of the death of King James reaching Henry, he was much affected ; and on learning that the Scotch queen was delivered of a daughter, with the same state policy which had actuated Edward I. of England, he wished the young queen of Scotland married to his only son, Edward VI., and put under his charge ; anticipating, that by this marriage alliance, the two kingdoms would be united under one sovereign. The Earl of Arran, the chief of the house of Hamilton, and the next heir to the Scottish throne on the event of the young queen's death, was chosen regent. He was considered rather favourable to the reformed doctrines, and willing that Henry should have the charge of the young queen's education. Oliver Sinclair, and the other minions of the late unhappy and unfortunate king, had lost their power. But the queen mother and Cardinal Beaton formed the head of a strong party favourable to the old faith, and consequently against the interests of Henry. Although the Scotch nation was at this period cruelly agitated with conflicting opinions regarding the reformed doctrines and the church, yet,

in the love of national independence they were still firmly united. And on the haughty and turbulent Henry of England demanding the custody of the young queen of Scotland, until she should be of age to complete the marriage with his son, and insisting that the strongest forts of the kingdom should be put into his hands; then the whole nation united in one determined resolution to resist his imperious demands. But Henry determined to be avenged upon the Scotch nation for their resolute determination to resist his proposals and demands, sent a strong army, amounting to 40,000 men, and a numerous fleet into the Firth of Forth, to punish the Scotch court and his enemies in the Lothians.

On the 3d of May 1545, a great proportion of the troops landed at Granton Grange, west from Leith, commanded by the Earl of Hertford; with his troops he plundered Edinburgh. The Scotch court never having anticipated such an event, they were totally unprepared to make that resistance which was necessary to save the town; all the churches, and the palace of Holyrood house were set on fire. The castle was bombarded, but they were unable to make any impression upon it. After burning Craig-millar, the English army set off to Roslin castle, to com-

plete a very important object of their vengeful mission.

It was before stated, that Oliver Sinclair, on the death of James, had lost his power, but besides this loss of power he had fallen to a depth of degradation, equal to the high and imposing eminence of grandeur and of influence which he so lately occupied ; his pretended friends, and the favour hunting sycophants who ran at his chariot wheels, shouting acclamations of applause, now either knew him not, or if they did, it was to point at him with the finger of scorn, and with the accents of derision. In this state of humiliation his tender-hearted and benevolent father, in virtue of the example set before him in the "parable of the prodigal son," had taken him again into his bosom. And as Oliver still occupied the castle of Ravensnook, and as it was about four miles farther up the Esk than Roslin castle, and consequently more remote from Edinburgh, upon receiving the news of the English army arriving in Leith and plundering Edinburgh, and anticipating that his determined opposition to Henry's proposals and demands, when in power, would be visited with vengeance upon Roslin, he had taken his aged father and the lovely Mary Douglas with him to the castle

of Ravensnook, expecting that the Earl of Hertford, commandant of the invading army, would not be able to discover them in that secluded retreat—old Sir Oliver leaving the charge and defence of Roslin castle to his eldest son, William, and the retainers and vassals of the estate.

About nine o'clock on the memorable 6th of May 1545, the army of England, commanded by the Earl of Hertford, entered the town of Roslin, with the sound of martial music, and the waving of banners. The army was ordered to encamp on the eminence overlooking the town, which then occupied the site taken notice of in the introductory tale of this volume. Two parks of artillery were planted with their muzzles pointing to the castle, the one on the eminence a little to the south of the chapel, the other betwixt the church of St. Matthew, and the Harper's hall. Although the castle of Roslin was most admirably adapted for withstanding a siege before gunpowder and cannon were invented, it was now quite otherwise, since cannon were substituted for battering rams. Although the walls were tremendously thick, yet the powerful battering of the cannon balls upon the roofs, the gateways, and the windows, made a breach comparatively much more easily effected.

When all the preparations for an attack were ready, Earl Hertford sent a messenger to the castle, demanding the persons of Oliver Sinclair, son of Sir Oliver, and Mary Douglas, daughter of Douglas of Pitcairn, and if not delivered in the space of half an hour, the castle would be levelled to the ground, and the town of Roslin burnt to ashes. To this demand William Sinclair replied, "that he was willing to comply with any demands which it was in his power to fulfil, being sensible, that neither the castle, nor any forces he could muster, was able to withstand the powerful army ready to make the attack. But, that, as neither his brother Oliver Sinclair nor Mary Douglas were in the castle, and as he knew nothing of them, it was altogether out of his power to fulfil the demands which Earl Hertford had made; and, that, after having candidly stated these facts, if his lordship was determined to destroy the castle and burn Roslin, he, William Sinclair, would abide by the event, without resistance. Another message was sent, demanding where his brother Oliver and Mary Douglas were; and on the same answer as above being returned, a tremendous fire of artillery was opened upon the castle. Stone after stone tumbled from its turrets, and after a long

bombardment, a huge mass of the wall at the west end of the castle gave way—and at last, crash went the roof of the hoary and venerable pile into its interior. The inmates of the castle had foreseen this event, and had happily just let down the drawbridge, and were advancing with a flag of truce to surrender, when the tremendous crash of the roof happened. Although the army could not see it for the smoke of the cannon, yet they heard the noise ; and the cannon had just ceased firing, when William Sinclair and his retainers were approaching them. At this moment the soldiers were setting house by house of the town of Roslin on fire, as they were progressively completing their pillage. And as William Sinclair came forward, he had the mortification to see Rob Topper, the huge Innkeeper of the Roslin Arms, upon his bended knees before Earl Hertford, praying him for the love of God, to save his liquors and his house, and in recompence, he would inform him where Oliver Sinclair and Mary Douglas were. “ Then were are they, Sir ?” said his lordship.

As the flames and the pillagers were now getting near to Rob’s door, he had no alternative but to inform, or see his property destroyed ; and pointing with his finger to the castle of Ravens-

nook, the turrets of which were seen towering above the forest surrounding it, he cried, "yonder, yonder, my lord, they are all in the castle of Ravensnook. Stop the fire, stop the fire, my lord, now since I've told you." "To the flames with the traitorous villain," exclaimed William Sinclair, as he advanced and heard Rob Topper give the information.

From this exclamation of William Sinclair, Earl Hertford was now satisfied that Topper had told the truth, the pillage was stopped, and his house was saved. The soldiers now made a rush to the castle, expecting immense loads of pillage and booty; but as its interior was completely choked up with the ponderous roof and other immense loads of rubbish, no admittance could be got, and they were compelled to relinquish the task of searching for it.

William Sinclair was detained as hostage, until his brother Oliver and Mary Douglas were found; and the army were divided on plundering expeditions, to Mount-Lothian Abbey, Temple Abbey, Whitehill castle, Dalwoolsey castle, Newbattle Abbey, Dalkeith castle and town, Borthwick castle, and Musselburgh, with orders to assemble at Leith on the morning of the 29th. Earl Hertford and a sufficient force, now marched

off for Ravensnook castle, leaving Roslin castle and Roslin town in a state of ruin, from which it has never recovered. But to the honour of Earl Hertford, not a stone of the sublime chapel was allowed to be disturbed, although he burnt the churches of Edinburgh, and the abbeyes now mentioned.

CHAPTER III.

Who now will guard bewilder'd youth,
Safe from the fierce assaults of hostile rage !
Alas ! full oft on guilt's victorious car,
The spoils of virtue are in triumph born ;
While the fair captive, mark'd with many a scar,
In lone obscurity, oppress'd, forlorn,
Resigns to tears her angel form
Ill fated youth, then whither wilt thou fly,
No friend, no shelter now is nigh,
And onward rolls the storm.

Lo, from amidst *affliction's* night,
Hope bursts all radiant on the sight ;
Her words the troubled bosom sooth.

Why thus dismay'd ?
Though foes invade,
Hope ne'er is wanting to their aid,
Who tread the path of truth.—*Beattie.*

THE canonading of Roslin had been loudly heard at the castles of Ravensnook and Pennycuik, as its thundering noise went up the banks of the Esk, reverberating in lengthened and astounding peals from echo to echo, amid the sequestered glens and the romantic woodland scenery of the river. It was formerly stated, that Ravensnook castle and Penicuik house were opposite to each other, on different banks of the Esk, and that Ravensnook castle was a property in the barony of Penicuik, Oliver Sinclair having it in tack. The baron had anticipated that, from the provocations Oliver Sinclair had given King Henry, the army of England would on this account be avenged on Ravensnook, and, in all probability, on Penicuik house likewise. He was determined, therefore, to make a dignified resistance with all the force he could command, rather than see his mansion levelled to the dust, and pillaged by the invaders. He had, therefore, all the tenantry of the estate assembled in arms, and extensive entrenchments thrown up on the sloping banks facing Ravensnook castle and the

river, and which, to the present day, are distinctly seen below the China Gate, south of Penicuik house. Among these entrenchments, artillery were planted in convenient stations, so as they might be brought instantaneously to bear on any given point of the river, which the enemy might attempt to ford on coming to the attack of Penicuik house,—so far the brave baron's determined system of defence was wisely arranged.

At Ravensnook there were likewise a few pieces of artillery, with which King James was usually honoured by a salute on his frequent visits to that castle, and there was likewise a considerable stock of ammunition in store; but this was more from chance, than from any determination on Oliver Sinclair's part to defend the place. Like the Irishman when informed that the house in which he lay was about to tumble about his ears, he replied, "that gave him no concern, as he was only a lodger." In like manner, Oliver Sinclair felt little more interest or concern about Ravensnook castle, than merely to gratify his extravagance when in power, and how to secrete himself, his father, and Mary Douglas from the pursuit of their enemies.

Accustomed to ease and luxurious indulgence, to prosperity without a manly struggle to obtain

it, ever receiving the obsequious and mentally degrading flattery attendant upon courtly power ; his mind, from these circumstances, being unaccustomed with the discipline of adversity, was utterly unable to withstand the degradation and persecution with which he was now assailed.

On hearing the cannonading at Roslin cease, he became agitated with tormenting anxiety, and on his seeing the English army advancing upon Ravensnook castle, his spirits entirely failed him. Looking forward to a dreadful retaliation of that punishment, were he taken prisoner to the church reforming Henry, which he had been the unhappy instrument of inflicting upon the church reforming party of Scotland, he therefore determined to make his escape, and on doing so, he had neither the bravery nor generosity of mind to make any exertion to secure the safety of Mary Douglas or his aged father. Mary, in whose veins flowed the heroic and undaunted blood of her noble house, had been brought up in that school of affliction, which gave redoubled energy and exertion to a mind naturally strong, resolute, and enterprising. And all the evils which could befall her in this life were now staring her in the face, viz. death, or disgraceful captivity, or a dungeon ; and all, or any one of these,

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she would with pleasure have submitted to, rather than flee from Sir Oliver, who had been her generous protector and support in her orphan helplessness, from childhood to the present moment. Sir Oliver, from his frailty, was unable to flee, but in the modernised system of warfare he was able, and his undaunted heart made him willing to fight for the preservation of Mary Douglas; he could point the cannon, and he could give spirited encouragement, and valuable directions.

There were about twenty able bodied men in the castle, who, with the aid of its battlements and bulwarks, could for a time make a heroic resistance against the thousands of the invading foe; and in such a glorious attempt, were it their destiny to fall, they would have the satisfaction of having their names enrolled in the heroic annals of their country. At this brave resolution, the Douglas blood in Mary's veins made a spring-tide rush to her noble heart, and she exclaimed, "Yes, brave Sir Oliver, I shall this day die, or be avenged upon my father's and my Edward's enemies;" so saying, she ran for liquors and exhilarating refreshments, to give to the twenty stout inmates of the castle on purpose to invigorate them for the attack. The

cannon and the muskets in the garrison were now loaded, and all was cleared and made ready for action. But Sir Oliver and Mary had determined that the enemy should fire the first shot, after their proposals had been refused, before a shot should be discharged from them. The enemy now came forward within cannon-shot of the castle ; and during the time that a party of artillery was preparing to fire against it, a messenger was sent, demanding the persons of Oliver Sinclair and Mary Douglas, accompanied with the usual specifications and threats. The reply was brief, " Oliver Sinclair has fled like a coward, and Mary Douglas will bury herself in the ruins of Ravensnook, rather than surrender herself to the enemies of her father and her Edward ;" as the messenger returned with this reply, the cannons of the castle were levelled to the densest mass of the soldiery and officers of the English. The enemy's torches were now lighted, the cannon pointed, the match applied, and rebound went some shots to the castle ; they were received with a cheer of its brave inmates. Mary now applied the torch to the castle's cannon with her own gentle, but resolute and determined hand, and as they went off, another cheer from her brave band of heroes responded

to the shrieks of the English ; as the castle's cannon made avenues among their ranks. The Earl of Hertford had expected the castle of Ravensnook, like that of Roslin, would submit to be levelled to ruins without firing a single shot, and its inmates ultimately surrender. Judge then his surprise, when he heard its cannons roar, and saw their shot mowing down his men in hundreds. Shot after shot was fired from its walls with unremitting and vengeful fury, preventing the English from rallying to return the compliment. As the smoke was occasionally blown away, Mary Douglas was seen by the English darting with the speed of lightning, from cannon to cannon, with the blazing torch in her hand, sending death and devastation among her enemies. As yet, from the confusion in which the English had been so unexpectedly thrown, few shots had been fired by them, this redoubled the exertions and bravery of the heroic band. Their artillery continued roaring with the thunder of death, while that of the English seemed mute through fear.

In this state of affairs, the Earl of Hertford rushed forward to rally and encourage his men, exclaiming, " By St. George, this brave lady shall soon be made queen of the Douglasses, and have the

ruins of Ravensnook for her crown." As he said this, a shot killed his horse from below him, and he fell to the earth, saying, " Brave lady you have brought me to my knees, this Douglas must mistake Hertford for a Percy." He then ordered his men and cannon to deploy to the south, on purpose to be more out of the range of the castle's shot ; the castle continuing firing, unknowing of this manoeuvre, the smoke of its incessant fire preventing its brave band of heroes from observing the change of the enemy's position, until a rebound of thundering artillery and a shower of shot told them that they must now point their cannons to another quarter. The orders to this effect were no sooner given by Sir Oliver than they were performed by Mary Douglas and her band. Again went death and desolation along with every shot which was fired from the old castle of Ravensnook, and which appeared to the English army as if it was making a last convulsive struggle for its existence. It may appear strange to the reader of the present day, that a lady should thus engage in hostile warfare, but in this and the preceding ages, we are now treating of, it was by no means uncommon, and their presence and examples of bravery in the field or the fortress, had a powerful effect

in producing among the knights and their retainers deeds of the most resolute and determined heroism. But Mary Douglas's defence of the castle of Ravensnook against the invading armies of England was from the beginning an effort of the most hopeless bravery. After Hertford's cannon were properly brought to bear upon it, fragment after fragment of its walls and bulwarks gave way, and ultimately a breach sufficient to admit the invaders was effected. Amid this disaster, Sir Oliver Sinclair had received a severe wound, and he was led by Mary Douglas into one of the under vaults, so as there might be less danger of his receiving further injury from the shot or the splintered fragments of the eastern walls, or even their ultimate fall; Sir Oliver's wound had so far disheartened the troops, that their fire became more feeble. Seeing this, Earl Hertford ordered an assault upon the castle to be made, but charging, upon the pain of instant death, any one who would offer harm to its brave defenders, especially the heroic Mary. As they rushed forward, a discharge of the castle musketry sent many of the English to the earth, but as wave impels wave, so man impelled man, and ultimately the castle of Ravensnook was taken by storm. When the shout of the assailants was given as they mounted the walls, Mary retired into the vault where

Sir Oliver lay, and on her bended knees, and her eyes and arms uplifted to heaven, she made earnest supplication for her own, and her generous benefactor's safety to the throne of the almighty Disposer of events, in whom none that ever sincerely trusted were disappointed or confounded. As she was in this devout attitude, Earl Hertford approached her with the most dignified respect, and taking her by the hand, he gently lifted her up, and imprinting a kiss upon her lips, said, "Brave lady, you are indeed a Douglas, you shall find me your friend." When the firing had ceased, the Baron of Penicuik came rushing forward with a flag of truce in his hand, to enquire after the safety of his friends Sir Oliver and Mary. Lord Hertford received him with complacency, telling him to dismiss his vassals, as the depredations upon Scotland were at an end, but that Mary Douglas must go with him a prisoner to king Henry; at the same time pledging his honour that she should have that protection and comfort she was entitled to from her rank and heroism. Mary addressing Earl Hertford, said, "It gives me great pleasure my Lord, to accompany you to King Henry, I have a venerable father, and a youth, who has loved me with a disinterested affection, who have been im-

prisoned by him without a fault. As I have unquestionable evidence, that my father's confinement originated with the Duke of Norfolk, to gratify the revenge of his grace, I am anxious to lay the evidence of my father's innocence before his majesty, so as he and my love may be restored to me and their friends." "My love," says Hertford, "Since I left London I have learnt something of this matter which may serve you, in the meantime take all your papers with you, which can be of any use in throwing light upon this mysterious affair."

As Roslin and Ravensnook castles were now in ruins, Mary committed the charge of her venerable friend and benefactor Sir Oliver to the Baron of Penicuik, who immediately conducted him with tender care to his hospitable mansion; the parting betwixt Mary Douglas and Sir Oliver was indeed a trying moment, her brave and heroic heart, which but a few moments before in the conflict of honour, shrunk not at either danger or death, now streamed forth a shower of the tenderest and most sympathetic affection from her bewitching eyes, as she shook Sir Oliver by the hand to bid him adieu; nor was his farewell salutation less affecting, he gave this child of his most anxious regards, a farewell kiss, and

The care worn furrows on his aged cheeks,
Became the channel of a flood of tears.

On the Earl of Hertford bidding Sir Oliver and the baron of Penicuik farewell, he said "I shall never forget the castle of Ravensnook, having seen in it, I believe the purest specimen of Scottish bravery, and of Scottish affection, which the proud annals of your nation ever exhibited." The two barons now went to Penicuik house, and the English army to Leith. The Earl of Hertford, with Mary Douglas at his side, was respectfully escorted with a guard of honour. And from that day to the present moment, the castle of Ravensnook has remained without an inhabitant, unless occasionally occupied by the fox, or the screech-owl; the whole of its walls, through the course of time, have been occasionally removed, to serve the purposes of rural improvement in its neighbourhood; but the vault above referred to, where Mary with Sir Oliver, sent up their supplications to the throne of mercy, has been kept sacred from the depredations of man, and a thick plantation which is now around it, keeps it sheltered from the devastations of the storm. A splendid ride lately formed on the summit of the plantation grounds, near Penny-cuick house, runs by its side, and Sir George

Clerk, in good taste, has placed a summer seat in front of that once interesting, but now forgotten castle,

Where plenty there a residence once found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

A great proportion of the English army after having assembled at Leith, again re-embarked for England, and another division of it scoured the country by Haddington to Berwick, taking with them ten thousand cattle, twelve thousand sheep, and a thousand horses; after having destroyed seven monasteries, sixteen castles, five market towns, two hundred and forty-three villages, thirteen mills, and three hospitals.

CHAPTER IV.

“ I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my highblown pride,
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy

Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
 I feel my heart new opened ; O how wretched,
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or woman have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again. *King Henry VIII.*

It will be recollected, that in the conversation with the Earl of Hertford and Mary Douglas in Ravensnook castle, the earl stated, that since he left London he had got information respecting the mysterious circumstances connected with her father's imprisonment ; and the following is a brief sketch of that information. At Edward Ramsay's imprisonment, he had not been so strictly searched as to have the pen, ink, and paper, which he had in his possession detected, and after Douglas of Pitcairn had got some days of conversation with Edward Ramsay, and understood the endeared relationship in which he stood with his only child and daughter, they agreed, that as it was impossible to procure an interview with King Henry, or to get a letter transmitted to him through any legal channel, in the forlorn situation in which they were then placed, they would write one, and pass it through the grating of their dun-

geon, addressing the envelope to its finder, who ever he might be, earnestly requesting that the inclosed letter should be transmitted to King Henry, through any channel but by the Duke of Norfolk or his emissaries. This resolution was accordingly put in execution, Douglas of Pitcairn detailing in the letter favour after favour, which he had received from his majesty, and expressing in the strongest terms his gratitude for these favours, and his innocence of any crime which could possibly be laid to his charge ; and that out of gratitude to his majesty, he had changed his faith from the old to the reformed creed ; a change which at first springing out of gratitude, had settled into a conscientious conviction of its truth, and that he believed this conviction had carried him into measures, to promote, and establish the reformation of the church, which giving great offence to the Duke of Norfolk, he had plotted his ruin in advising his majesty to commit him to a dungeon ; and as it was well known Norfolk was secretly and zealously attached to the church of Rome, he trusted his majesty would bring him (Douglas) to a fair and open trial, for every crime laid to his charge. But much as he would wish to be relieved from the stigma of a crime against his royal benefactor, and from the horrors of a

dungeon, yet he would willingly submit to every punishment which could be inflicted upon him, and even to death itself, if his majesty would but condescend to release Edward Ramsay, the betrothed of his only daughter and child, and restore him to her and his parents. Such, or nearly such, were the contents of the letter, and in conformity with this resolution it was committed to the wind, through the grating of the dungeon, with the most ardent prayers for its safe delivery and success, to Him, who when on earth had his share of calumny and reproach, but who,

Though now ascended up on high,
Bends to the earth a brother's eye.

A soldier on guard caught the letter and put it in his pocket, and his regiment having got immediate orders to embark for the campaign against Scotland, he had no time to get the contents of the letter investigated, until he was on board the ship, and even then, being no scholar, and unable to read it, he gave it to his commanding officer, who felt it his duty to give it to the Earl of Hertford, the then commander of the expedition against Scotland. The prayers of Douglas and Edward Ramsay were now heard

and accepted at the throne of mercy ; and he, the Duke of Norfolk, who, but a short time before, made the following address to Cardinal Wolsey :

Hear the king's pleasure cardinal, who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
To Asher house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

And to which address, the motto to this chapter was Woolsey's reply ; and Norfolk, through the agency of Hertford, and in virtue of this letter referred to, was in his turn, now destined to experience a

Fall like lucifer,
Never to rise again.

Such are frequently the wonderful dispensations of the almighty Lawgiver of the universe to those lawmakers of our world,

Who Heaven's high laws despise,
They quickly fall, and in their turn
As quickly others rise.

It is well known to those versant in English history, that at the period we are now treating,

Norfolk and Hertford were at enmity with each other. Never, therefore, could the letter of Douglas to his majesty have fallen into better hands than those into which it was its destiny to fall.

On the army again arriving at London, the Earl of Hertford after making the report to his majesty of the success of his attack upon Scotland, and of the capture of the heroic Mary Douglas, felt it his next duty to lay the letter of Douglas of Pitcairn before the king, and to confirm the assertions of Douglas, regarding his zeal for the promotion and establishment of the reformed faith. He informed his majesty, that he had seen sufficient evidence in the letters of Douglas to his daughter, now his majesty's prisoner, which would satisfy his majesty of Douglas's sincerity on this point.

The reformation of the church being King Henry's favourite hobby, nothing more was now awaiting to give the evidence in favour of the imprisoned Douglas a fair investigation, without the interference of the Duke of Norfolk. Hertford was accordingly ordered to bring the brave Mary Douglas and her father's letters to his majesty to-morrow, with the assurance, that if the evidence was sufficiently in his favour, ample

justice and compensation would be done Douglas for the wrongs he had suffered.

From the first moment that the Earl of Hertford had seen the bravery and the angelic form of Mary Douglas, he felt a deep interest in her welfare. On the voyage to London, he had been made acquainted with the whole history of her life, from infancy to the present moment of her forlorn state ; he saw, that had it not been for the benevolence of Sir Oliver Sinclair during the persecution, which King James, Oliver Sinclair, and the other parasites of the Scotch court inflicted on her noble house, she might have been turned an orphan upon the wide world, in helplessness, in poverty, and contempt. All these circumstances, combined with the persecutions which Norfolk had inflicted upon her father, made the Earl of Hertford determined in the resolution, to see ample justice done her ; and, preparatory for this, he had impressed upon her mind, the necessity of an apparent compliance with the will of King Henry, whatever that might be—it being the only possible means by which she could obtain the liberation of her father or her lover from bondage ; and on his making Mary acquainted, that she was to be introduced to the presence of his majesty next day, he im-

pressed this injunction again strongly upon her mind.

The awfully important day and hour had now arrived, which was to seal the fate of the brave and lovely Mary Douglas, and all that was dear and sacred to her in this world. And when the Earl of Hertford waited upon her to conduct her to the presence of his majesty, that lovely but resolute frame, which shrunk not at danger or death, at the bombardment of Ravensnook castle, now trembled in convulsive agitation, at appearing before the august and awful monarch, who was to fix and determine the destiny of all her worldly prospects. Before she stept into the carriage with the Earl of Hertford, she retired into her closet, and on her bended knees before the throne of the King of kings, "who delivereth the needy when he crieth, and him that hath no helper," she prayed for fortitude, success, and resignation, in the awful event which was before her. Her prayers were again answered. Animated by the strong belief of the protection of the Almighty, "her feeble knees waxed strong"—the innate bravery of her heart was resumed—"of whom," said she, "shall I be afraid; though a host encamp against me, I shall not fear." And when she was introduced by the Earl of Hertford

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to King Henry, these noble feelings at that dread moment animated her frame, and they had their full and desired effect upon those of his majesty. Never was there a monarchs at upon a throne, so much the admirer of female loveliness, or of the commanding majesty of the female form, as King Henry VIII. of England. "Hertford," said he, as Mary was introduced to him, "you have not deceived me, she is indeed a Douglas—

Heaven is in her looks,
And on her frame sits majesty and love."

From his majesty's increasing dislike of Norfolk, little perusal of Douglas's letters to his daughter Mary was necessary to convince him of Pitcairn's innocence of the crimes, which Norfolk had charged him with. He therefore gave immediate orders for the release of Douglas and Edward Ramsay, and that elegant accommodation should be provided for them and Mary, or, as Shakespeare expresses it,

Hertford, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free.

But the trials of poor Mary Douglas were not yet over, and another moment was to put her patience of enduring them to the test. "Hertford," said Henry, "Surrey has refused to marry your daughter, and other good offers which it has been our royal pleasure to make him,—he is now governor of our city of Boulogne, which our royal arms have conquered. Your commission shall be made out to-morrow to supersede him. Send him home to our royal presence without delay, and by Saint George, if he refuses to give his hand to the lovely Mary Douglas, she shall have his head in a charger;" and continuing, "What Mary, my love, do you say to this." Mary recollected the good advice which Earl Hertford had given her, not to contradict his majesty; but trembling at the thought of being for ever separated from her Edward, she only made an answer as according to his majesty's will, by a gentle curtsy, trusting Hertford would manage the rest for her. "How," said Hertford, "may it be your majesty's will, then, to provide for her lover Edward Ramsay, seeing your majesty has made such a handsome offer to her." "To your daughter, Hertford, whom Surrey had the audacity to refuse." "He is sprung from a noble Scotch family, my lord

and king. I gladly accept your offer ; but in thus frankly and joyfully giving my consent, as I sincerely regard Mary Douglas, I would humbly put conditions upon the agreement." " What are these, Hertford." " That, on the refusal of Surrey to take Mary Douglas as his lady, your majesty would condescend to join her fair hand with Edward Ramsay's in wedlock." " Agreed to, Hertford ; but, by heavens ! Surrey puts too high a value upon his head, to run the hazard of losing it by refusing my orders." Earl Hertford and Mary accordingly retired from the royal presence.

On the liberation of Douglas and Edward Ramsay, the Earl conducted them to Hertford house, without making them in any way acquainted, that Mary was in London and under his charge. Never was there a more joyful meeting of friends, so nearly and dearly related to each other, and so undeservedly separated. Mary's father could not recognize her, except from the general expression of her features to that of her noble progenitors. It was otherwise with Edward Ramsay. At his first glance of her, he ran and clasped her in his arms in an ecstasy of joy. Nor was Mary's joy at meeting him less enthusiastic and affecting. It was now, indeed,

that Mary and her father knew each other. Tears of the fondest affection were shed by each of them, as they joined in their mutual and endearing embrace. The story was now told, which had been the providential means of procuring their delivery, and this unexpected and happy meeting ; but what was Edward's disappointment, astonishment, and confusion, when informed of the determination of King Henry, to make the Duke of Norfolk's eldest son, the Earl of Surrey, marry his beloved Mary Douglas. "Be not disappointed, my brave boy," said the Earl of Hertford to him, as he joined Edward's hand with that of his daughter, "his majesty has likewise provided for you ; this is my daughter, and our lord the king says she is to be your bride." A gaze of wonder, a paleness of countenance, and a quivering of the lips, was his reply. The Earl seeing his anguish, told him not to be dejected, as the terms had been made conditional, and the result would soon be known.

On the following day, Earl Hertford took his departure for Boulogne to supersede Surrey ; and the three dearly related individuals, at the kind and pressing request of the Earl, his countess, and his family, continued to reside in his hospitable mansion.

As the now interesting circumstances regarding the Earl of Surrey, are better described in the language of Mr. Hume, than in the old manuscript volume, we shall annex the following narration to the account which this eminent English historian gives regarding Surrey, and the fate which now befalls him.

“ Nothing tended more to expose the Duke of Norfolk to the king’s displeasure, than the prejudices which Henry had entertained against the Earl of Surrey, son of that nobleman.”

“ Surrey was a young man of the most promising hopes, and had distinguished himself by every accomplishment which became a scholar, a courtier, and a soldier.”—“ He excelled in all the military exercises which were then in request ; he encouraged the fine arts by his patronage and example. He had made some successful attempts in poetry ; and being smitten with the romantic gallantry of the age, he celebrated the praises of his mistress, by his pen and his lance in every masque and tournament. His spirit and ambition were equal to his talents and his quality, and he did not always regulate his conduct by the caution and reserve which his situation required. He had been governor of Boulogne, when that town was taken by Henry ; the king

somewhat displeased at his conduct, had sent over Hertford to command in his place, and Surrey was so imprudent, as to drop some menacing expressions against the ministers, on account of this affront which was put upon him. And as he had refused to marry Hertford's daughter, and even waved every other proposal of marriage, Henry imagined that he entertained views of espousing the Lady Mary, and he was instantly determined to repress by the most severe expedients so dangerous an ambition."—"Actuated by all these motives, he gave private orders (12th December 1547,) to arrest the Duke of Norfolk and his son Surrey, and they were on the same day confined in the Tower. Surrey being a commoner, his trial was the most expeditious, and as to proofs, neither parliaments nor juries seem ever to have given the least attention to them in any cause of the crown during this whole reign. The jury notwithstanding his eloquent and spirited defence, condemned the Earl of Surrey for high treason, and their sentence was soon after executed upon him."—*Hume's England*, vol. v. p. 165.

Nothing therefore now remained, but that the three victims which Norfolk had but a little while before destined to destruction, should be

made happy. King Henry sent for them to his palace, and in presence of his Royal court and the Earl Hertford's family, he joined Mary Douglas' hand in that of Edward Ramsay, declaring them man and wife; and to Mary's father, Douglas of Pitcairn, he gave him the extensive estate of Hazlehead which he had confiscated from Surrey. The happy pair now set off for Scotland, and we will leave the reader to judge of the joy with which they were received at Whitehill by the parents and relations of Edward Ramsay, and at Roslin, by Sir Oliver Sinclair the benevolent protector and friend of Mary Douglas. The barons and the tenants and their families of the estates of Roslin and Pennycuick, were all invited to the wedding festival, which soon took place at Whitehill, and never was there a more joyful meeting upon any estate upon the marriage of its heir. This tale is one of the many powerful illustrations of the proverb, which is often exemplified in human life:—"That virtue will ultimately have its reward, and vice its punishment."

TALE FIFTH.

MARY FRASER OF WOODHOUSELEE, AND JAMES
HAMILTON OF BOTHWELLHAUGH.

CHAPTER I.

My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumbered suitors came,
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

Each hour a mercenary croud,
With richest proffers strove :
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In humble simplest habits clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

THE remains of the castle of old Woodhouse-
lee still to be seen, and which was the scene of

the awful tragedy which forms the sequel of this tale, is situated on a rocky promontory, on the immediate banks of the Esk, about a mile and a half to the west of Roslin, and two miles east from Penicuik. It is impossible to conceive a spot more nearly approaching to the idea of fairy land than the delightful dell in which Woodhouselee is situated. To the east, the Esk is seen meandering like the twists of a serpent until the view is bounded by the towers of Roslin castle, and the caves of Hawthornden. On the west, the cloud-capp'd summits of the Pentlands, towering to the heavens above a majestic amphitheatre of forest scenery, give a grand and sublime solemnity to the delightful landscape.

It was in this castle that the beautiful, the accomplished, and the wealthy, but unfortunate Mary Fraser received existence. She was ushered into the world on the same day, and on the same hour on which her lovely, but equally unfortunate sovereign, Queen Mary, was born; and she was sent, along with her infant queen, to the court of France, with other three Marys' who were to be the companions and associates of their young queen while there. On this account, Mary Fraser received an education, in every respect as liberal and enlightened as that

of her sovereign. When Queen Mary returned from France to Scotland, she came to Holyrood-house with her, and was her dearest confidant and constant attendant. Being the proprietress of a handsome estate, the favourite of her sovereign, and possessing a first-rate share of beauty and accomplishments, it is not to be wondered at, that she should have numerous suitors of rank and consequence. And from amongst these it was soon discovered that she had placed her affections upon the fifth, or youngest son of John Hamilton, Esq. of Obiston, Dalyell, and Rosehall, a near connection of the noble family of Hamilton.

James Hamilton, the young gentleman with whom she was in love, was a youth of the most prepossessing appearance; he was nearly six feet in height, of a proportionate thickness, fair complexion, a blooming countenance, and had a most majestic and commanding gait; nor did his mind seem less endowed with the qualifications of a gentleman. But like the whole of the then Hamilton family, his religious faith was fluctuating and unfixed. In fact, from the contentious wranglings betwixt the Roman catholic and protestant parties, and observing how little the religious belief of any of the sects influenced their

moral conduct, in producing brotherly love, reconciliation and peace, he had ultimately become sceptical in his opinions. Mary Fraser well knew the sceptical disbelief of her lover's principles; yet, as specimens of these had been by no means uncommon to her at the gay and volatile court of France, it became less alarming to her mind, and she trusted that she would ultimately make him a convert to the church of Rome. But what had attached Mary Fraser to him more than any effect of his form, was the modest and unassuming disposition of his mind, and being destitute of that fortune which it was in her power to elevate him to, or in the language of the motto to this Chapter.

In humble simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But *these* were all to me.

Queen Mary being made acquainted with this fixed love of her favourite Mary Fraser for James Hamilton, urged an immediate union; but she, with the loyalty and affection of a faithful subject, declared that she would never take the precedence of her majesty, and that until such time as her queen was married, she con-

sidered it her duty to remain single. The sweetheart of Mary Fraser being a James, and the fifth son of his father, and as Queen Mary's father was James the Fifth, out of respect for these circumstances, and in regard of her namesake and favourite Mary Fraser, the queen presented him with the handsome estate of Bothwellhaugh, the title which he ever afterwards bore.

The heiress of Woodhouselee had, after her return from France, put her castle into a complete state of repair, the apartments were in the most splendid style of elegance, so as they might be in every respect worthy of the occasional residence of the queen ; and among these repairs, one of the spacious rooms was fitted up as a chapel, in which was erected a splendid altar, surmounted with an elegant and rich crucifix of silver. To the castle of Woodhouselee, after being put in this state of repair, Queen Mary, and a select party of the nobles of her court, paid almost weekly visits ; and she being fond of the pleasures of the chase, the grounds in the neighbourhood of Roslin and Woodhouselee were her favourite hunting fields. In these visits, the sacred chapels of Roslin and Woodhouselee were her never-failing resort ; it was in them, in the privacy of concealed retirement, secluded

from the gaze, and the vulgar insults of the ignorant mob, or the reproofs of the reforming priesthood, that her soul sent forth its accents of devotion to the throne of Heaven. In a public capacity she was completely excluded from the service of the mass.

On the first Sabbath after her return to Scotland, Mary directed that preparations should be made to celebrate a solemn mass in her chapel royal, in gratitude to Heaven for her safe return to her dominions; but was prevented doing so ever afterwards, from the tumults of the mob and the threats of the reformed priesthood. John Knox declaring from the pulpit on the Sabbath following, "that one mass was more fearful unto him, than if ten thousand armed enemies were landed in any part of the realm, of purpose to suppress the whole religion." (*M'Crie's Knox*, p. 234.)

Knox's prohibition of Queen Mary worshipping in her own way, or indeed worshipping at all, is not to be wondered at, considering the nature of his very celebrated work, "*The first Blast of the Trumpet, against the Monstrous Regiment of Women.*" Indeed the elegant reformers of these days, who could write of the ladies, "that they were fond, foolish, wanton, flibbergibbs, tatlers,

triffling, wavering, witles, feeble, carles, rash, proud, daintie, nise, tale-bearers, eves-droppers, rumour-raisers, evil-tongued, worse-minded, and everywise dottified with the dreggs of the devil's dunghill," (*M'Crie's Knox*, p. 166.) From those entertaining such opinions of the ladies, the persecution of their queen, need not in anywise be wondered at. No sooner did the rascal multitude* learn that Queen Mary was in the habit of celebrating mass, in the chapels of Roslin and Woodhouselee, than a tumultuous mob rushed from the city of Edinburgh, to level to destruction the splendid edifice of Roslin chapel, and the private chapel of Woodhouselee. "*Pull down the nests and the rooks will fly away*," was vociferated, with yells from every reformer's throat, as they rushed through the town of Roslin, to demolish its splendid chapel. When they got within its sacred precincts, "down with the apostles, down with the altars," was the universal cry. It was no sooner said than done; they were driven from the niches of the walls, and fell to the floor dashed to ten thousand fragments upon the pavement; the altars, and the tombs of the departed heroes of Roslin, were rapidly falling to

* Knox's common phrase of the mob. See Dr. M'Crie's *Life of Knox*, page 182.

pieces under the destructive working mischief of the mob, when James Cochrane, a strong voiced tenant of Roslin, had the presence of mind to cry aloud, "To the cellar of the castle, to the cellar of the castle." At this glorious suggestion, the work of devastation was suspended, and a general rush was now made for the castle cellar; the jolly James Cochrane was the first at its door, hogshead after hogshead of ales, and wines, and spirits, were turned out with his brawny arm, with the cry of "drink, reformers drink," until he had the pleasure of seeing all that he wished for realized. From the influence of the liquor, to make a similitude of the words of St. Matthew, the destructionists were soon transformed into a herd of swine, "and behold the whole herd ran violently down a steep place, and perished in the waters. And they that kept them fled, and went their ways into the city, and told every thing that was befallen to the possessed of the devil."

In fact it was this presence of mind of the worthy James Cochrane, which saved the other parts of the splendid workmanship of the chapel; and from the intoxication of the mob, the castle of Woodhouselee remained unscathed. It is a curious circumstance, that from that period to this, there has not one of these high-minded birds

—the crows, built a nest near Roslin castle. The walls of the castle, however, continue to be peopled with a flock of chattering jackdaws.

But although these unfortunate riots, regarding the Queen's mode of worship, had taken place, yet Knox continued to introduce such severe expressions into his sermons, that Queen Mary condescended to expostulate with him personally, and to exhort him to use more mild language in the discharge of his duty. The expostulation of Mary with Knox here referred to, Dr. M'Crie mentions, was on account of a ball which the queen had given to her courtiers, and the youths of the nobility in her palace. "And in his sermon on the following Sabbath, he introduced some severe strictures upon the vices to which princes were addicted, their oppression, ignorance, hatred of virtue, attachment to bad company, and fondness for foolish pleasures. Next day he was ordered to attend at the palace, and being conveyed into the royal chamber, where the queen sat with her maids of honour, the queen made a long speech to him, on the impropriety of his conduct to her." But it would appear, the iron-hearted reformer's mind, remained unrelenting to the queen's royal entreaties.

Dr. M'Crie says, "As Knox left the room

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with a reasonable merry countenance, some of the popish attendants said in his hearing, *He is not afraid*. “Why sould the plesing face of *gentilwomen* afray me?” said he, regarding them with a sarcastic scoul, “I have luiked in the faces of money angry men, and yet have not bene affrayed above measour.” (M’Crie’s Knox, p. 254.)

Queen Mary, out of gratitude for what she considered the good services of her bastard brother, the prior of St. Andrews, who had at this time given up thoughts of the church, created him Earl of Mar; and, in a short time afterwards, gave him the immense possessions of the confiscated earldom of Murray, and, at the same time, created him Earl of that name. He had now got all the wealth and honours which his loving and affectionate royal sister could bestow upon him. And shortly after this, from the effects of his unbounded ambition and ungrateful disposition of heart, the sad and awful catastrophe of Queen Mary and her dear companion, the heiress of Woodhouselee, began.

CHAPTER II.

O love-destroying, cursed bigotry !
 Cursed in heaven, but cursed more in hell,
 Where millions curse thee, and must ever curse.
 Of ignorance
 Begot, her daughter persecution, walked
 The earth from age to age, and drank the blood
 Of saints with horrid relish
 And in her drunkenness, dreamed of doing good.

Pollock's Course of Time.

THE Queen had now determined to take another husband and it was a most unfortunate circumstance, that the reformers both of Scotland and England were against this match. Indeed, succeeding events justified the opinion of Darnley's utter unworthiness of the hand of his Queen. But the great objections to Darnley, no doubt, arose from his being a Roman catholic.

The pulpits of the reformed clergy rung like the larum bells of their church steeples, against the proposed match ; and these being the then inflammatory printing presses of the age, the scandalous clamour against her union was resounded through every corner of the kingdom.

Despising the boisterous waves of this ocean of contention, however, the Queen married Darnley; but, alas ! she ultimately found herself involved by this imprudent step of love, into a sea of troubles, out of which she was never extricated. After her marriage, her beloved maid of honour Mary Fraser and Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, were now likewise united. The Queen had again occasion to order Knox to the palace, to answer for his slanderous sermons against her, on account of her union with Darnley. This truly affecting interview is too well known to require comment ; but for an account of it, the reader may consult Dr. M'Crie's *Life of Knox*, p. 278, &c. M'Crie says at this interview, "the Queen weeped and sobed with great bitterness." — "She then ordered Knox to an adjoining room, where he addressed himself to the court ladies, who sat in their richest dress in the chamber, saying, 'O fair ladies, how plesing war this lyfe of yours if it would ever abyde, and then, in the end, that we might pas to hevin with all this gay gear,' " &c. The heiress of Woodhouselee, who was among the number of the ladies, and had seen the Queen crying and sobing, said to him, "Oh ! reverend father, how unlike you are to the mild and heavenly Redeemer you profess to

serve,—how unlike to him who said, ‘Consider the lillies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. If, then, God so clothe the grass of the field, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith.’ “O my dear,” replied her husband Bothwellhaugh, “you are quite mistaken, the greatest saints always wear the dirtiest shoes. Indeed, I have heard of a reforming priest, who had attained to such piety as to have three hundred patches on his breeches; and which, after his death, were hung up in his church as an incentive to the imitation of the holy. But, besides, St. Francis discovered from actual experience, that the devils were frightened away by such kind of breeches, and were animated by clean clothing to tempt and seduce the wearers; indeed, he solemnly declares, that the purest souls are in the dirtiest bodies.”* A tremendous laugh from the ladies and the court, made the apartments of the palace ring again. Knox, who knew the rather sceptical disbelief of Bothwellhaugh, asked him, “an what religion ir ye o’ young man.” “O John Knox, I can tell you that old boy. I learned my creed at the divinity

* Curiosities of Literature, vol. i. p. 149.

hall of Professor Goodfellow, and as you have asked for it, I shall give it you in song.

At field the earliest whistling ;
At kirk the doucest seen ;
On holidays a-wrestling
The stoutest on the green :
Thus on in frank enjoyment
And grateful glee to go—
Ha, ha, 'tis the employment
Of Professor Goodfellow.

To know the wind and weather
Will make the salmon spring ;
To know the spot of heather
That hides the strongest wing ;
To tell the moon's compliance
With hail, rain, wind, and snow—
Ha, ha, this is the science
Of Professor Goodfellow.

To say, ' O mighty Maker,
I bless thee, that thou here
Hast made me thus partaker
Of love and lusty cheer :
As older still, oh, gayer.
And jollier may I grow'—
Ha, 'tis a worthy prayer
Of Professor Goodfellow."

Another tremendous laugh set Knox upon his tiptoes to depart, but Bothwellhaugh intercept-

ing him, said, "Stop now, John, my good old fellow, I have my question to put to you next. What sad doings, pray, are these you have been about, John? What is this that Euphemia Dundas has been saying of you?" At this question, a cry of "what is it? what is it?" was made through the whole court. "Why," said Bothwellhaugh, "Euphemia Dundas has publicly asserted, 'That this same godly reformer, John Knox, was apprehendit and tane furth of ane killogye in Edinburgh, with ane common hure.'" (See Dr. M'Crie's *Life of Knox*, p. 182-3.) At this the ladies ran out of the apartment. But Bothwellhaugh continued, in presence of the gentlemen courtiers, saying, "Now, John, seeing slanderous accusations are raised against a man possessing such holy and devout conduct as yours, I would advise you to withhold from abusing her majesty the Queen, until such time as all slanders against yourself are silenced. And recollect, that the divine personage whom you worship, and who spake as never man spake, was slandered as never man was slandered, was persecuted and spit upon, and crucified upon a tree." With this the reformer left the palace, saying, "young man, at some future period you may

have cause to repent of this insult to a saint of God."

After the queen's marriage, her real friends again rallied around her throne, and in the attitude of genuine loyalty and patriotism, they continued to defend it to the hazard of their lives and fortunes, against all the tempests of treason and fanatical rage with which it was afterwards assailed ; and the families of Hamilton, Buccleuch, Argyle, Seaton, Dunbar, and Hay of Yester, &c. &c., although then professing the reformed religion, have transmitted their names in honourable memorial, to future generations, for their humane, yet resolute defence of their persecuted and insulted queen. But her more crafty and subtle enemies set no less ardently to work in those sapping and mining operations, which ultimately, and in a short time overturned her throne.

It would but waste the reader's time and patience to describe the dark and mysterious history of this period of Queen Mary's life ; to tell of the thousands and tens of thousands of insults to which she was subjected, by her enemies and the misguided multitude ; of her solitary confinement in Lochleven castle, denied even the sight of her royal infant son ; of the cold-hearted and unrelent-

ing visit which her iron-hearted and traitorous brother made to her in that dreary and forlorn fortress, in which she was imprisoned. For an account of these awful tales of woe the reader must consult the history of Scotland, as even a minute notice of them would surpass the limits of this volume ; and for a very impartial detail of these awful deeds, we would refer him to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, third edition, in the article Scotland, and Mary of Scotland. We must, therefore, come to what is more immediately the object of this Tale, and begin with the escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven castle. But it may be necessary, in the first place, to remark that long before her escape from this fortress, her brother, Murray, whom her generosity had raised from the obscurity of a convent, had, by his plots and stratagems, now mounted his sister's throne in the capacity of regent.

To the family of Hamilton, having the nearest claim to the crown, and at the same time professing the protestant faith, this was a most degrading insult ; and none of that noble and potent family was so anxious for resenting it, as young Bothwellhaugh, the heiress of Woodhouselee's husband.

Happening to meet the Earl of Morton at

Linlithgow, after Murray had assumed the regency, a violent altercation ensued betwixt them on this point, Bothwellhaugh accosted Morton by saying, "Morton, how dared you be accessory in putting a base born bastard upon the throne, in preference to the chief of the house of Hamilton." "You unbelieving puppy," replied Morton, "whom do you insult, another word from your infidel lips, and your life shall pay the penalty of your presumption." "Unworthy traitor and murderer," replied Bothwellhaugh, "'tis in the capacity of an assassin only, that you dare draw your sword, and not as a man of honour and nobleman of Scotland." "Insolent infidel," said Morton, "your heart's blood shall reek upon my sword's blade, draw and defend the comorancy of your unbelieving soul." "Unworthy fanatical zealot," exclaimed Bothwellhaugh as he drew, "try if either your spear or your faith can defend the dungeon tenement of your execrable and satanic spirit." At these words, the swords of the two resolute opponents glittered in the air with the fire of vengeance. Being nearly equal in size and strength, and both alike expert in arms, the conflict was resolute and well contested. But, at last, the point of Bothwellhaugh's spear was thrust through Morton's sword

hand, as he was defending himself from a well directed aim at his heart ; at this his sword fell to the ground, and as he reeled backwards to shun another desperate aim which Bothwellhaugh had made at him, he stumbled and fell to the earth. Bothwellhaugh sprung forward and, putting his foot upon his neck and pointing his spear to his bosom, said, "Morton, cry for mercy, or prepare for death." But by this time the conflict had been seen by some of the inhabitants of Linlithgow, and before Bothwellhaugh could find time to put this threat in execution, his arm was arrested, and the Earl of Morton was released. As he rose from the ground, his teeth and his lips quivered with rage and furious agitation ; and as he went off to the palace, he threatened unforgiving and implacable revenge upon Bothwellhaugh.

After nearly a twelvemonth's confinement in Lochleven castle, Queen Mary was relieved, by a well laid plot, on the 2d day of May 1568, and was received into the arms of Lord Seaton and the loyal and faithful Hamiltons, upon the banks of the lake ; the husband of her beloved Mary Fraser, Bothwellhaugh, being at the head of the Hamiltons. The queen instantly mounted horse, and rode off, at full speed, to Niddry in

West-Lothian, and next day she arrived at the palace of Hamilton. The news of her escape spread like lightning through the country, her subjects now reflected upon her gentleness, her grace, and her beauty. And although she had been slandered with the vilest calumny, yet they recollected that she had never, for once, attempted to persecute, even the most rigid protestants, who differed in opinion with her regarding matters of faith.

In a few days she found herself at the head of a powerful body of her subjects, who were commanded by nine earls, nine bishops, eighteen lords, and many gentlemen of high rank, all willing to defend her person, and restore her to power.

To keep herself secure, it was the queen's intention to place her person, for safety, in Dumbarton castle; and her army, under the Earl of Argyle, proposed to carry her there in triumph. Her brother, Murray, was lying at Glasgow with an army inferior in numbers. But depending upon the skill of Morton—the mortal enemy of his queen and of all her supporters—he determined to meet the queen's army and give them battle.

On the 13th of May, Murray occupied the

village of Langside, which lay directly in the march of the queen's army. The Hamiltons rushed forward, with an imprudent rashness, to cut their way through Murray's troops ; Morton got a glance of Bothwellhaugh, he darted upon him with the fierceness of a tiger upon its prey ; the battle was soon decided, the queen's army was completely routed, and Bothwellhaugh and others of the Hamiltons taken prisoners. Queen Mary, against the advice of many of her nobles, and with that unsuspecting innocence which had been hitherto, and was now destined to be her future ruin, threw herself, for protection from the persecution of her unnatural-hearted brother, into the arms of her implacable and unrelenting enemy, Queen Elizabeth of England.

CHAPTER III.

Satan is loose, and violence is heard,
And riot in the street, and revelry
Intoxicate, and murder, and revenge.
The harvest of the earth is fully ripe :

Vengeance begins to tread the great wine press
Of fierceness and of wrath ; and mercy pleads,
Mercy that pleadeth long, she pleads—no more !

Course of Time.

WE neglected to state, that on the arrival of Queen Mary at Hamilton palace, she had the gratifying pleasure to meet with the bosom companion of her youthful years, Mary Fraser of Woodhouselee. On again seeing her queen released from bondage, as her majesty entered the palace, Mary Fraser fell on her bended knees and kissed and re-kissed her royal feet, bedewing them with tears of the most ardent loyalty as they gushed spontaneously from the fountain, a heart pregnant alike with the joy of gladness and of grief. Nor was the queen less affected on again seeing the dear companion of her innocent and happy years ; “ Oh, my dear Mary Fraser,” she cried, grasping her by the hand, and gently lifting her up from her knees, “ oh, my Mary, what have I been destined to suffer since I left the peaceful shores of happy France ; and there is still a dread presentiment lying at my heart, that what I have hitherto indured is but a prelude to the more awful sufferings which are yet before me.” At this expression, a gush of tears burst from her royal eyes, and ran copiously

down her cheeks, cheeks which seemed to have been formed, by Heaven, for the countenance of an angel. The cries, and the tears, and the sobs of all the ladies who were present, responded with the most heart-rending and affectionate loyalty, to the mental sufferings of their queen. But what was all this to the last farewell Mary Fraser took of her, when she saw the fatal termination of the battle of Langside, from the battlements of the castle of Crookstane. When Mary Fraser saw her beloved husband Bothwellhaugh taken prisoner by his implacable enemy the Earl of Morton, and heavily ironed, it was then, indeed, and for the first time, that it might be said she knew what sorrow was ; and what rendered the agony of her feelings still more galling, was, that there was no time to make any expression of them to her majesty, who from infancy had been the beloved idol of her soul. A scream of the deepest mental anguish was all she could utter ; and as she grasped her royal and angelic hand, crying, “run, oh ! my beloved queen, run for your life and your liberty,” she fell motionless at her feet. Her majesty had only time to imprint a farewell kiss upon her lips as she fell—a last, a final, and an awful farewell ; and mounting her steed with the speed of lightning,

she rode sixty miles before she stopped at the castle of Dundrennan in Galloway.

Her majesty had been but a short time departed, when a troop of horsemen with Morton at their head, surrounded the castle of Crookstane. Morton instantly dismounted, ordering a party of the dragoons to follow him, on purpose to search the castle for her majesty. Mary Fraser had only recovered from her faint, and was reclining on a sofa, her attendants administering cordials to her, when Morton entered the apartment; he looked at her with a grin of savage joy, saying, "How, dear lady, is thy health? methinks as if thou look'st thou would require a *doctor*; being well versant in the healing art, I am at thy service." "Begone from my presence, thou accursed of God and man, thou treason-headed, thou iron-hearted traitor, begone, begone;" and as she uttered the last syllable, she again fainted away. At this, Morton and his troops raised a laugh of derision, that made the castle ring again. As he left her apartment, he said, "the lady of Woodhouselee has refused the valuable aid of my healing art, but I will shortly send her my good and worthy doctor, Captain Dreadnought, who will cure her of her squeamishness.

After the fair and beautiful lady of Woodhouselee

had recovered, she went with the other ladies to Hamilton palace, but from the bitter pangs of vexation, and the sad and awful trials which she had that day endured, her child-bed pains came on her, and after some hours of great and trying agony both of body and of mind, she was delivered of her first and only child, a fine stout son and heir. Her husband, with the other loyal prisoners, had been committed to Glasgow jail; the estate of Bothwellhaugh was shortly after confiscated and given to another, but this last circumstance she cared nothing for, so long as her dear husband's life was safe; the estate of Woodhouselee being amply sufficient to support them in becoming rank, in two months after she had been delivered, she was again at Woodhouselee, determined to spend the remainder of her days there with her dear and only child in retirement from the world, and in devotion to Heaven. And as John Knox, it was said, had made expressions of a wish, that the life of her husband should be saved, she trusted, that in a short time the family would all live at Woodhouselee in peace and in heavenly retirement.

John Knox had been as good as his word, he had interceded for the life of Bothwellhaugh from the Regent Murray, representing that as he

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was not a papist, but only a little of the unbeliever at heart; he trusted that he might yet become a convert to the presbyterian creed, and as he was a lad of parts, he might be of service to the Church. Morton who was present when this request was made, replied, "You're right Knox—you're right my good and holy man, what is death, the mere extinction of life, he would then be gone and the world would never know that he had existed; the cat does not devour the mouse when she catches it—no, no, let us train him from his infidelity by the rod of affliction; affliction you know my dear Knox, may at first appear to him and his lovely lady,

a field of woe
Yet there, at last, the happy fruits
Of righteousness shall grow."

"His one wing, the estate of Bothwellhaugh is gone you know, let us deprive him of the other, Woodhouselee, and the bird will not then fly away;" "Confiscation of property my Lords," replied Knox, "I verily believe uniformly follows conviction of rebellion, I have craved his life, I shall say no more," "Agreed, agreed," replied Morton. "Well then gentlemen," spoke the Regent Murray, "We have our good and

faithful subject, and trust-worthy servant in the cause of the Church of Christ, Sir James Ballandine, the Lord Justice Clerk, who has never yet received any mark of our regard ; Morton get a charter of right to Woodhouselee made out in his favour, and the life of Bothwellhaugh shall be saved, and at the same time, see that our brave friend Captain Dreadnought 'be intrusted with the turning the Jezebel bosom friend of our Mary Stewart out of her castle of Woodhouselee." The order for Bothwellhaugh's release was then made out, and sent to Glasgow, and Morton saw the order for the ejectment of Lady Mary from Woodhouselee made out at the same time.

The lady of Woodhouselee soon heard that her husband was to be released, but had not heard of the confiscation of her property ; she was therefore all joy and gladness and anxiety at the prospect of his arrival. She had sat up two weary and sleepless nights in the most anxious solicitude, with the company only of her young and tender babe, harkening to every extra rustling of the trees, or murmuring of the Esk as it rushed upon the base of the rock on which her castle stood, expecting it might be the well known footstep of her beloved James, or the trampling of his steed ;

but alas ! and alas ! her waking and her watching were in vain. On the third night—the dread and awful night, the storm and the tempest of winter were raging in the air, the rivers were frozen, the snow was deep upon the ground, and the branches of the trees were pendant with it, indeed every element in nature was giving indication of a drifty and a dreadful night.

The hound was sitting by the stone—
The large black hound, and moaning ever—
And looking down, with wistful eyes,
Into the deep and lonesome river.

The hound he moaneth bitterly—
The uneasy hound, he moaneth ever—
And now he runneth up and down,
And now he yelleth to the river.

The castle looketh dark without ;
Within the rooms are cold and dreary ;
The chill light from the window fades ;
The fire it burneth all uncheery.

With meek hands crossed beside the hearth,
The pale and anxious mother sitteth ;
And now she listens to the bat,
That, screaming, round the window flitteth.

And now she listens to the winds,
That come with moaning and with sighing ;
And now unto the doleful owls
Calling afar, and then replying.

And now she paces through the room ;—
And “ he will come anon,” she sayeth ;
And then she stirs the sleeping fire,
Sore marvelling why he thus delayeth.

Unto the window now she goes,
And looks into the evening chilly ;
She saw the snow-clad moors afar,
And sigheth, “ Why cometh not my Jamie ?”

The gusty winds wail round about,
The blasts of evening make her shiver,
And, in the pauses of the wind,
She hears the rushing of the river.

“ Why cometh not my Jamie home,
Why comes he not ?” the mother crieth :
“ The winds wail dismally to-night,
And on the moors the snow deep lieth.”

She listens to a sound that comes,
She knows not whence, of sorrow telling—
She listens to the large black hound,
That on the river side is yelling.

The mother listens eagerly—
The voice is as a doleful omen ;
She closed the window, speaking low
“ It groweth late—he must be coming !

“ Rise up, my women, every one,
And make the house so light and cheery ;
My Jamie cometh from the moors—
Home cometh he, all wet and weary ?”

The hound he moaneth bitterly—
The moaning hound he ceaseth never ;
He looks into the warder's face,
Then down into the darksome river.

“ Ah !” said the old man, mournfully,
And tears adown his cheek were falling,
“ My lady watcheth for her Lord,
The hound is for his master calling !”

Under the dreadful anguish of mind, which these awful circumstances were well calculated to awaken, Lady Mary had retired into the chapel with her infant and dearly beloved son, and before its sacred altar—that altar at which her beloved Queen Mary and she used to bow in sacred and humble adoration to the Father of lights, and to the heavenly Dispenser of all mercy and consolation—before that altar, like the patriarch Abraham, she presented her son, her only son, as an offering to God. She was on her bended knees, praying earnestly for his life, and that of his father ; praying that her own might be taken, but that their dear lives might be spared ; when a sound, a dreadful sound, like the rattling of thunder was heard at the outer door. In less than a minute, from the force applied, the door flew open, still Lady Mary arose not from her knees, her mind was so deeply engrossed in adora-

tion and prayer, from the dread presentiment of some awful event which was pending over her, or the destinies of her honourable house. She was in this solemn and devout attitude, with her eyes streaming forth crystal drops of tears, as they were directed to the silver crucifix on the top of the altar, when Captain Dreadnought, and his band of ruffian soldiers entered the chapel. On seeing her in this attitude, he exclaimed "*The Popish harlot is at her incantations, strip the lady my brave boys, strip the lady of her Roman harlot robes ; yes my lads, my Christian saints, we will give her a garment white as snow.*" Murray and Morton had selected this wretch for the dreadful task, knowing that from his inveterate hatred of the catholics and the persecutions and ejectments he had been accustomed to execute upon the priesthood of the church of Rome, his heart had become as unfeeling as a stone, and his feelings as savage as those of a tiger. He was what the poet said of him, a wretch

Alienate from God, a spirit accurs'd,
Forsaken of all good.

. He
Devoured the widow's house and orphan's bread,
In holy phrase transacted villanies
That common sinners durst not middle with.

At sacred feast he sat among the saints,
And with his guilty hands touched holiest things :
Detested wretch ! of all the reprobate,
None seemed maturer for the flames of hell.

Indeed the conduct of both the Roman Catholics and the furious reformers, at this period of which we are treating, will remain an everlasting reproach upon the memorials of these fanatical professors of the mild and heavenly gospel of Christ.

O shame to men ! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace ; and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, levying cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy.

Captain Dreadnought's orders to strip the Lady Mary naked were no sooner given than they were performed ; her screams were awful screams, and the cries and wailings of her darling babe had no effect upon the callous and fanatical souls of these hardened and worse than accursed miscreants. In the presence of them all, she was stript naked as she was born, and a laugh of worse than savage, nay, ten hundred thousand times worse than the laugh of devils, made the holy and hith-

erto sacred chapel of Woodhouselee rebellow with the merriment of hell. But oh ! oh ! what were her nakedness to the scene, the awful dreadful scene which followed ! Let the savages of Ethiopia, nay, let the devils themselves cover their faces with their unhallowed wings, and blush at the awful conduct of these men, calling themselves Christians and reformers. The modesty of savages, nay, the modesty of the most reprobate of the human race would revolt at the account of the awful scene which followed.

And was this all the disgrace and punishment which befel Lady Mary. Oh ! Christians, what a black and what an awful catalogue of crimes, has not history had to record of you ? She was turned out naked from her castle, naked as she was born ; one wretch only a little more humane than the rest, throwing a rag across her bosom as she was turned out from the threshold of her door among the stormy and furious elements of a frosty, a drifty, and tempestuous winter evening.

The cold winds swept the mountain height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And mid the cheerless hours of night,
The mother wander'd with her child.
As through the drifty snow she press'd,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow,
Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone.
" O God !" she cried in accents wild,
" If I must perish, save my child !"

But another Poet says of this awful event

Her babe was found dead. On its little cheek,
The tear that nature bade it weep, had turned
An ice-drop, sparkling in the morning beam ;
And to the turf its helpless hands were frozen.
For she, the woful mother had gone mad,
And laid it down, regardless of its fate
And of her own.

But laying aside the description of the poet, the fact is certain, that the howling of the watchdog on the earlier part of the evening, had attracted the particular notice of the warder of Roslin castle, and suspecting all was not right at Woodhouselee, he had been listening with peculiar attention, when some time afterwards, he heard the dreadful wailings of a female voice, amid the howlings of the stormy blast as it went sweeping down the dell of the Esk. On informing Sir William Sinclair of this circumstance, the baron ordered the stoutest of the castle's inmates to turn out and run to Woodhouselee, and see what

was the matter. No sooner was the castle gate opened, than the watch-dog darted off at full speed, through drift and tempest. In a short time he had made up to the sad and awful object of their search; he came back like lightning, leaping and moaning piteously upon the warder, as he was wandering up the banks of the river. Again he ran to the lady, and again to the warder, and to the lady again. And, oh! if he could have spoken, what would not his language have been; but it was amply expressed by his attitudes and anxiety. O that Christians professing a belief in the humane and blessed precepts of the *heavenly messenger of reconciliation*, would take but a lesson of this instinctive generosity of these animals, which the benevolence of Heaven has sent for their protection and their help. Is the human heart so bad, that Christianity rather engenders, than surmounts that hatred and bitter animosity, against their fellow mortals, who differ with them in religious belief, and which have produced thousands upon thousands of such awful deeds, as those we are detailing—deeds, which will for ever disgrace the annals of Christianity, so long as history shall continue to record them? By the valuable aid of the affectionate and humane dog, the lovely lady

of Woodhouselee was soon found. Exhausted with fatigue and grief, *sad and awful grief*, she had sat down under the shelter of a bush of broom, near to the now elegant mansion of Mr. Merricks of the Roslin Gunpowder Mills. She by this time had become mad and frenzied, and looking wistfully at her delightful and innocent babe, she was reciting the following lines :

“ Oh ! pretty babe ! thy mother's joy,
Pledge of the purest, fondest flame,
To morrow's sun, dear helpless boy !
Must see thee bear an orphan's name.

Smil'st thou, my babe ? so smiled thy sire,
When gazing on his Mary's face ;
His eyes shot beams of gentle fire,
And joy'd such beams in mine to trace.

Sleep, sleep, my babe ! of care devoid,
Thy mother breathes this fervent vow,
Oh ! never be thy soul employed
On thoughts so sad as her's are now.”

It is impossible for language to describe the feelings of the party at this sad and awful sight. Well was the lovely lady known at Roslin castle. She had been almost its every day visitant since Queen Mary and she had come from France ; and she was beloved as one of its

daughters. The warder striped off what clothes he could spare, and wrapped them round her, the others doing the same; and one of them with many caresses and wiles, got the babe from her arms with difficulty, but, alas! it was cold as ice, and as inanimate as clay; its pure and innocent soul had gone to its Maker. The party at last arrived at the castle; but, oh! what a sad and awful meeting betwixt the Lady of Woodhouselee, and the Lady of Roslin and her family—a meeting we shall not attempt to describe. Lady Mary was put to bed, and such cordials as she could take, were given her. Lady Sinclair and her daughters tended her all the live long night; but they could collect little correct information from her, of the sad and awful treatment she had met with, as she had now become “raving mad.” About twelve o’clock of the following day, her beloved husband arrived; he had come over the Pentlands from Hamilton by the pass of Clachmeade; and before going forward to Woodhouselee, he made a call upon the holy and venerable minister of Glencross, in which parish Woodhouselee is. From the lips of the good and worthy servant of Christ, he heard the awful intelligence. All the thunder of heaven could not have filled his mind with more amazement and

horror, than when the dreadful news were communicated to him. But to assuage his woe, the venerable saint knelt with him in prayer before the throne of mercy, before the omnipotent and awful judge of the universe, at whose dread and unerring tribunal, every action of the wicked must be accounted for. As he arose from his knees, he grasped the hand of the holy saint, saying, "I am now a Christian, and as such I shall be reconciled to all the dispensations of Heaven. Oh ! my Mary, my angel Mary, may Heaven prepare my mind for meeting you with becoming resignation." The good minister offered to go to Roslin with him ; the offer was accepted with joy. But, oh ! what language can describe the scene which the holy clergyman had to witness at the awful meeting, and the dreadful tale which he had to hear. As is not unfrequent before death, the boiling madness of the lovely Lady Mary had left her about an hour after her beloved husband came in. But what was the utmost torture which human nature could endure—what was her being turned out naked in the stormy winter night—what was death itself and all its horrors, to the awful, the horrid tale which she told—a tale which modesty will not allow to be mentioned. In a short time after, the angelic

eyes which looked with the fondest affection upon the beloved of her soul, while she was telling him the awful tale, were closed in death, for ever and for ever. At this awful crisis, the worthy minister of Glencross used his best and pious endeavours, to alleviate and assuage the grief of the afflicted Bothwellhaugh; but his brain was boiling with such maddening anguish, and with the furious and frenzied tortures of revenge, that the consolations, which the good and holy man gave him, were of no avail. In two days after, he committed the mortal remains of his beloved lady to the silent grave, within the sacred precincts of Roslin chapel, where they now sleep in peace; after which he again rode off to Hamilton Palace.

What now was to be done for the "injured Bothwellhaugh"—to obtain justice by law was totally impossible, as all the avenues of the courts of equity were blocked up by his enemies, and the mortal enemies of the noble house of Hamilton? Many were the consultations which he held with the noblemen espoused to the cause of Queen Mary, without determining what to do. To the Regent Murray alone was the awful deed to be attributed, although urged on to it by Morton. On Murray, therefore, he was determined his vengeance should fall, and

“ Seeing that human equity was slack
To interfere, though in so just a cause,
He made the task his own.”

Opportunity after opportunity was eagerly sought for, to commit the awful act of vengeance, but in vain; some unforeseen destiny seemed to shield the life of Murray. At last, hearing he was at Stirling, and that on the 23d of January, he was to ride in a triumphant procession through Linlithgow, like a spider for its prey, Bothwellhaugh spread his cobweb of vengeance. He selected a house in Linlithgow, belonging to his uncle the Archbishop of St. Andrews, by which the cavalcade was to pass, to accomplish the *deed of death*. On front of the house there was a projecting wooden gallery, which he selected as well adapted for his purpose—he spread a feather bed upon the floor of it, to prevent the noise of his feet from being heard; and he hung a black cloth behind him on the wall, so as his shadow might not be observed. Lord John Hamilton, commendator of Arbroath, gave him the swiftest horse he had, to convey him in speed from his pursuers. With these precautions, he now waited the Regent Murray's approach. Dr. M'Crie states, “ that Knox advised Murray not to go through Linlithgow, sus-

pecting what might happen. But from the elevated station of grandeur and power to which he had now arrived, he laughed at the idea, that Bothwellhaugh, in the poverty and degradation to which he was reduced, would ever make such a daring attempt upon sovereign dignity and power. Bothwellhaugh was hearkening in his privacy, like the anxious fox at the baying of the hounds; he now hears the bugle horns, then the shouts of the mob, the noise increasing and augmenting as the cavalcade came down the streets of Linlithgow,—now the first of the swarm which followed the Regent is seen, thousands after thousands of them pass, making the air to ring again with their shouts and their cheers, still Murray was not there. But now he comes in sight, riding in proud and haughty majesty, as if saying, “See the conquering hero comes.” When opposite the house in which Bothwellhaugh was secreted, he cast up a suspicious but indignant glance to the window. What pen on earth can describe the feelings of Bothwellhaugh at this awful moment; the shot of death was in the gun—his hand was at the match—and vengeance, boiling vengeance, was at his heart. The shot, the mortal shot of death is fired, and down tumbled the Regent Murray to the pavement.—

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The bullet had passed through his belly, and shot the horse of a gentleman who rode at his other side. Bothwellhaugh on escaping, had the precautions to lock the door before he mounted his steed to flee. Murray's followers flew to the house expecting to find him, and before they got the door broken open and the house searched, he was out of their reach, and arrived at Hamilton palace in safety. He then privately took ship for France, where, under the patronage and favours heaped upon him by the family of Guise, he arrived at eminence, and wealth, and power, from having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary of Scotland, upon her ungrateful bastard brother Murray. But this tale of horror and of woe, I conceive, would be incomplete, if it was not concluded with the following beautiful poem, written upon the dreadful occasion, by the immortal and ever-to-be-lamented Sir Walter Scott.

“ Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share ?
Why comes he not our sport to grace ?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare ?”

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
(Grey Pasley's haughty lord was he)

“ At merry feast, or buxom chase,
No more the warrior shalt thou see.

" Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths, in social glee,
The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

" There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Mary, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a palid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

" O change accurs'd ! past are those days ;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

" What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Esk through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh is it she, the pallid rose ?

" The wildered traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
' Revenge,' she cries, ' on Murray's pride !
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh ! ' "

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling chief,
And half unsheath'd his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed ;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eye-balls glare,
As one, some visioned sight that saw, ,

Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair ?—
—'Tis he ! 'tis he ! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle,* and reeling steed,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dashed his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke,—“ 'Tis sweet to hear
In good green-wood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

“ Your slaughtered quarry proudly trod,
At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Murray rode,
Thro' old Linlithgow's crowded town.

“ From the wild Border's humbled side,
In haughty triumph, marched he,
While Knox relaxed his bigot pride,
And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

“ But, can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of despair ?

“ With hackbut bent,† my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I choose,
And marked, where, mingling in his band,
Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

* *Selle*—Saddle. A word used by Spenser, and other ancient authors.
Taken from the French.

† *Hackbut bent*—Gun Cocked.

" Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van ;
And clashed their broad-swords in the rear,
The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.

" Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious at their regent's rein,
And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

" Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high ;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.

" From the raised vizor's shade, his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

" But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd
A passing shade of doubt and awe ;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
' Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh !'

" The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult's startling roar !—
And Murray's plummy helmet rings—
—Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

" What joy the raptured youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell,
Or he, who broaches on his steel
The wolf, by whom his infant fell !

" But dearer, to my injured eye,
To see in dust proud Murray roll ;

And mine was ten times trebled joy,
To hear him groan his felon soul.

“ My Mary’s spectre glided near ;
With pride her bleeding victim saw ;
And shrieked in his death-deafen’d ear,
‘ Remember injured Bothwellhaugh !’

“ Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault !
Spread to the wind thy bannered tree !
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow !—
Murray is fallen, and Scotland free.”

Vaults every warrior to his steed ;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
“ Murray is fallen, and Scotland freed !
Couch, Arran ! couch thy spear of flame !”

In conclusion, it is well worthy of remark, that on purpose to preserve and transmit the remembrance of Woodhouselee to posterity, the ancestor of the late Lord Woodhouselee, the eloquent advocate for the injured Queen Mary, built the present elegant mansion of new Woodhouselee with the stones of the old one, giving it, at the same time, the ever memorable and interesting name. This mansion is the seat of the son of Lord Woodhouselee, James Fraser Tytler, Esq., patron of the parish of Glencross, in which both the Woodhouselee’s are situate. Nor is it less worthy of remark, that the present minister of the parish, the Rev. Alex. Torrance, is in pos-

session of the gold watch of the lovely Queen Mary of Scotland, being given, before her death, to one of the relatives of his family ; it has been transmitted from generation to generation, in good and sacred keeping, as a valuable relic of Scotland's persecuted queen.

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